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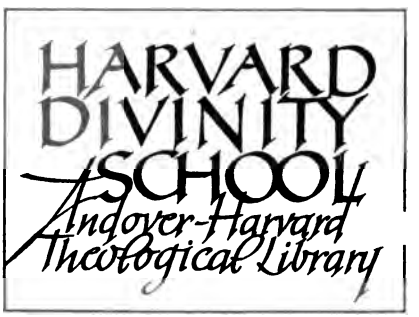
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# SONGS

OF

# REDEEMING LOVE

*"Redeeming Love has been my theme,*
*And shall be till I die."*

EDITED BY

JNO. R. SWENEY, C. C. McCABE,
T. C. O'KANE, W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

The Quartette

PHILADELPHIA:
JOHN J. HOOD,
1018 Arch Street.

CINCINNATI:
WALDEN & STOWE,
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# PREFACE.

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1884

FEAR not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

"Therefore the redeemed of the LORD shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

"Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the LORD hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem."

"Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity."

"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold: but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."

"Unto him that loved us,
and washed us from our sins in his own blood,
and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father,
to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.

AMEN.

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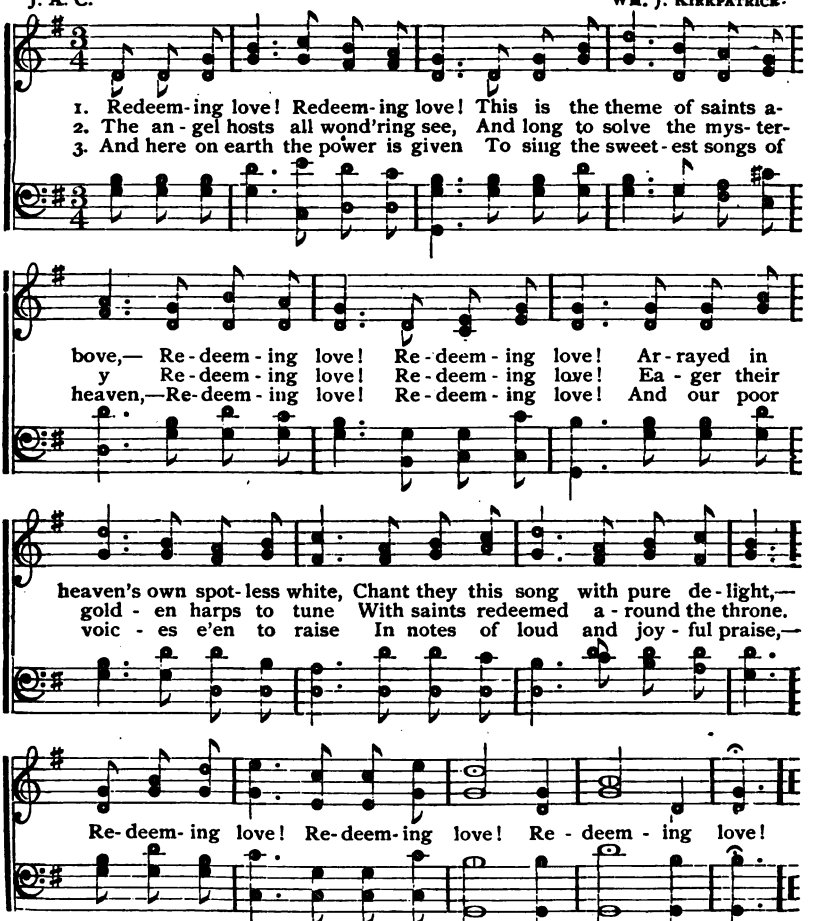
# Songs of Redeeming Love.

## Redeeming Love.

J. A. C. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Redeem-ing love! Redeem-ing love! This is the theme of saints a-
2. The an-gel hosts all wond'ring see, And long to solve the mys-ter-
3. And here on earth the power is given To sing the sweet-est songs of
bove,— Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! Ar-rayed in
y Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! Ea-ger their
heaven,—Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! And our poor
heaven's own spot-less white, Chant they this song with pure de-light,—
gold-en harps to tune With saints redeemed a-round the throne.
voic-es e'en to raise In notes of loud and joy-ful praise,—
Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love!

4 Oh! shout aloud, ye sons of men,
Tell the glad tidings o'er again,—
Redeeming love! Redeeming love!
From east to west, from south to north,
Still let the sound go reaching forth,—
Redeeming love! Redeeming love!

5 Let distant lands take up the strain,
Till love on earth entire shall reign,
Redeeming love! Redeeming love!
O earth, be glad! O heaven, above,
Sing ye the song,—Redeeming love!
Redeeming love! Redeeming love!

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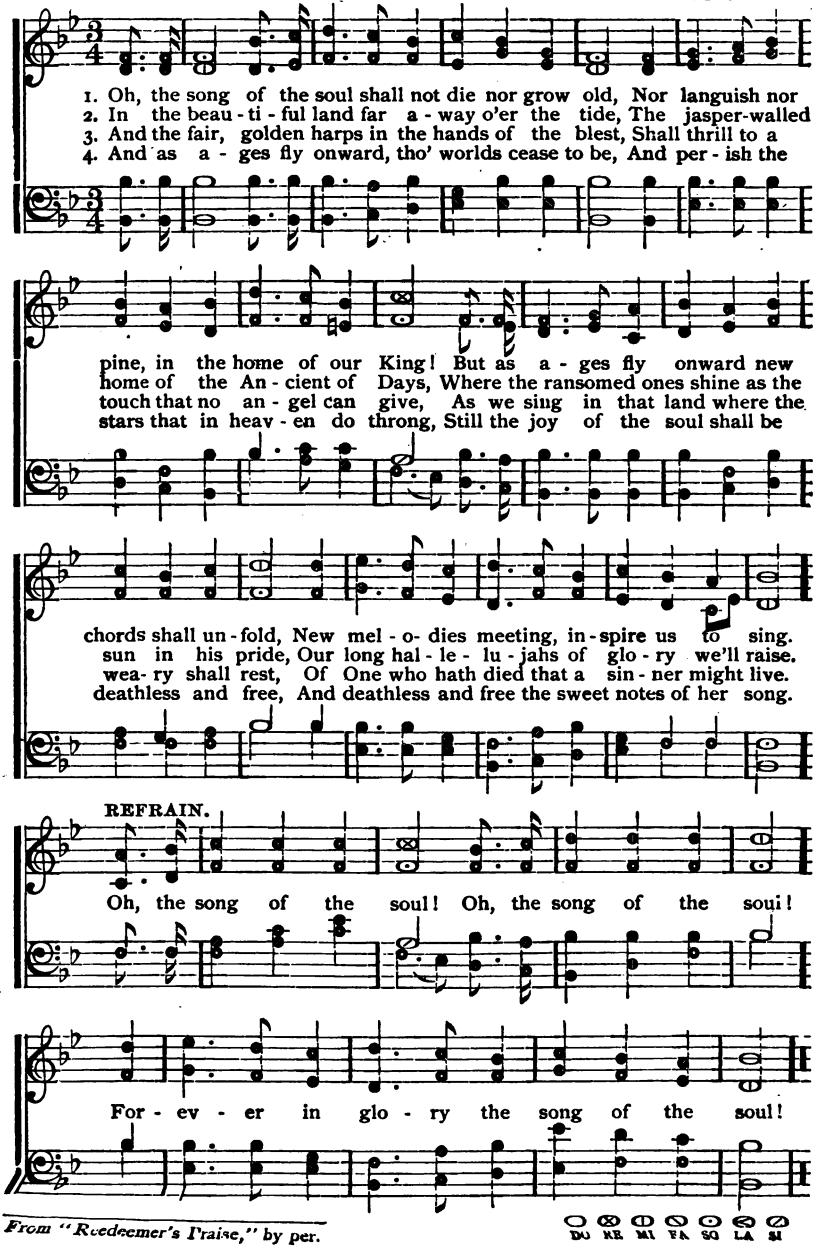
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# The Song of the Soul.

Rev. Henry A. von Dulsem. T. C. O'Kane.


1. Oh, the song of the soul shall not die nor grow old, Nor languish nor
2. In the beau - ti - ful land far a - way o'er the tide, The jasper-walled
3. And the fair, golden harps in the hands of the blest, Shall thrill to a
4. And as a - ges fly onward, tho' worlds cease to be, And per - ish the
pine, in the home of our King! But as a - ges fly onward new
home of the An - cient of Days, Where the ransomed ones shine as the
touch that no an - gel can give, As we sing in that land where the
stars that in heav - en do throng, Still the joy of the soul shall be
chords shall un - fold, New mel - o - dies meeting, in - spire us to sing.
sun in his pride, Our long hal - le - lu - jahs of glo - ry we'll raise.
wea - ry shall rest, Of One who hath died that a sin - ner might live.
deathless and free, And deathless and free the sweet notes of her song.
REFRAIN.
Oh, the song of the soul! Oh, the song of the soul!
For - ev - er in glo - ry the song of the soul!

*From "Redeemer's Praise," by per.*

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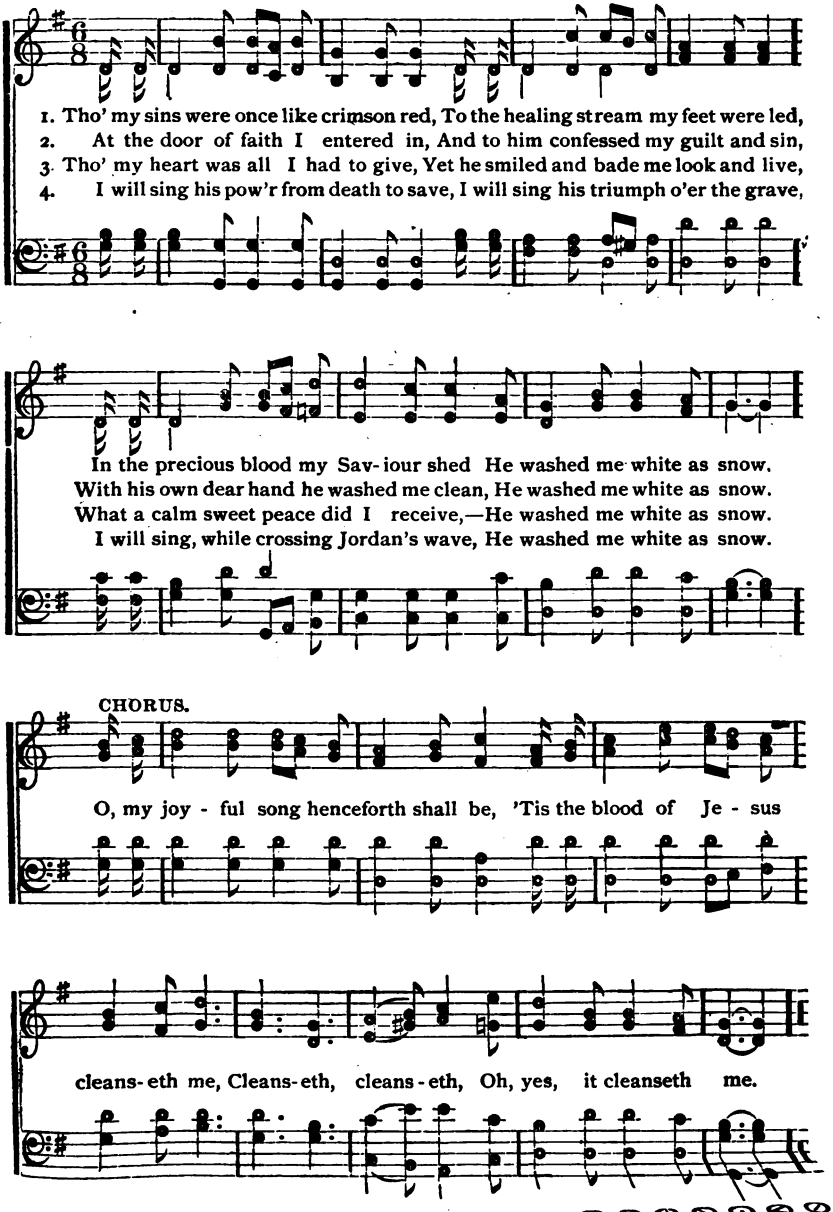
# Washed White as Snow.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led,
2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him confessed my guilt and sin,
3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live,
4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave,
In the precious blood my Sav-iour shed He washed me white as snow.
With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
What a calm sweet peace did I receive,—He washed me white as snow.
I will sing, while crossing Jordan's wave, He washed me white as snow.
CHORUS.
O, my joy - ful song henceforth shall be, 'Tis the blood of Je - sus
cleans-eth me, Cleans-eth, cleans-eth, Oh, yes, it cleanseth me.
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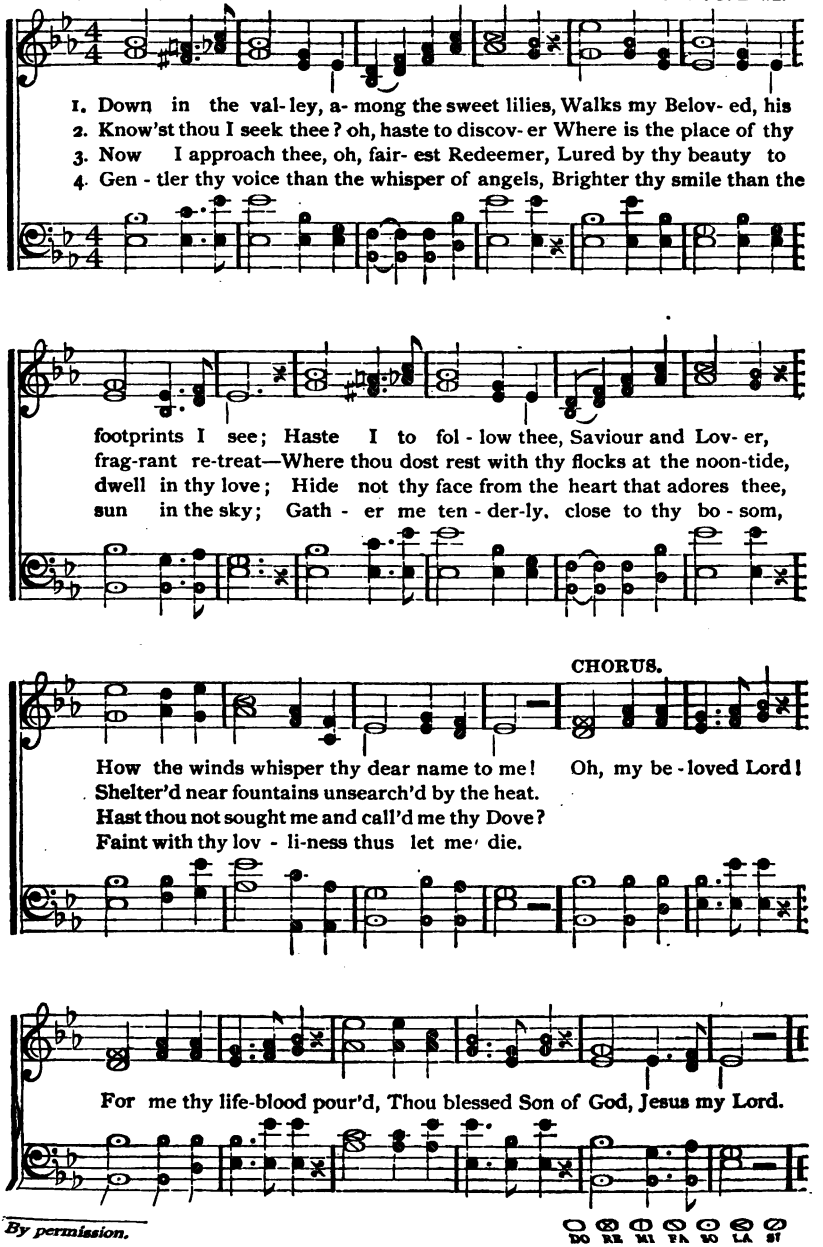
# The Beloved.

H. M. Bradley. Thos. O. Lowe.

1. Down in the val- ley, a- mong the sweet lilies, Walks my Belov- ed, his
2. Know'st thou I seek thee? oh, haste to discov- er Where is the place of thy
3. Now I approach thee, oh, fair- est Redeemer, Lured by thy beauty to
4. Gen - tler thy voice than the whisper of angels, Brighter thy smile than the
footprints I see; Haste I to fol - low thee, Saviour and Lov- er,
frag-rant re-treat—Where thou dost rest with thy flocks at the noon-tide,
dwell in thy love; Hide not thy face from the heart that adores thee,
sun in the sky; Gath - er me ten - der-ly, close to thy bo - som,
CHORUS.
How the winds whisper thy dear name to me! Oh, my be - loved Lord!
Shelter'd near fountains unsearch'd by the heat.
Hast thou not sought me and call'd me thy Dove?
Faint with thy lov - li-ness thus let me die.
For me thy life-blood pour'd, Thou blessed Son of God, Jesus my Lord.

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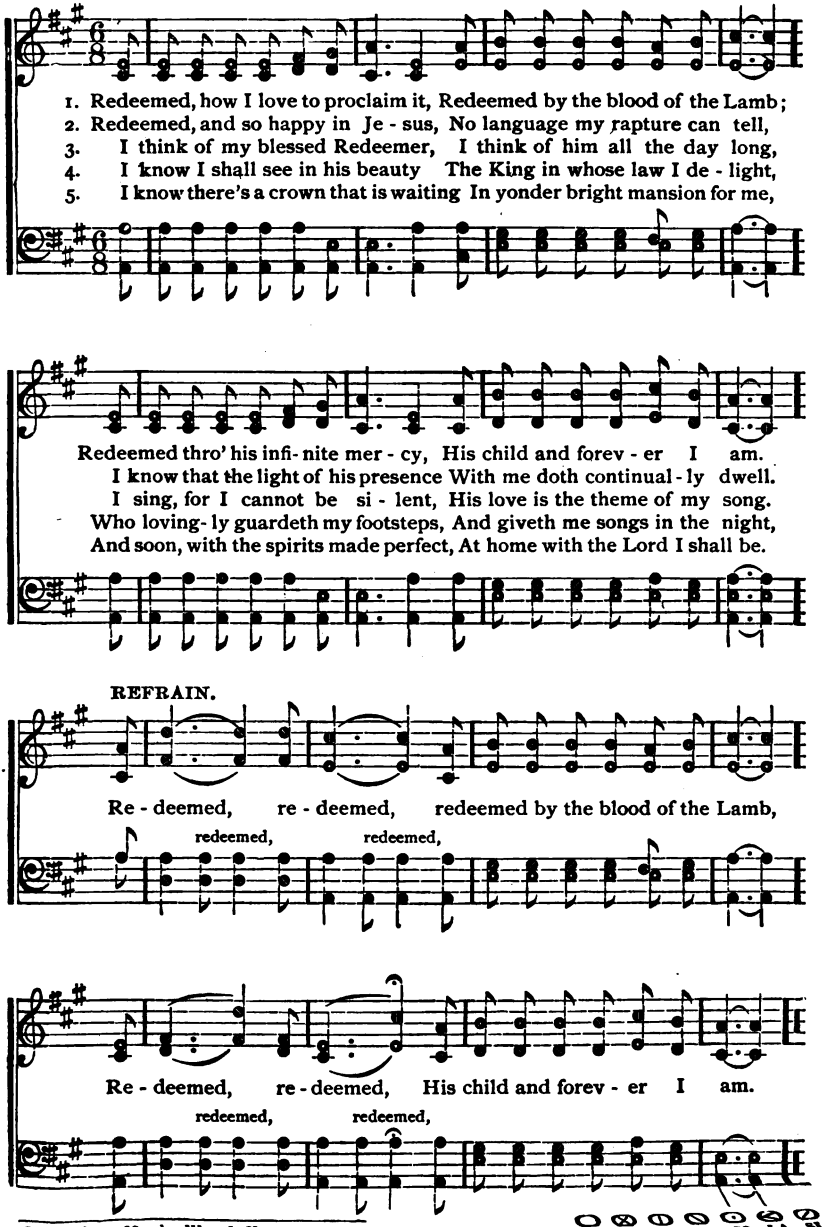
# Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long,
4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I de - light,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,
Redeemed thro' his infi - nite mer - cy, His child and forev - er I am.
I know that the light of his presence With me doth continual - ly dwell.
I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who loving - ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night,
And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.
REFRAIN.
Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
redeemed, redeemed,
Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and forev - er I am.
redeemed, redeemed,

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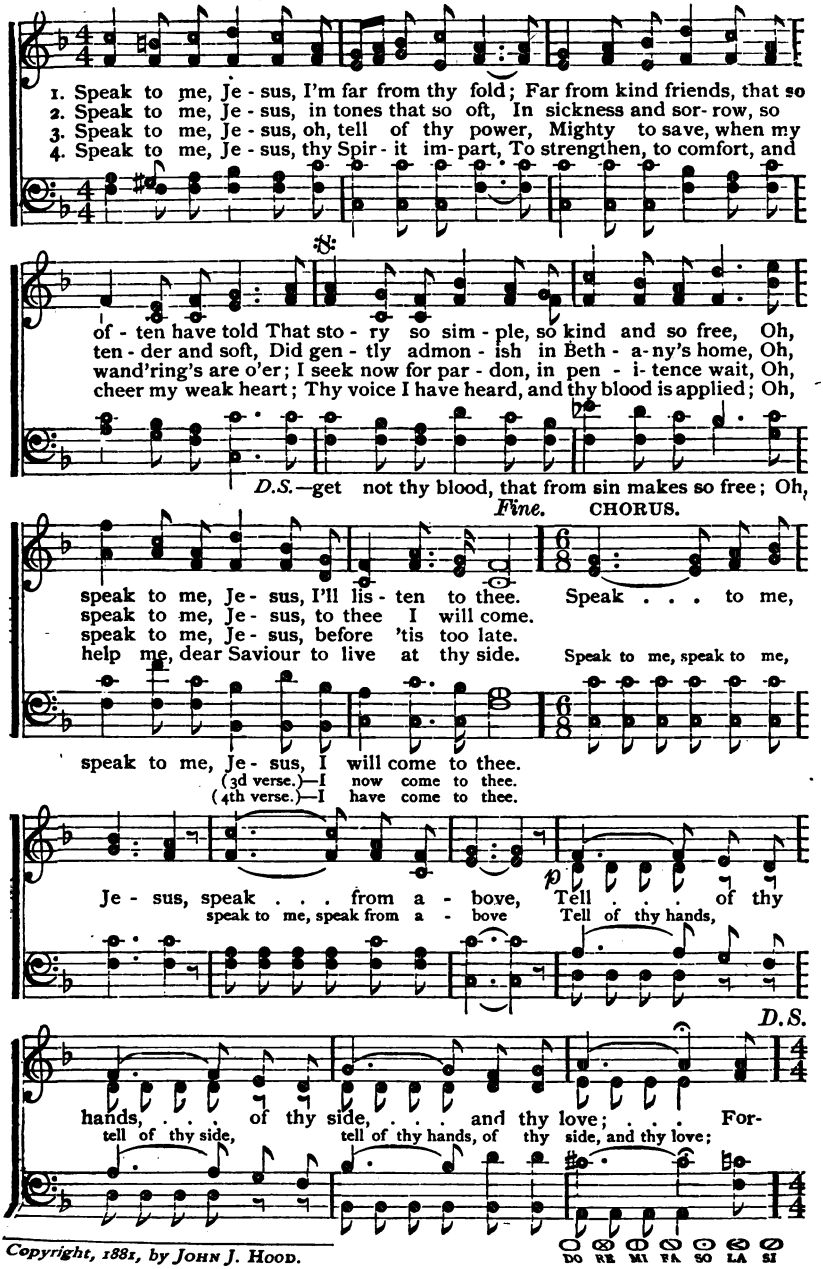
H. L. G.

# Speak to Me, Jesus.

Dr. H. L. G'LMOUR.


1. Speak to me, Je - sus, I'm far from thy fold; Far from kind friends, that so
2. Speak to me, Je - sus, in tones that so oft, In sickness and sor- row, so
3. Speak to me, Je - sus, oh, tell of thy power, Mighty to save, when my
4. Speak to me, Je - sus, thy Spir - it im- part, To strengthen, to comfort, and
of - ten have told That sto - ry so sim - ple, so kind and so free, Oh,
ten - der and soft, Did gen - tly admon - ish in Beth - a-ny's home, Oh,
wand'ring's are o'er; I seek now for par - don, in pen - i- tence wait, Oh,
cheer my weak heart; Thy voice I have heard, and thy blood is applied; Oh,
D.S.—get not thy blood, that from sin makes so free; Oh,
Fine.
CHORUS.
speak to me, Je- sus, I'll lis - ten to thee. Speak . . . to me,
speak to me, Je - sus, to thee I will come.
speak to me, Je - sus, before 'tis too late.
help me, dear Saviour to live at thy side. Speak to me, speak to me,
speak to me, Je - sus, I will come to thee.
(3d verse.)—I now come to thee.
(4th verse.)—I have come to thee.
Je - sus, speak . . . from a - bove, Tell . . . of thy
speak to me, speak from a - bove Tell of thy hands,
D.S.
hands, . . . of thy side, . . . and thy love; . . . For-
tell of thy side, tell of thy hands, of thy side, and thy love;
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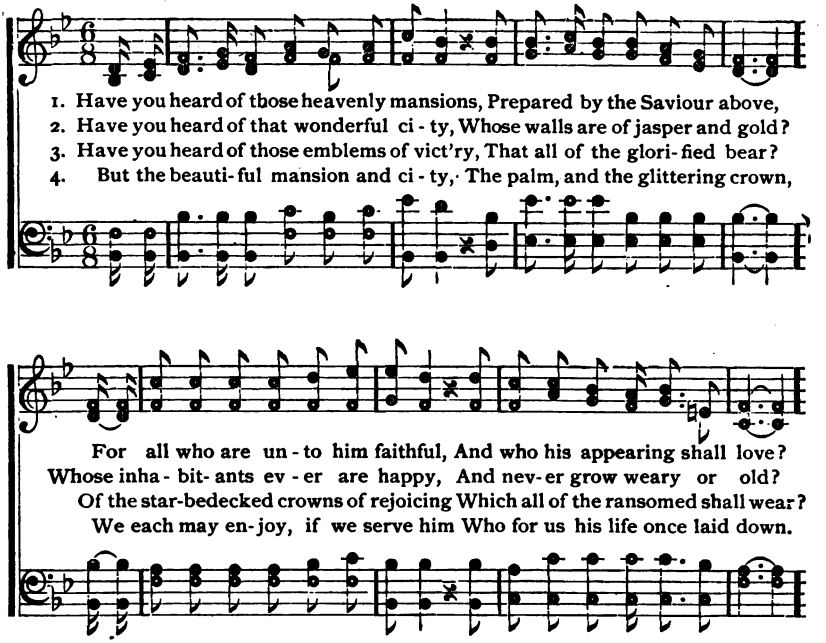
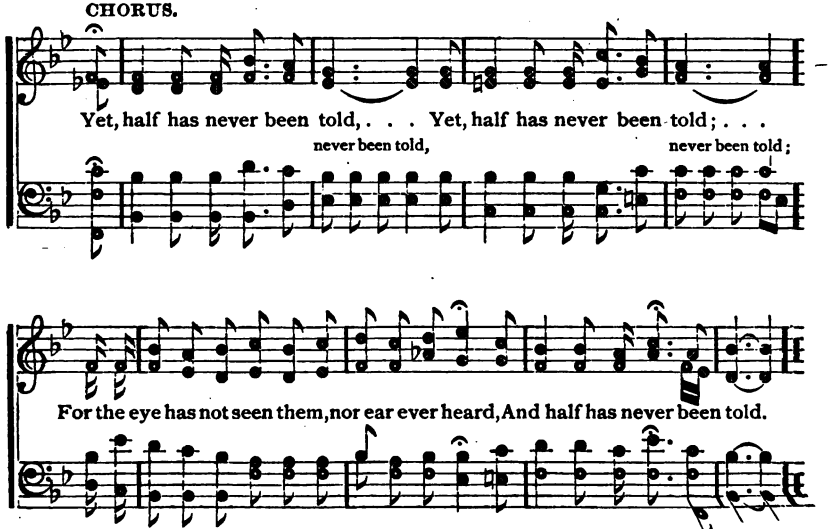
# Have you heard?

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.


1. Have you heard of those heavenly mansions, Prepared by the Saviour above,
2. Have you heard of that wonderful ci - ty, Whose walls are of jasper and gold?
3. Have you heard of those emblems of vict'ry, That all of the glori-fied bear?
4. But the beauti-ful mansion and ci - ty, The palm, and the glittering crown,
For all who are un - to him faithful, And who his appearing shall love?
Whose inha - bit- ants ev - er are happy, And nev-er grow weary or old?
Of the star-bedecked crowns of rejoicing Which all of the ransomed shall wear?
We each may en-joy, if we serve him Who for us his life once laid down.

CHORUS.


Yet, half has never been told, . . . Yet, half has never been told; . . .
never been told,
never been told;
For the eye has not seen them, nor ear ever heard, And half has never been told.

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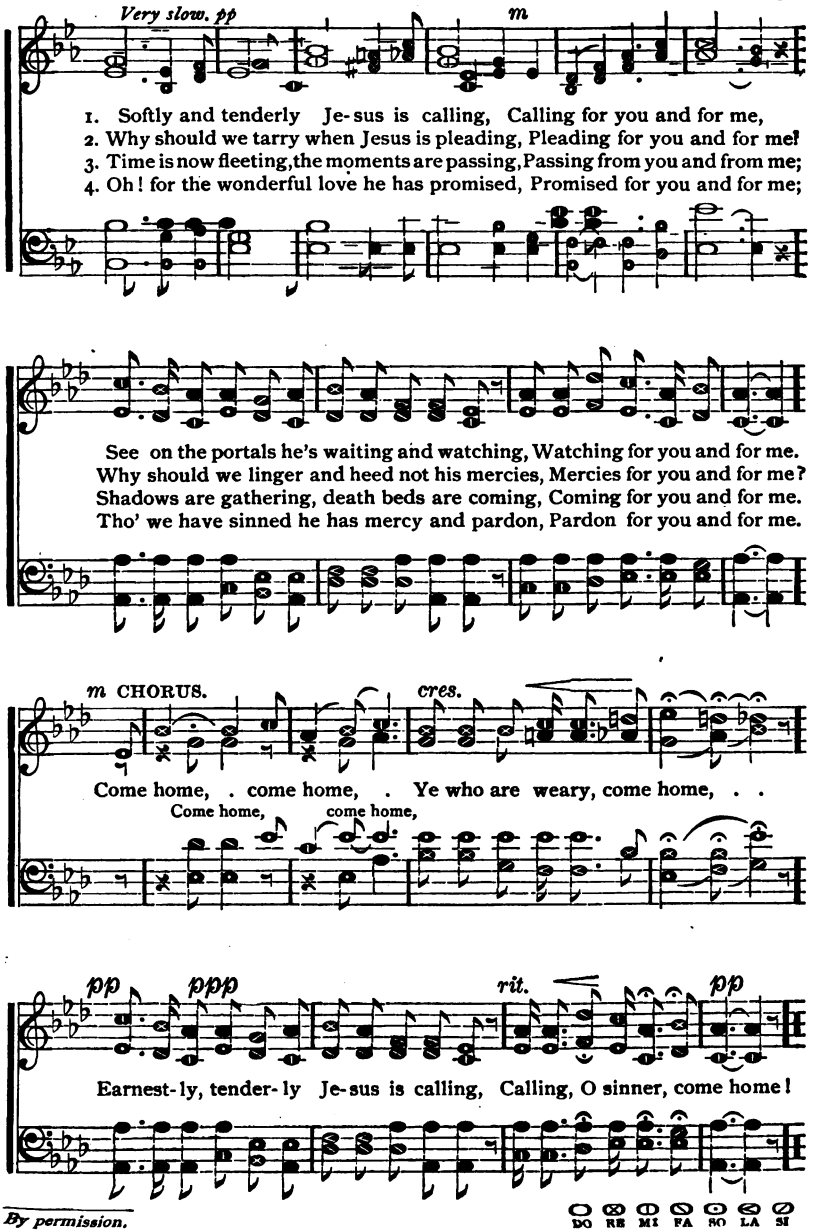
# For You and for Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp
m
1. Softly and tenderly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.
m CHORUS.
cres.
Come home, . come home, . Ye who are weary, come home, . .
Come home, come home,
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Earnest-ly, tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

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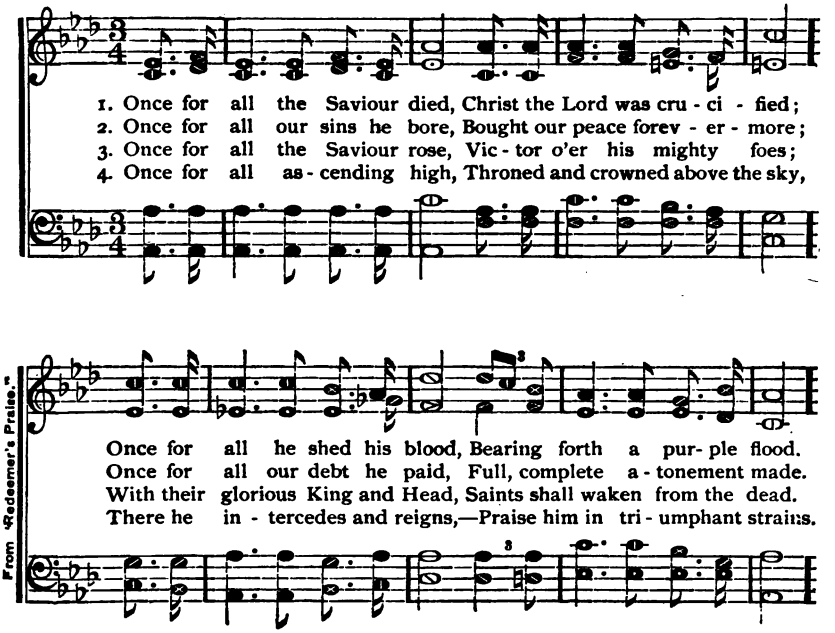
# Once for All the Saviour Died. 11

Rev. J. H. Martin. T. C. O'Kane.


1. Once for all the Saviour died, Christ the Lord was cru - ci - fied;
2. Once for all our sins he bore, Bought our peace forev - er - more;
3. Once for all the Saviour rose, Vic - tor o'er his mighty foes;
4. Once for all as - cending high, Throned and crowned above the sky,
From "Redeemer's Praise."
Once for all he shed his blood, Bearing forth a pur- ple flood.
Once for all our debt he paid, Full, complete a - tonement made.
With their glorious King and Head, Saints shall waken from the dead.
There he in - tercedes and reigns,—Praise him in tri - umphant strains.
REFRAIN.
Oh, be - lieve him and be blest! Oh, receive him and find rest!
All your sins shall be for- given, You shall reign with him in heaven.

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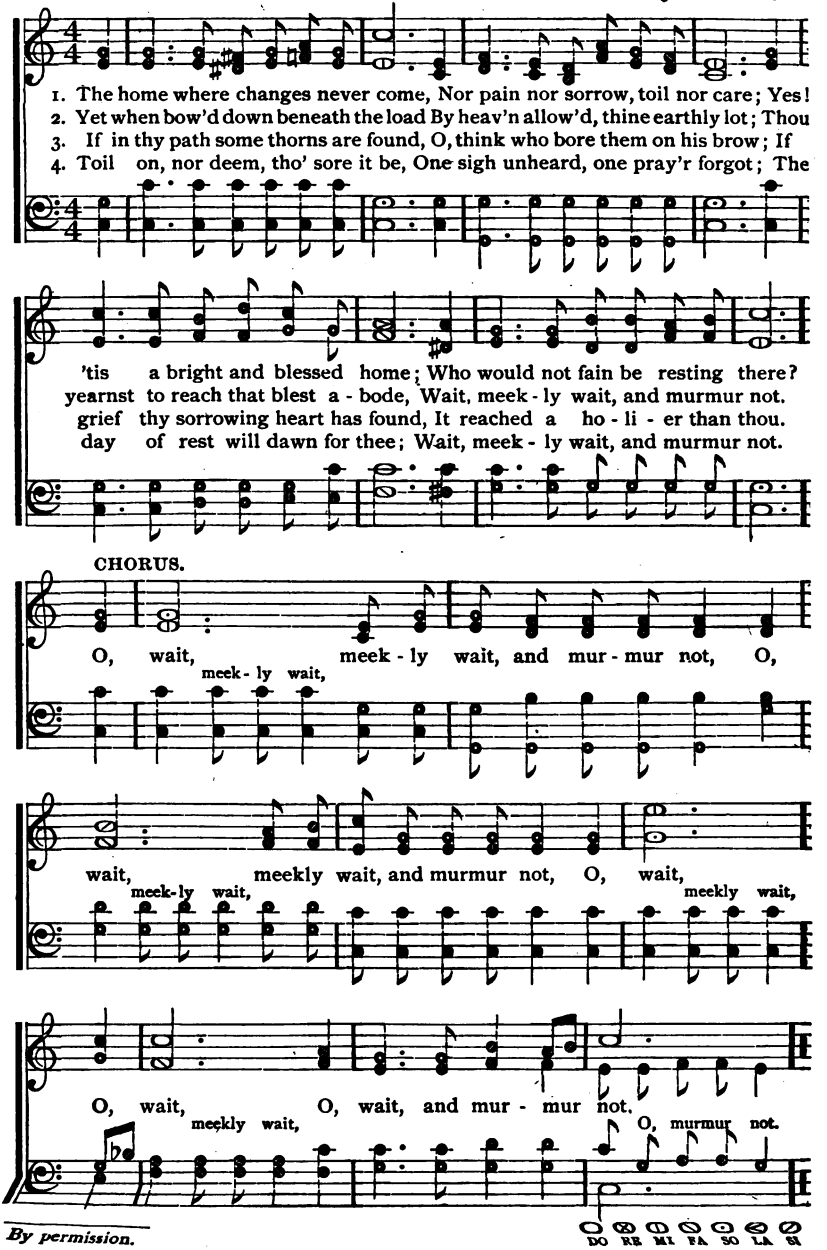
# Wait, and Murmur Not.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care; Yes!
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Thou
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow; If
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The
'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?
yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.
grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.
CHORUS.
O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,
meek - ly wait,
wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait,
meek-ly wait,
meekly wait,
O, wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not.
meekly wait,
O, murmur not.
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# In the Cleft of the Rock.

Mrs J. C. Yule. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. In the Rock that is high-er than I In peace I am resting to-
2. In the Rock that is high-er than I,— The Rock that was rent for my
3. In the Rock that is high-er than I,— That-is stronger than earth or than
4. O, the Rock that is high-er than I,— I hide in the cleft of his

day, And the clouds that hung dark O'er my storm-driven bark Are
sin,— In the cleft of the Rock, Where there cometh no shock, I am
hell,— With nev-er a fear, Tho' the storm rages near, In
side, And I know that for aye, Tho' the worlds pass away, My

CHORUS.

rolled from the heavens a-way. O, the Rock that is higher than I!
hiding; by mercy shut in!
peace and as-surance I dwell!
hiding-place still shall a-bide!

Blessed Rock that is high-er than I! Safe sheltered I rest, Where no

ills can mo-lest, In the Rock that is high-er than I!

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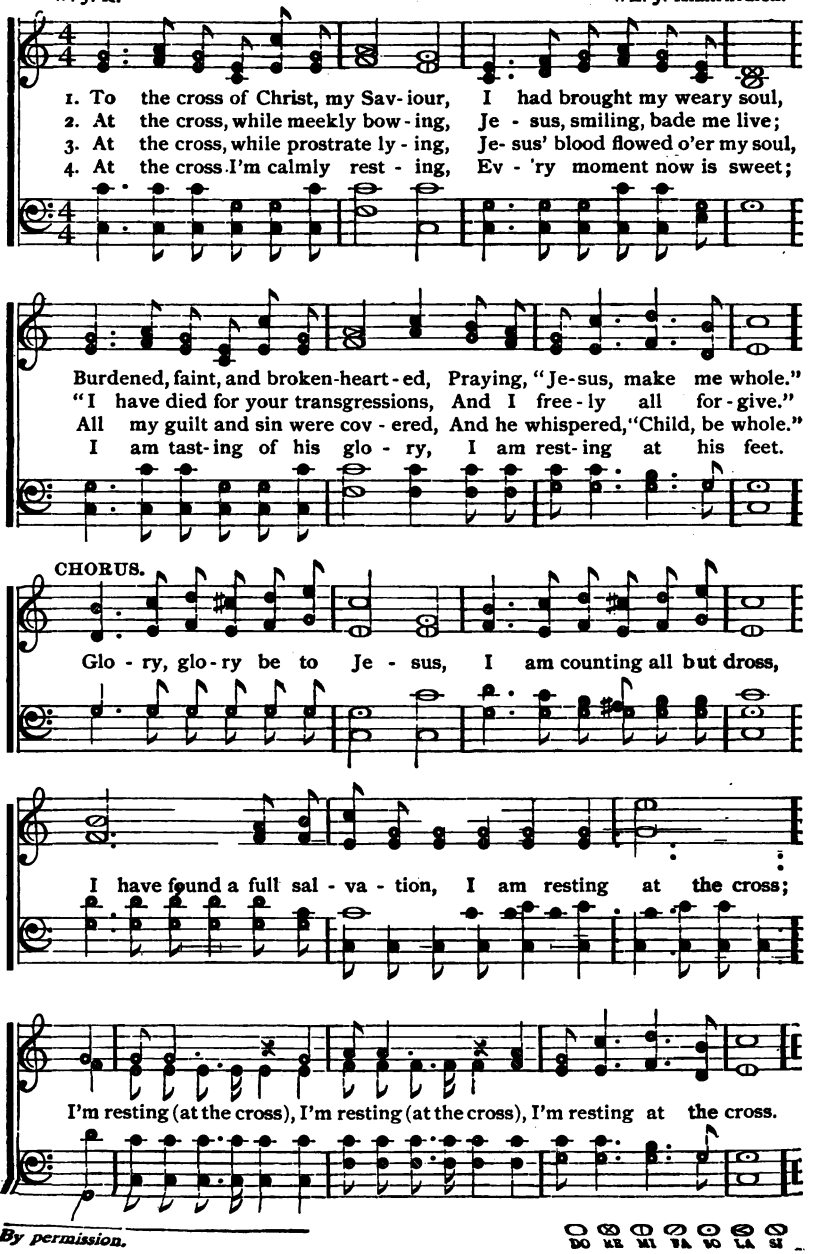
# Resting at the Cross.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav-iour, I had brought my weary soul,
2. At the cross, while meekly bow-ing, Je - sus, smiling, bade me live;
3. At the cross, while prostrate ly - ing, Je- sus' blood flowed o'er my soul,
4. At the cross I'm calmly rest - ing, Ev - 'ry moment now is sweet;
Burdened, faint, and broken-heart-ed, Praying, "Je-sus, make me whole."
"I have died for your transgressions, And I free-ly all for-give."
All my guilt and sin were cov - ered, And he whispered, "Child, be whole."
I am tast-ing of his glo - ry, I am rest-ing at his feet.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo-ry be to Je - sus, I am counting all but dross,
I have found a full sal - va - tion, I am resting at the cross;
I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting at the cross.

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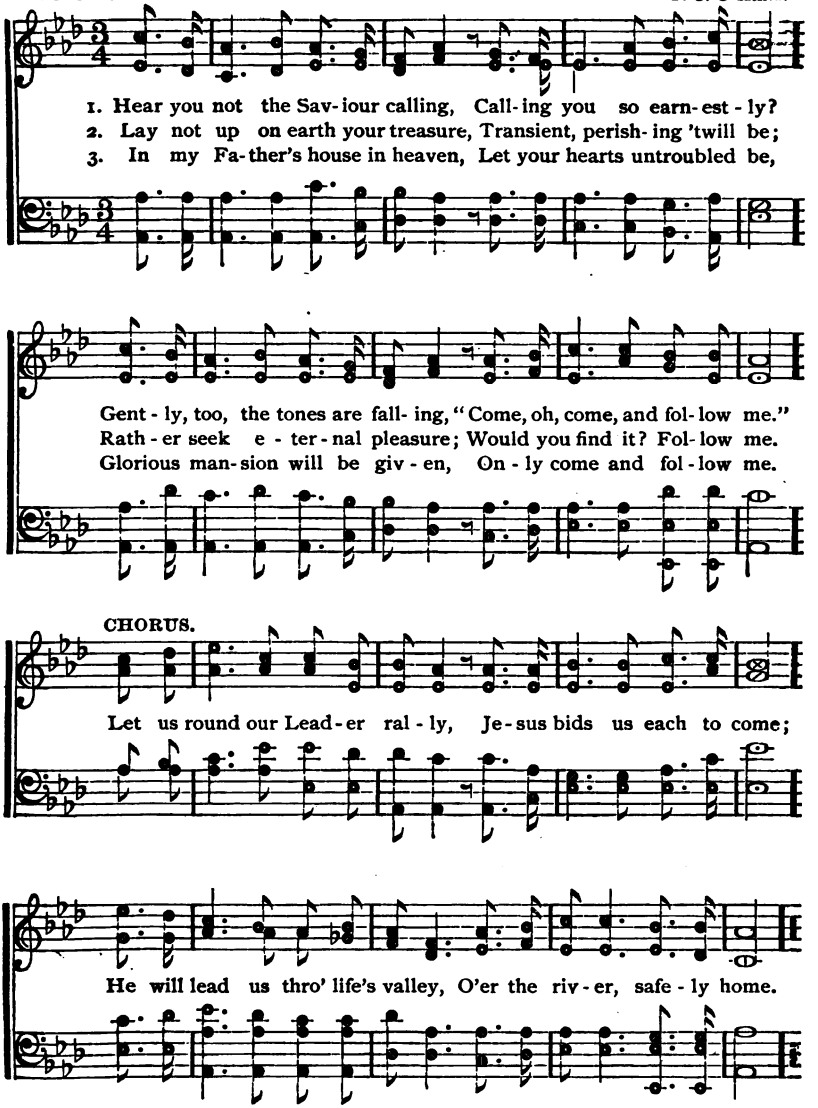
# "Follow Me."

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Hear you not the Sav-iour calling, Call-ing you so earn-est-ly?
2. Lay not up on earth your treasure, Transient, perish-ing 'twill be;
3. In my Fa-ther's house in heaven, Let your hearts untroubled be,
Gent-ly, too, the tones are fall-ing, "Come, oh, come, and fol-low me."
Rath-er seek e-ter-nal pleasure; Would you find it? Fol-low me.
Glorious man-sion will be giv-en, On-ly come and fol-low me.
CHORUS.
Let us round our Lead-er ral-ly, Je-sus bids us each to come;
He will lead us thro' life's valley, O'er the riv-er, safe-ly home.

4 Be thy pathway bright or dreary
Whither duty leadeth thee,
Strong thy steps, or faint and weary,
I will guide thee,—follow me.

5 When thy days on earth are ending,
And the close of life you see,
Even to the grave descending,
Never fear, but follow me.

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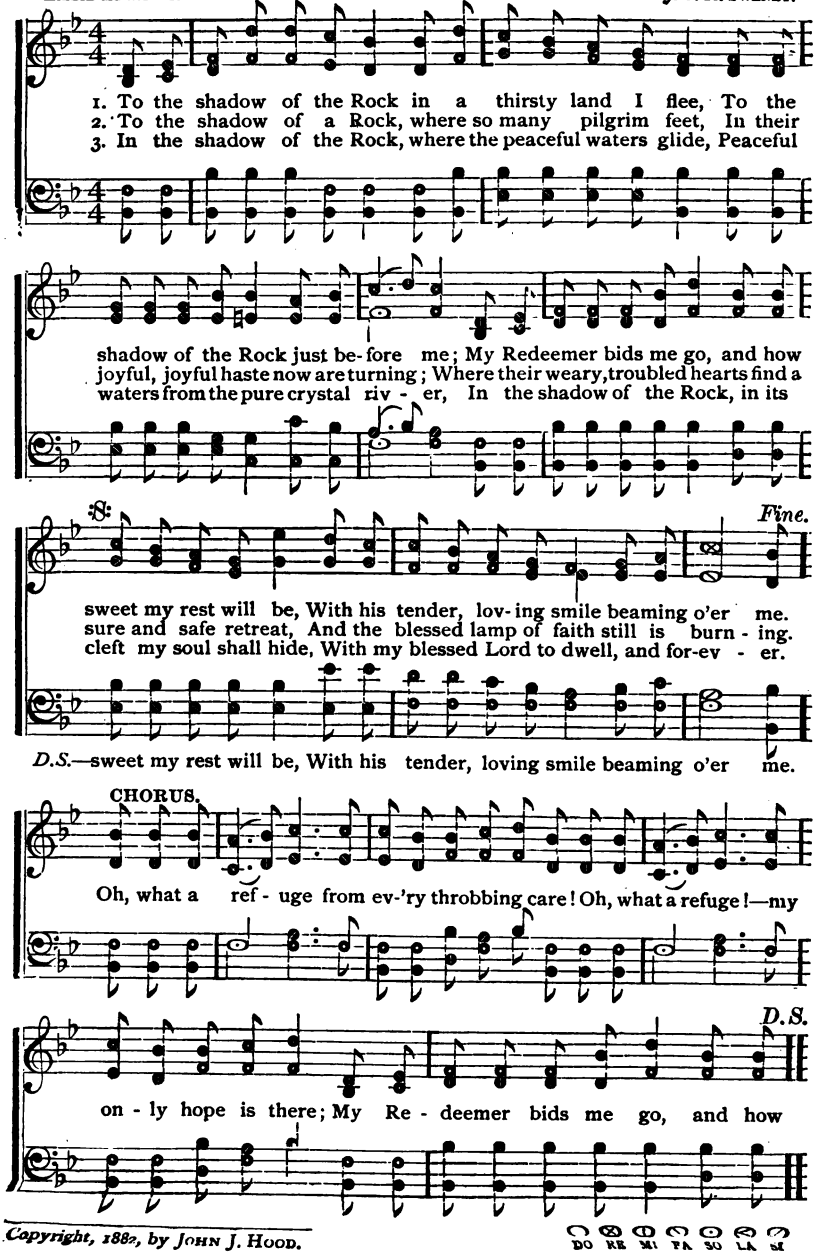
# What a Refuge.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. To the shadow of the Rock in a thirsty land I flee, To the
2. To the shadow of a Rock, where so many pilgrim feet, In their
3. In the shadow of the Rock, where the peaceful waters glide, Peaceful
shadow of the Rock just be-fore me; My Redeemer bids me go, and how
joyful, joyful haste now are turning; Where their weary, troubled hearts find a
waters from the pure crystal riv - er, In the shadow of the Rock, in its
Fine.
sweet my rest will be, With his tender, lov-ing smile beaming o'er me.
sure and safe retreat, And the blessed lamp of faith still is burn - ing.
cleft my soul shall hide, With my blessed Lord to dwell, and for-ev - er.
D.S.—sweet my rest will be, With his tender, loving smile beaming o'er me.
CHORUS.
Oh, what a ref - uge from ev-'ry throbbing care! Oh, what a refuge!—my
D.S.
on - ly hope is there; My Re - deemer bids me go, and how

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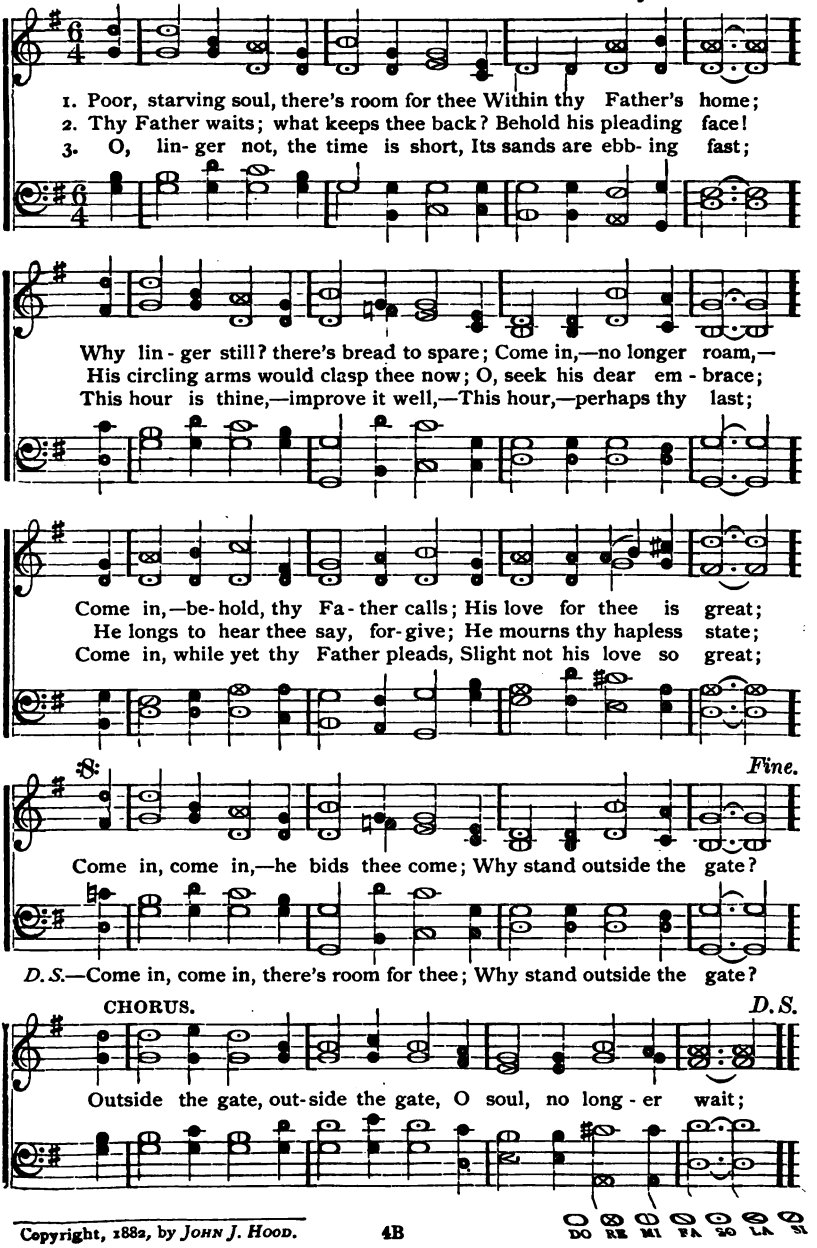
# Outside the Gate.

Henrietta E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Poor, starving soul, there's room for thee Within thy Father's home;
2. Thy Father waits; what keeps thee back? Behold his pleading face!
3. O, lin- ger not, the time is short, Its sands are ebb- ing fast;
Why lin - ger still? there's bread to spare; Come in,—no longer roam,—
His circling arms would clasp thee now; O, seek his dear em - brace;
This hour is thine,—improve it well,—This hour,—perhaps thy last;
Come in,—be- hold, thy Fa - ther calls; His love for thee is great;
He longs to hear thee say, for- give; He mourns thy hapless state;
Come in, while yet thy Father pleads, Slight not his love so great;
Fine.
Come in, come in,—he bids thee come; Why stand outside the gate?
D. S.—Come in, come in, there's room for thee; Why stand outside the gate?
CHORUS.
D. S.
Outside the gate, out- side the gate, O soul, no long - er wait;
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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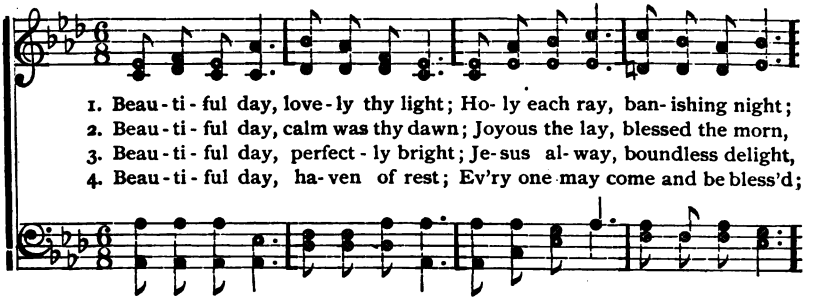
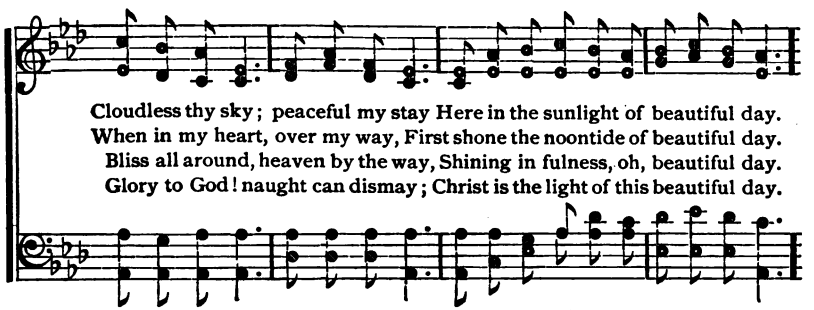
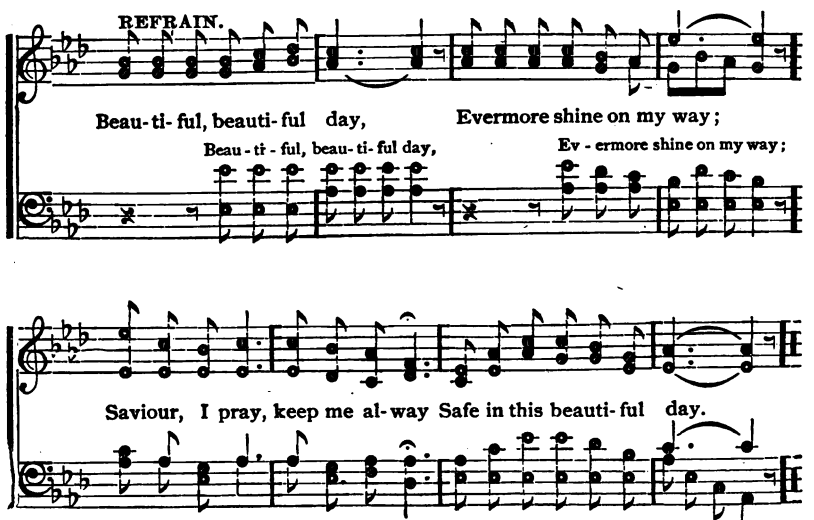
# Beautiful Day.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Beau-ti-ful day, love-ly thy light; Ho-ly each ray, ban-ishing night;
2. Beau-ti-ful day, calm was thy dawn; Joyous the lay, blessed the morn,
3. Beau-ti-ful day, perfect-ly bright; Je-sus al-way, boundless delight,
4. Beau-ti-ful day, ha-ven of rest; Ev'ry one may come and be bless'd;

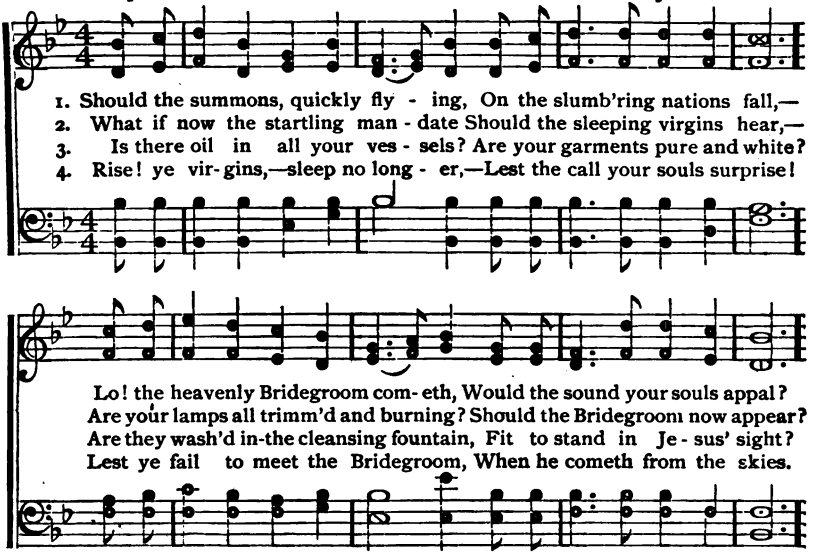

Cloudless thy sky; peaceful my stay Here in the sunlight of beautiful day.
When in my heart, over my way, First shone the noontide of beautiful day.
Bliss all around, heaven by the way, Shining in fulness, oh, beautiful day.
Glory to God! naught can dismay; Christ is the light of this beautiful day.

REFRAIN.
Beau-ti-ful, beauti-ful day, Evermore shine on my way;
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful day, Ev-ermore shine on my way;
Saviour, I pray, keep me al-way Safe in this beauti-ful day.
beauti-ful day.

*By permission.*

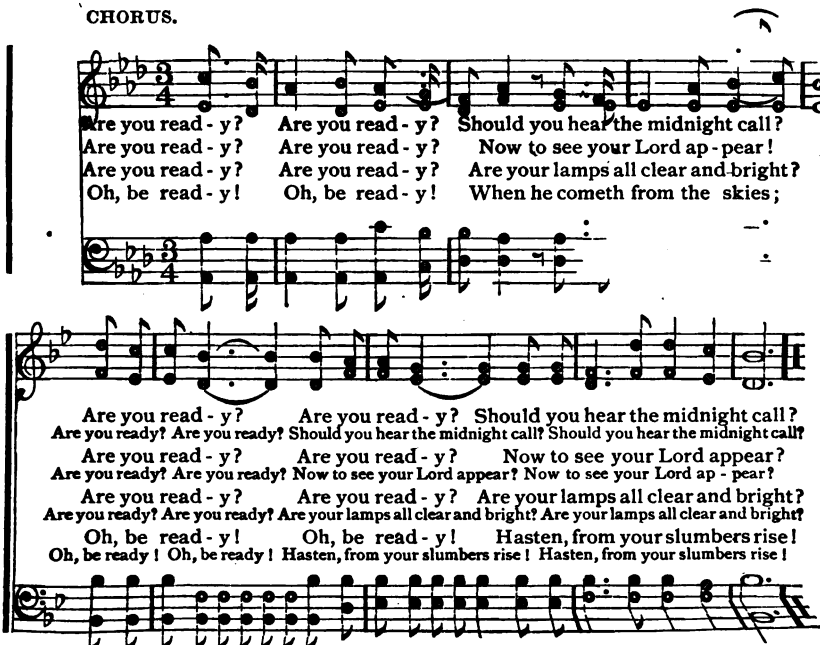
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Are You Ready?

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
2. What if now the startling man - date Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
3. Is there oil in all your ves - sels? Are your garments pure and white?
4. Rise! ye vir-gins,—sleep no long - er,—Lest the call your souls surprise!
Lo! the heavenly Bridegroom com- eth, Would the sound your souls appal?
Are your lamps all trimm'd and burning? Should the Bridegroom now appear?
Are they wash'd in-the cleansing fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?
Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom, When he cometh from the skies.

CHORUS.


Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord ap - pear!
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! When he cometh from the skies;
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Should you hear the midnight call? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord appear? Now to see your Lord ap - pear?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Now to see your Lord appear? Now to see your Lord ap - pear?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are your lamps all clear and bright? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!
Oh, be ready! Oh, be ready! Hasten, from your slumbers rise! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!

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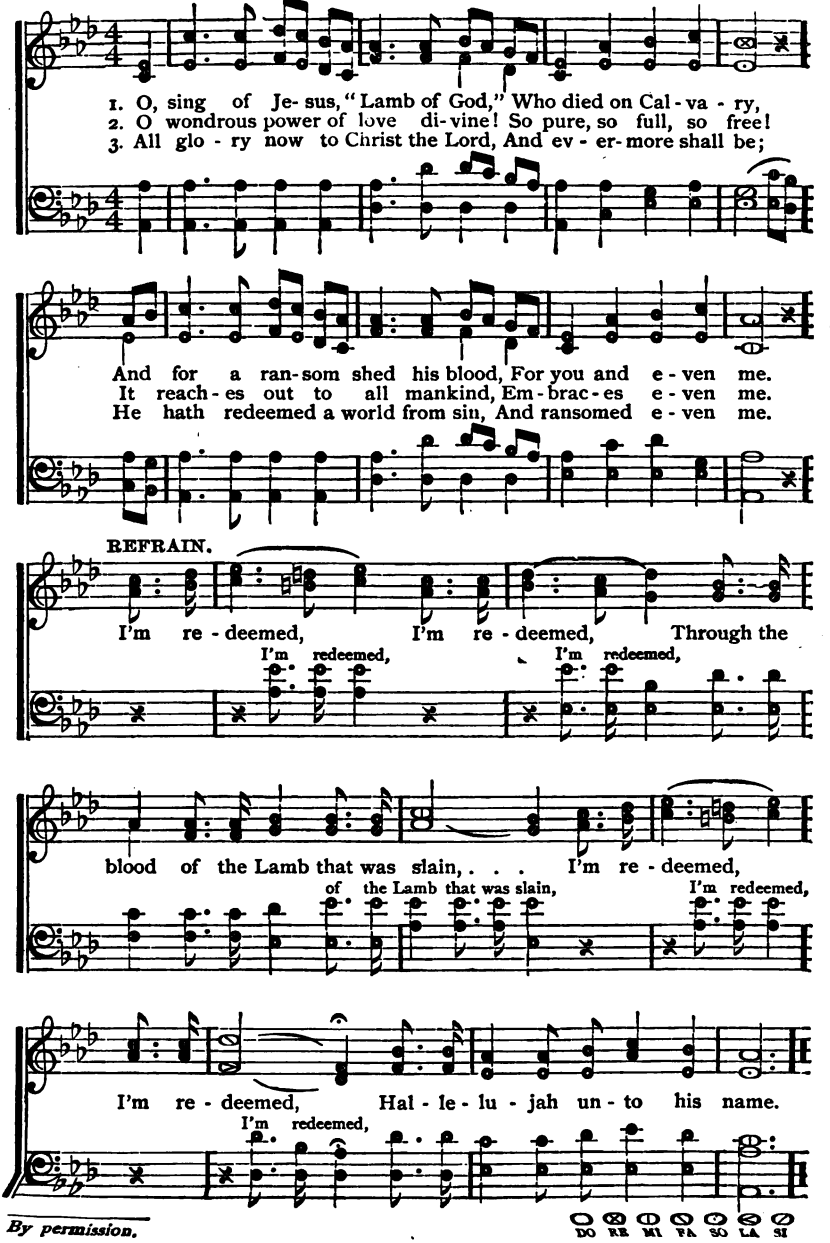
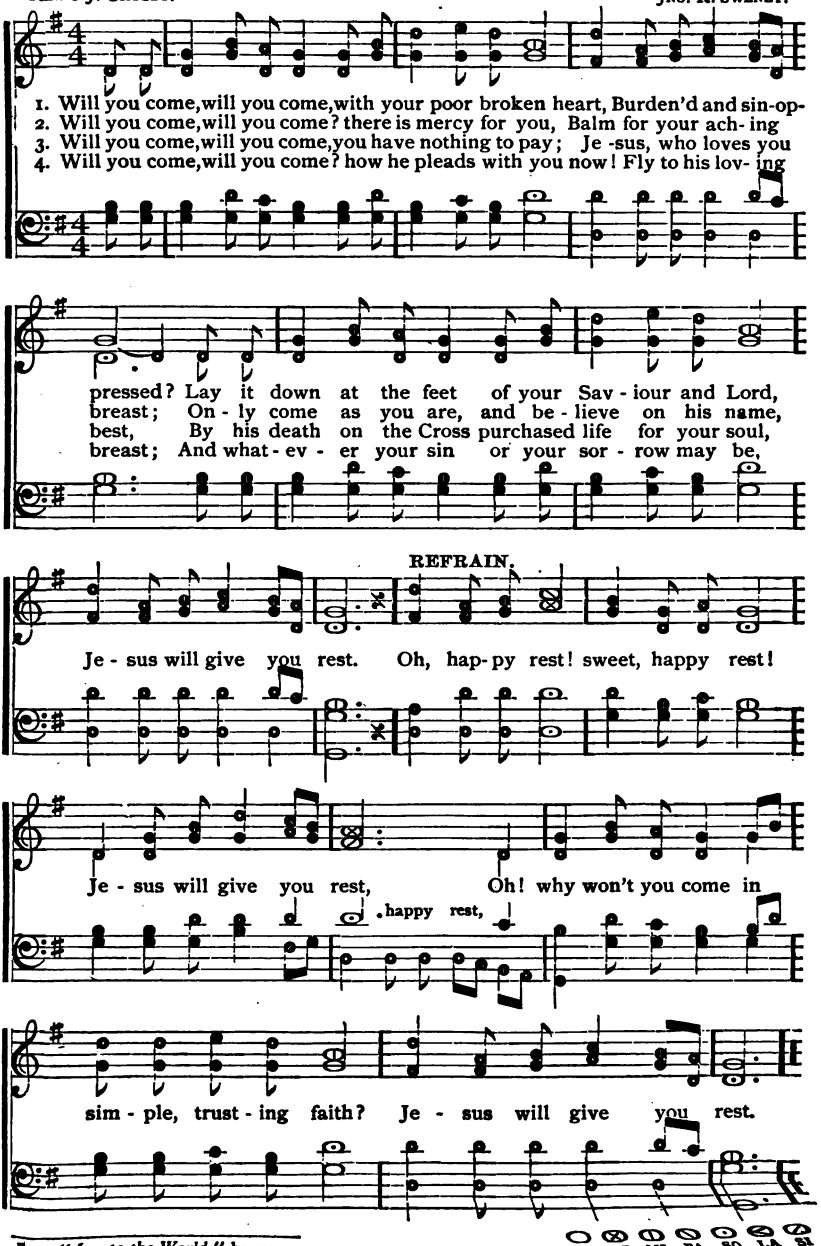
# I'm Redeemed.

T. C. O'K. "Behold the Lamb of God."—John i. 29. T. C. O'Kane.

1. O, sing of Je- sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. O wondrous power of love di-vine! So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er-more shall be;
And for a ran-som shed his blood, For you and e - ven me.
It reach - es out to all mankind, Em - brac - es e - ven me.
He hath redeemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.
REFRAIN.
I'm re - deemed, I'm re - deemed, Through the
I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,
blood of the Lamb that was slain, . . . I'm re - deemed,
of the Lamb that was slain, I'm redeemed,
I'm re - deemed, Hal - le - lu - jah un - to his name.
I'm redeemed,
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

*By permission.*

# Jesus will give you Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your ach- ing
3. Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to pay; Je -sus, who loves you
4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his lov- ing
pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - iour and Lord,
breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on his name,
best, By his death on the Cross purchased life for your soul,
breast; And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,
REFRAIN.
Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap- py rest! sweet, happy rest!
Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in
happy rest,
sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

*From "Joy to the World," by per.*

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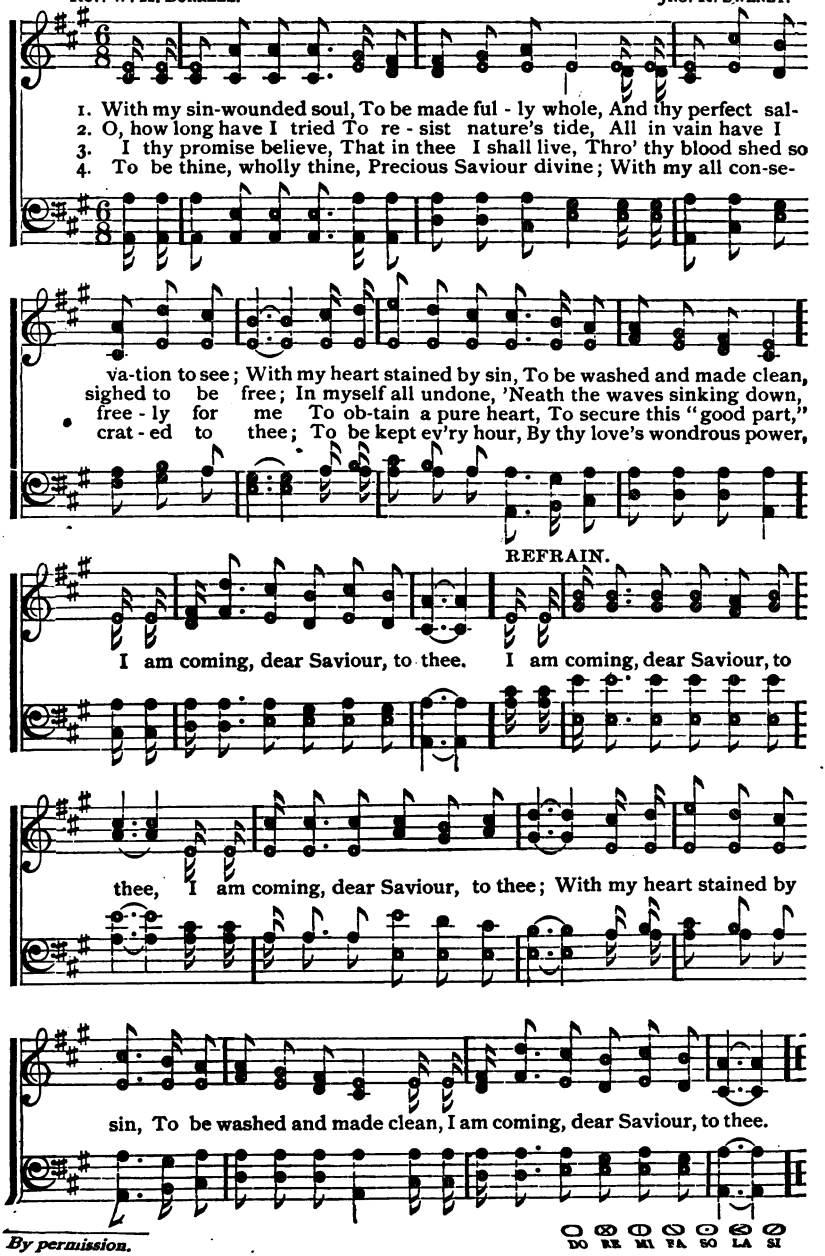
# Coming to Jesus.

Rev. W. H. Burrell. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. With my sin-wounded soul, To be made ful - ly whole, And thy perfect sal-
2. O, how long have I tried To re - sist nature's tide, All in vain have I
3. I thy promise believe, That in thee I shall live, Thro' thy blood shed so
4. To be thine, wholly thine, Precious Saviour divine; With my all con-se-
va-tion to see; With my heart stained by sin, To be washed and made clean,
sighed to be free; In myself all undone, 'Neath the waves sinking down,
free - ly for me To ob-tain a pure heart, To secure this "good part,"
crat - ed to thee; To be kept ev'ry hour, By thy love's wondrous power,
REFRAIN.
I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee. I am coming, dear Saviour, to
thee, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee; With my heart stained by
sin, To be washed and made clean, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.
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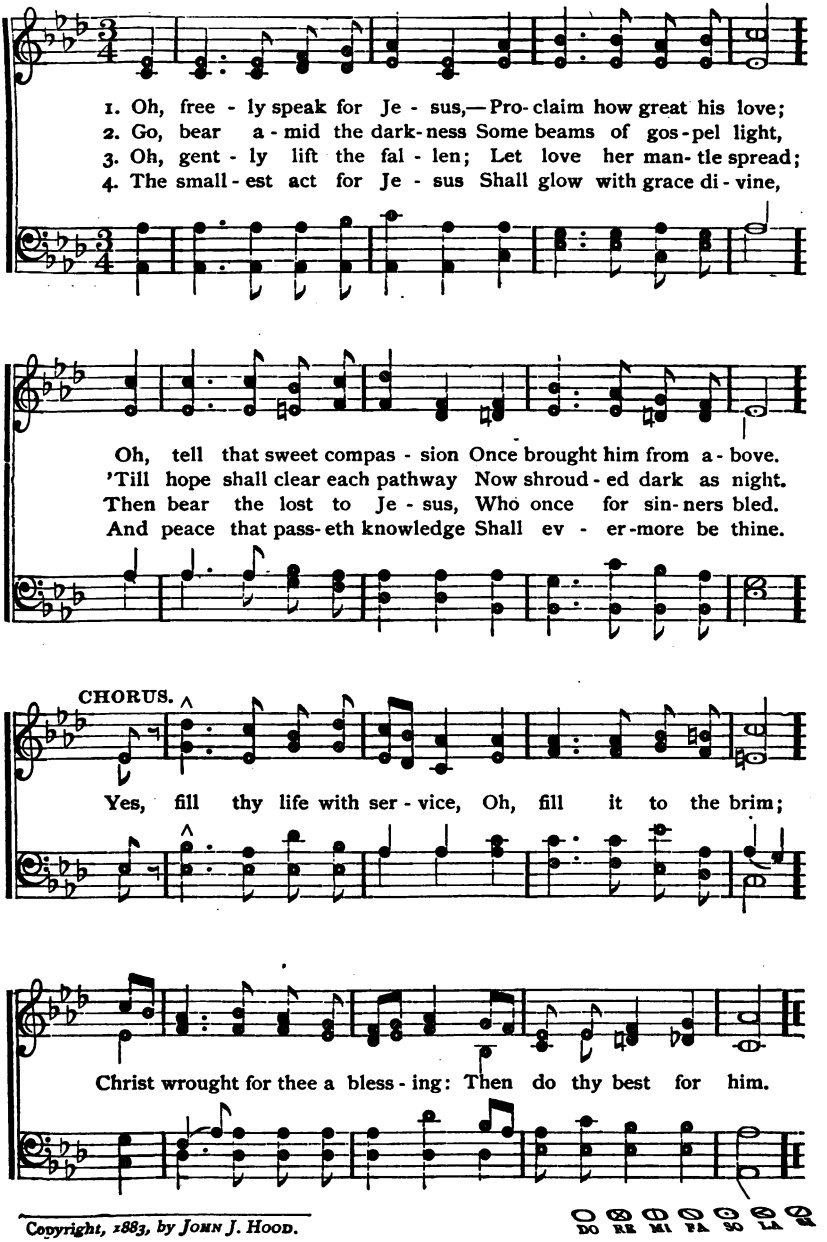
*By permission.*

# Freely Speak for Jesus.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Oh, free - ly speak for Je - sus,—Pro- claim how great his love;
2. Go, bear a - mid the dark-ness Some beams of gos-pel light,
3. Oh, gent - ly lift the fal - len; Let love her man- tle spread;
4. The small - est act for Je - sus Shall glow with grace di - vine,
Oh, tell that sweet compas - sion Once brought him from a - bove.
'Till hope shall clear each pathway Now shroud - ed dark as night.
Then bear the lost to Je - sus, Who once for sin-ners bled.
And peace that pass- eth knowledge Shall ev - er-more be thine.
CHORUS.
Yes, fill thy life with ser - vice, Oh, fill it to the brim;
Christ wrought for thee a bless - ing: Then do thy best for him.

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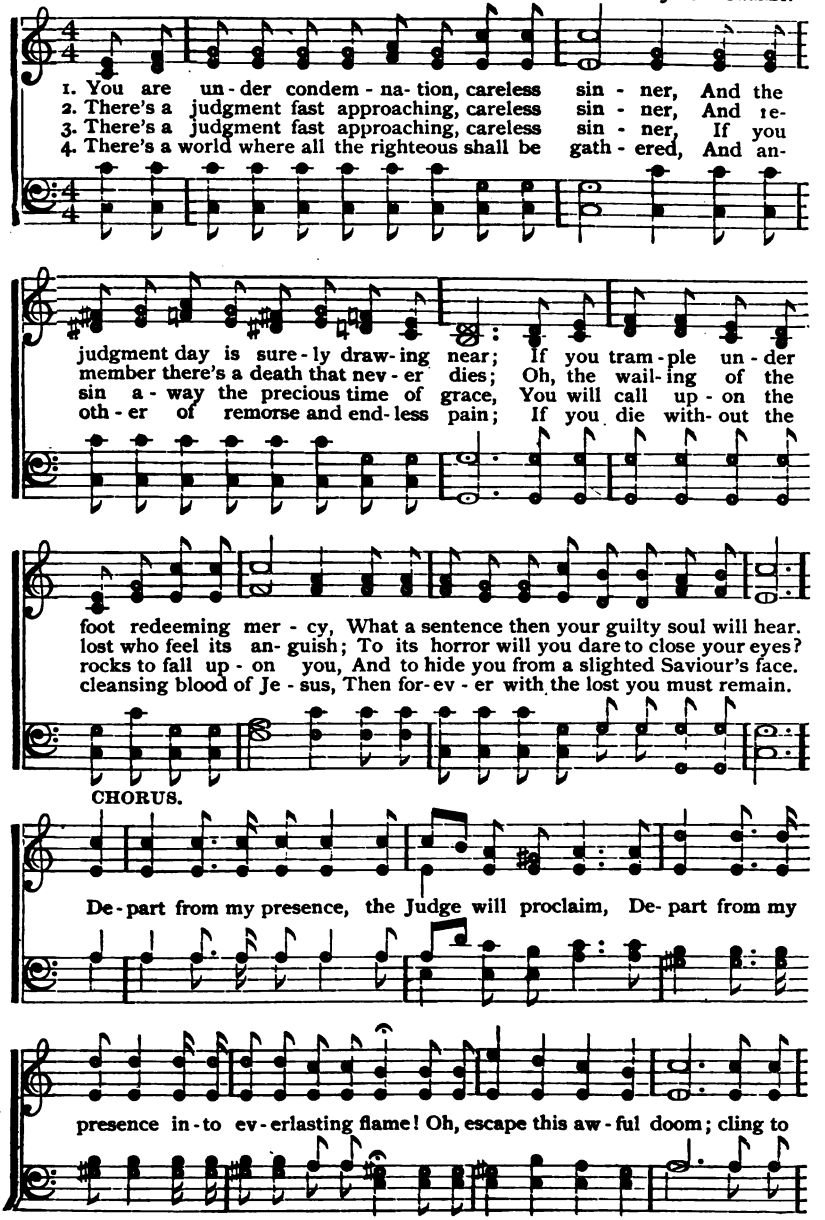
# The great Judgment Day.

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. You are un-der condem-na-tion, careless sin-ner, And the
2. There's a judgment fast approaching, careless sin-ner, And re-
3. There's a judgment fast approaching, careless sin-ner, If you
4. There's a world where all the righteous shall be gath-ered, And an-
judgment day is sure-ly draw-ing near; If you tram-ple un-der
member there's a death that nev-er dies; Oh, the wail-ing of the
sin a-way the precious time of grace, You will call up-on the
oth-er of remorse and end-less pain; If you die with-out the
foot redeeming mer-cy, What a sentence then your guilty soul will hear.
lost who feel its an-guish; To its horror will you dare to close your eyes?
rocks to fall up-on you, And to hide you from a slighted Saviour's face.
cleansing blood of Je-sus, Then for-ev-er with the lost you must remain.
CHORUS.
De-part from my presence, the Judge will proclaim, De-part from my
presence in-to ev-erlasting flame! Oh, escape this aw-ful doom; cling to

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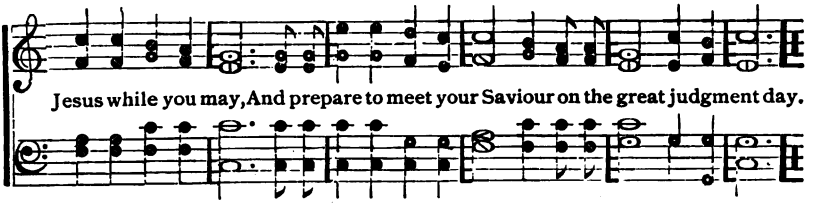
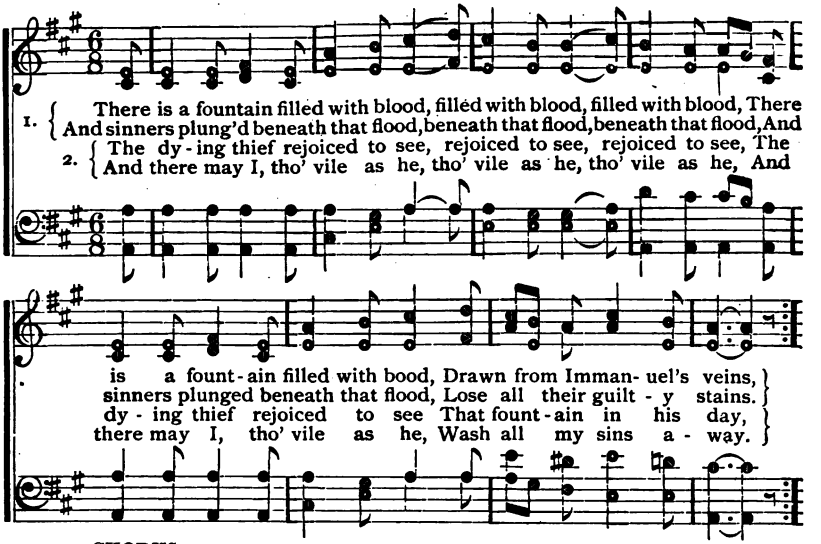
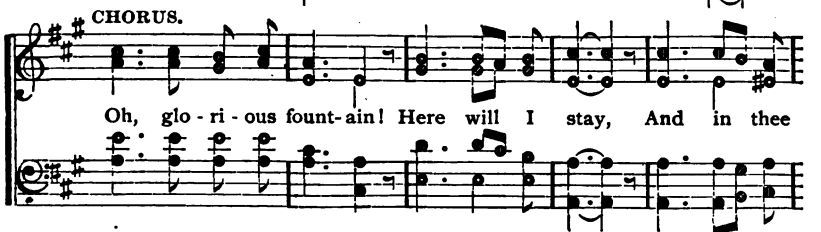
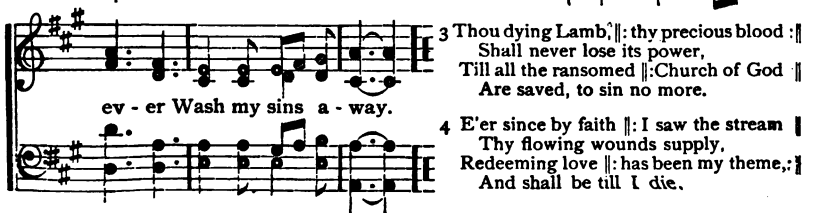

## Glorious Fountain.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, The
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And


is a fount - ain filled with bood, Drawn from Imman - uel's veins,
sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fount - ain in his day,
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.




3 Thou dying Lamb, ‖: thy precious blood :‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖:Church of God ‖
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream ‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme, :‖
And shall be till I die.

From "*Redeemer's Praise*," by per.

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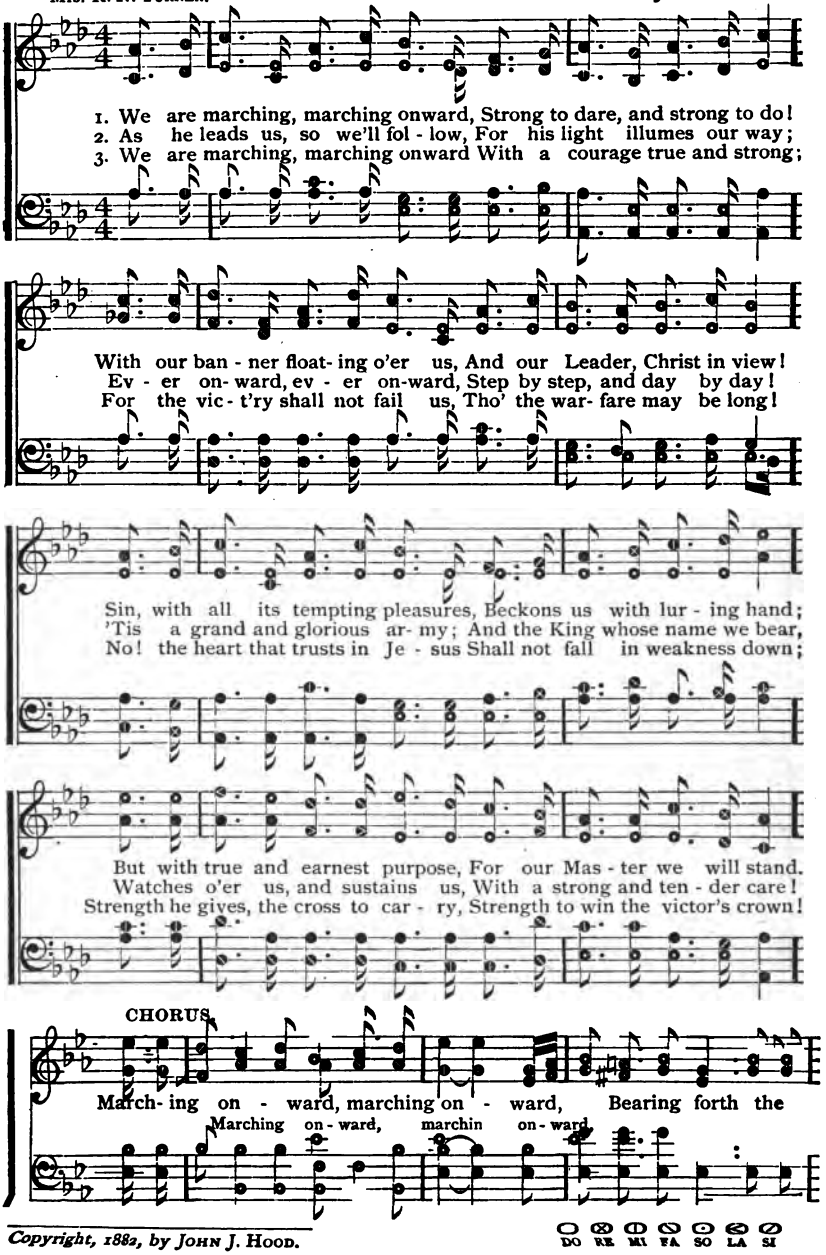
# Marching Onward.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We are marching, marching onward, Strong to dare, and strong to do!
2. As he leads us, so we'll fol - low, For his light illumes our way;
3. We are marching, marching onward With a courage true and strong;
With our ban - ner float- ing o'er us, And our Leader, Christ in view!
Ev - er on- ward, ev - er on-ward, Step by step, and day by day!
For the vic - t'ry shall not fail us, Tho' the war- fare may be long!
Sin, with all its tempting pleasures, Beckons us with lur - ing hand;
'Tis a grand and glorious ar- my; And the King whose name we bear,
No! the heart that trusts in Je - sus Shall not fall in weakness down;
But with true and earnest purpose, For our Mas - ter we will stand.
Watches o'er us, and sustains us, With a strong and ten - der care!
Strength he gives, the cross to car - ry, Strength to win the victor's crown!
CHORUS.
March- ing on - ward, marching on - ward, Bearing forth the
Marching on - ward, marchin on - ward

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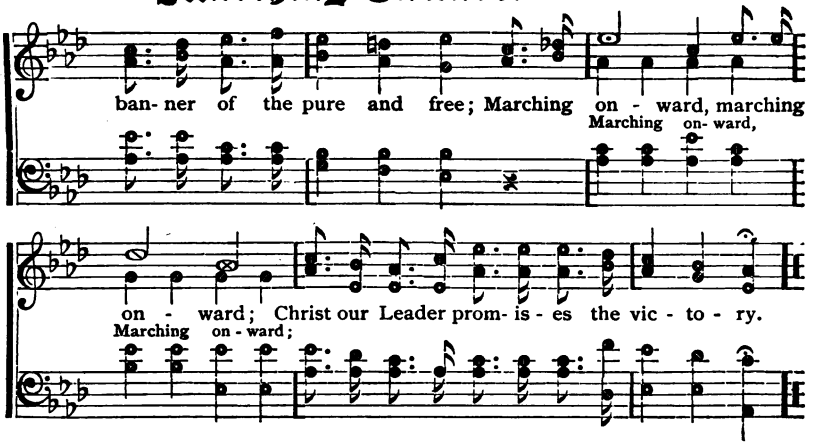
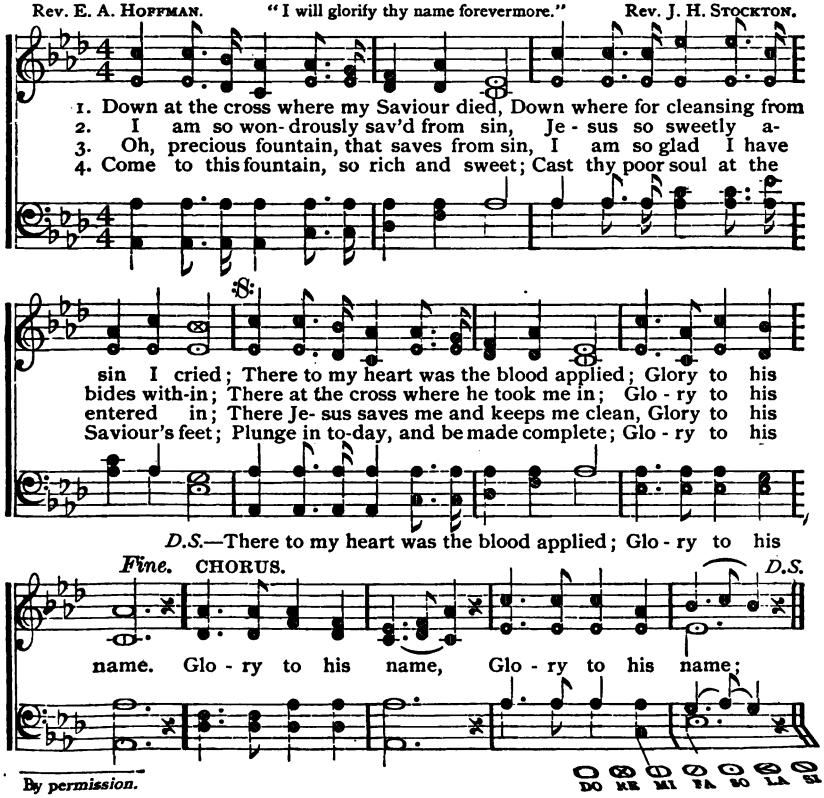
## Marching Onward.—CONCLUDED.

ban- ner of the pure and free; Marching on - ward, marching
Marching on- ward,
on - ward; Christ our Leader prom- is - es the vic - to - ry.
Marching on - ward;

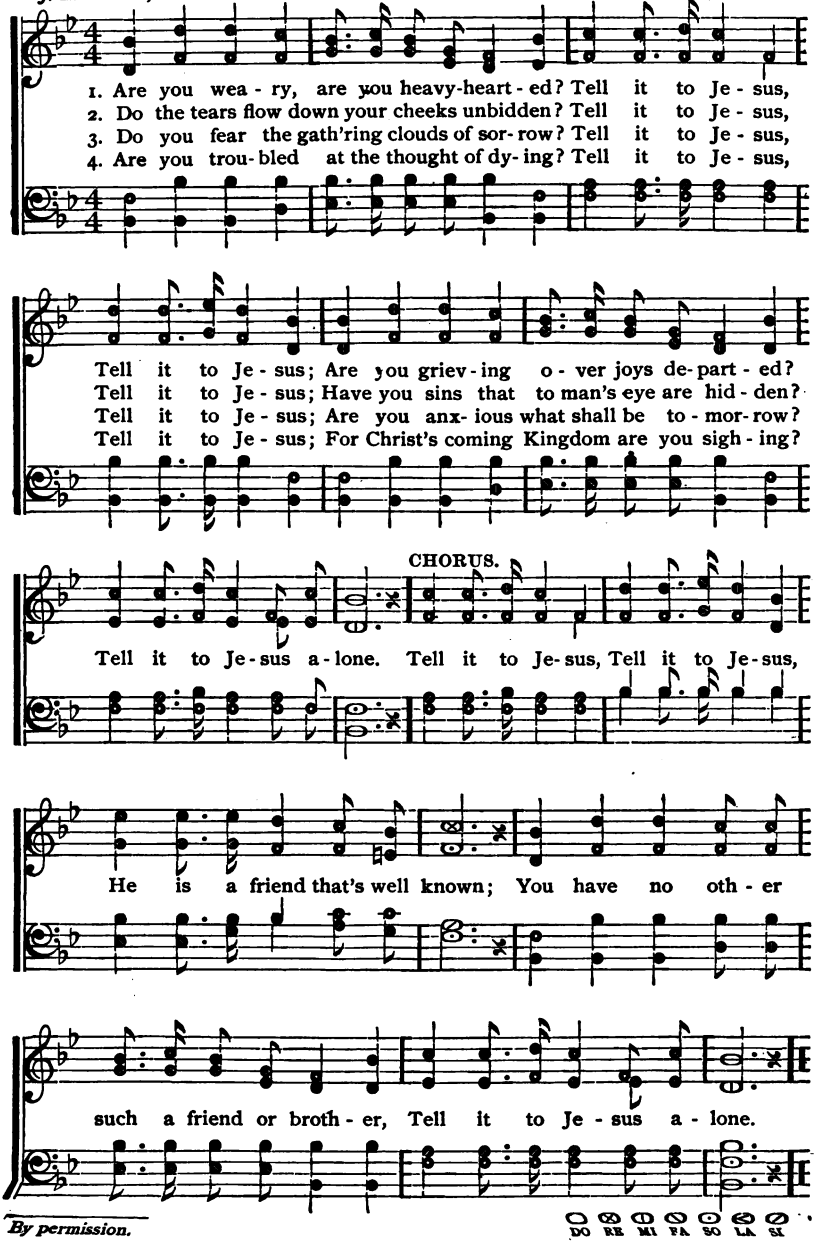
## Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "I will glorify thy name forevermore." Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won- drously sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to his
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
entered in; There Je- sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glory to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his
D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his
Fine. CHORUS.
D.S.
name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

By permission.

# Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Matt. xiv. 12. E. S. Lorenz.


1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor- row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou- bled at the thought of dy- ing? Tell it to Je - sus,
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de- part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx- ious what shall be to - mor- row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?
CHORUS.
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je- sus, Tell it to Je- sus,
He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er
such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

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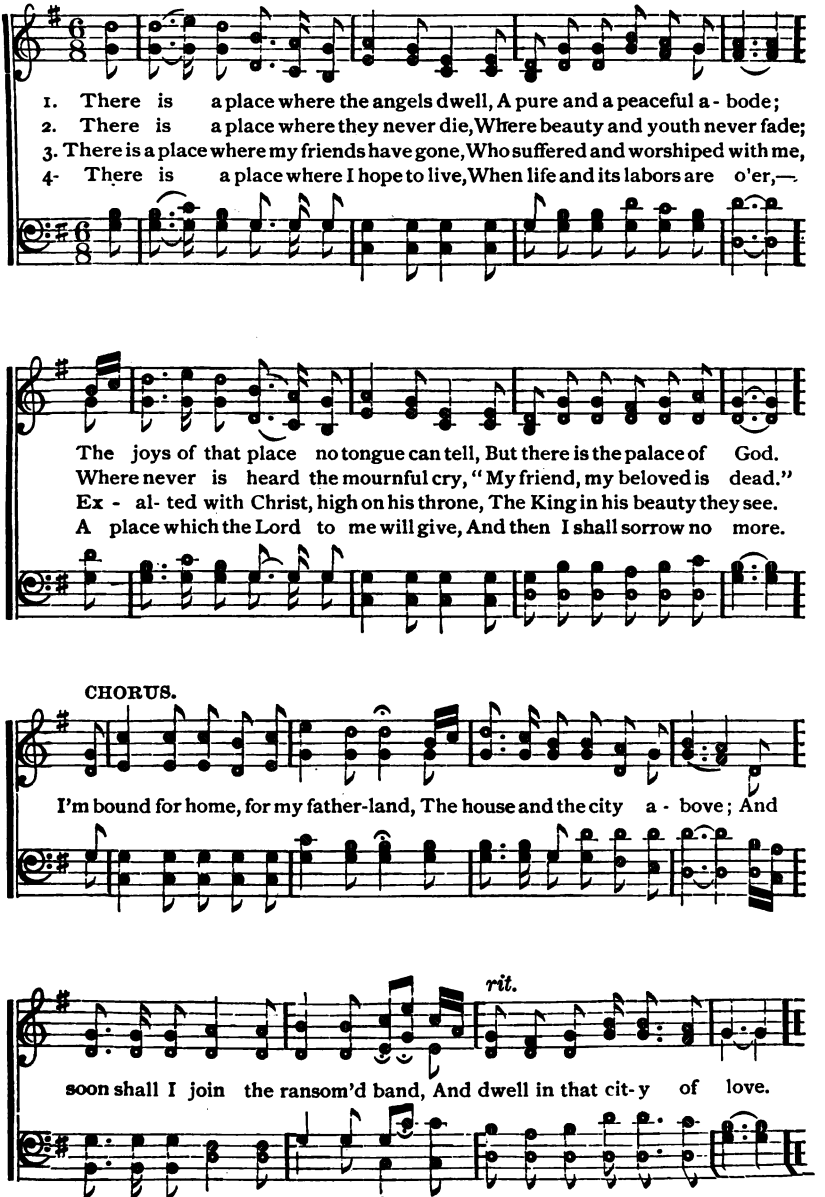
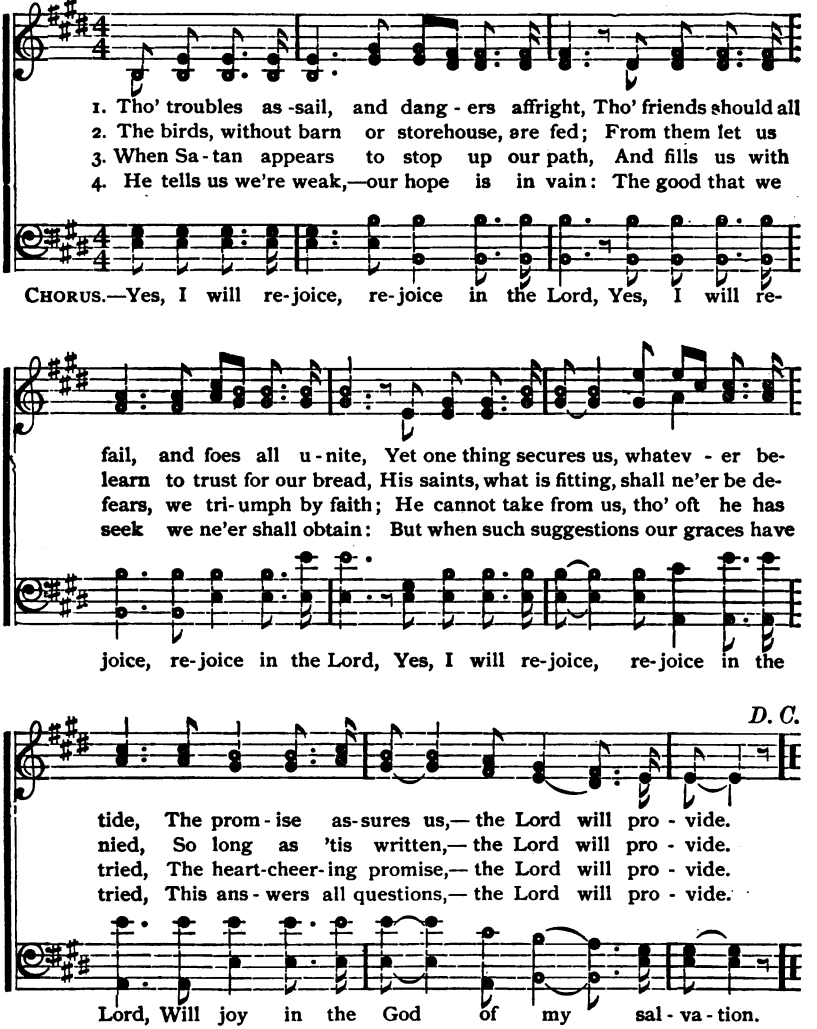
# My Father-land.

Rev. W. Hunter. T. C. O'Kane.

1. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a - bode;
2. There is a place where they never die, Where beauty and youth never fade;
3. There is a place where my friends have gone, Who suffered and worshiped with me,
4- There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its labors are o'er,—
The joys of that place no tongue can tell, But there is the palace of God.
Where never is heard the mournful cry, "My friend, my beloved is dead."
Ex - al- ted with Christ, high on his throne, The King in his beauty they see.
A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.
CHORUS.
I'm bound for home, for my father-land, The house and the city a - bove; And
rit.
soon shall I join the ransom'd band, And dwell in that cit- y of love.

*By permission.*

# Rejoicing Evermore.

JOHN NEWTON. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Tho' troubles as-sail, and dang-ers affright, Tho' friends should all
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us
3. When Sa-tan appears to stop up our path, And fills us with
4. He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain: The good that we
CHORUS.—Yes, I will re-joice, re-joice in the Lord, Yes, I will re-
fail, and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing secures us, whatev-er be-
learn to trust for our bread, His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be de-
fears, we tri-umph by faith; He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has
seek we ne'er shall obtain: But when such suggestions our graces have
joice, re-joice in the Lord, Yes, I will re-joice, re-joice in the
D. C.
tide, The prom-ise as-sures us,— the Lord will pro-vide.
nied, So long as 'tis written,— the Lord will pro-vide.
tried, The heart-cheer-ing promise,— the Lord will pro-vide.
tried, This ans-wers all questions,— the Lord will pro-vide.
Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal-va-tion.

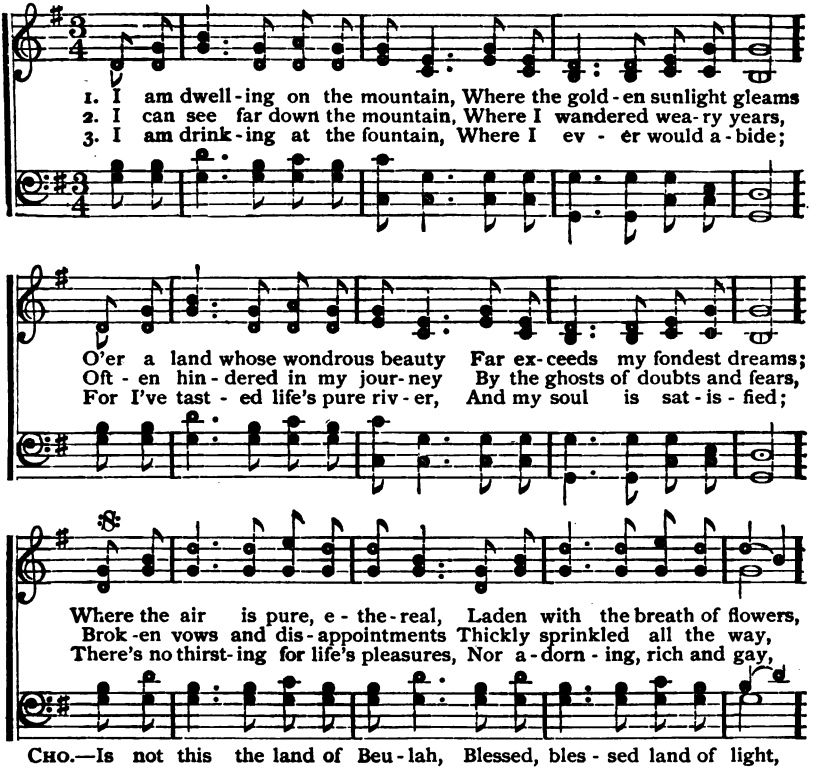
5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim; [name:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,—the Lord will provide,

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through: [our side,
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on
We hope to die shouting,—the Lord will provide,

*From "Salvation Echoes," by per.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Is not this the Land of Beulah.

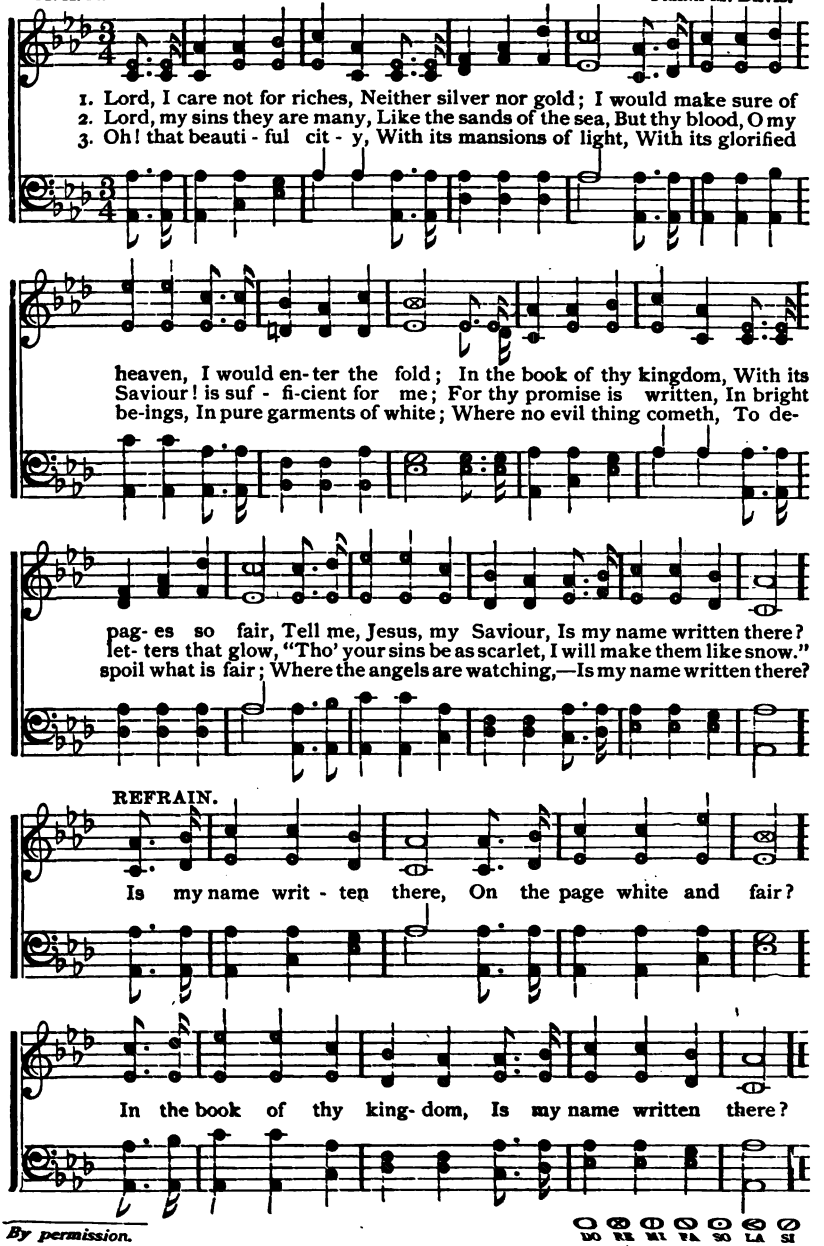
ANON. ARRANGED.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams
2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea-ry years,
3. I am drink-ing at the fountain, Where I ev - er would a-bide;
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fondest dreams;
Oft - en hin-dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv-er, And my soul is sat-is-fied;
Where the air is pure, e-the-real, Laden with the breath of flowers,
Brok-en vows and dis-appointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a-dorn-ing, rich and gay,
CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Blessed, bles-sed land of light,
D. S. Chorus.
They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a-ranthine bowers.
But the Spir-it led, un-er-ring, To the land I hold to-day.
For I've found a rich-er treasure, One that fad-eth not a-way.
Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev - er, And the sun is always bright.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

# Is my Name written There?

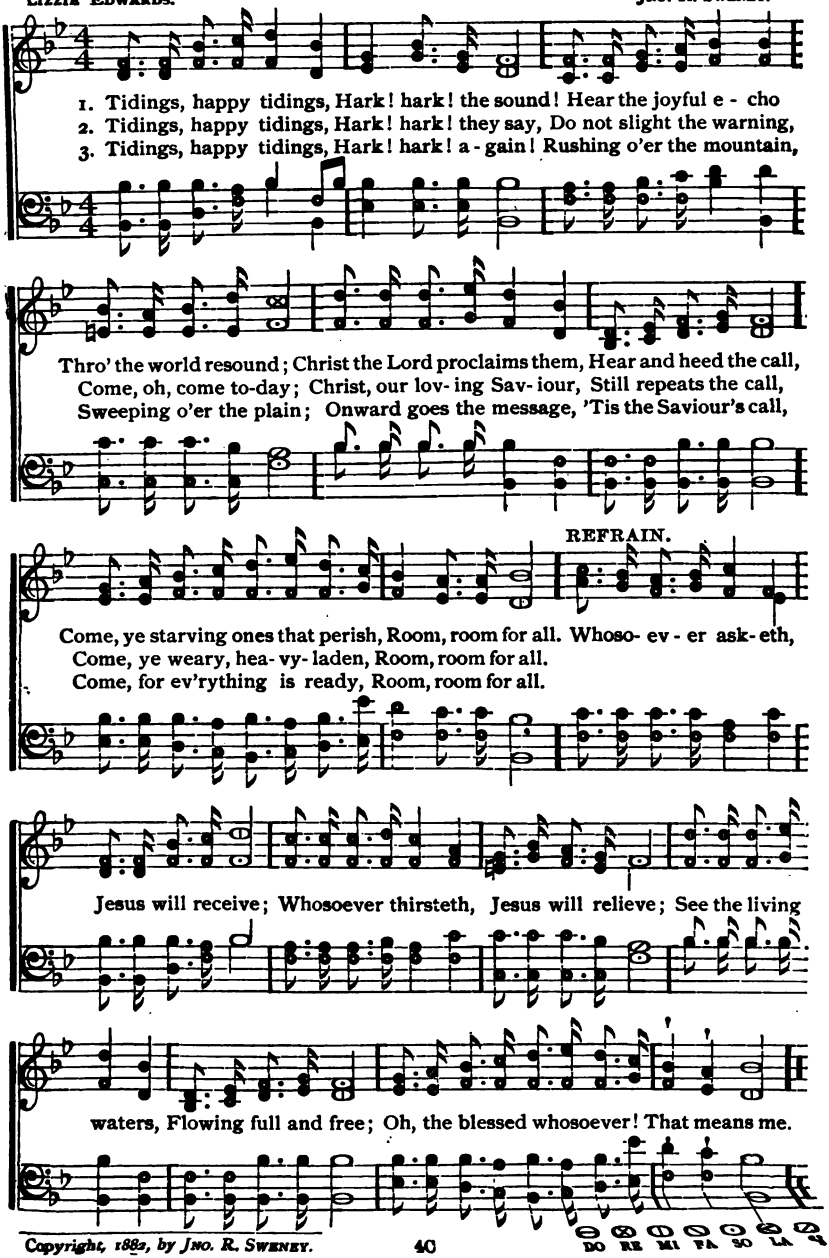
M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my
3. Oh! that beauti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glorified
heaven, I would en-ter the fold; In the book of thy kingdom, With its
Saviour! is suf - fi-cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright
be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing cometh, To de-
pag- es so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
let- ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching,—Is my name written there?
REFRAIN.
Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy king- dom, Is my name written there?

*By permission.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Happy Tidings.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful e - cho
2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,
Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,
Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov- ing Sav- iour, Still repeats the call,
Sweeping o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,
REFRAIN.
Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Whoso- ev - er ask- eth,
Come, ye weary, hea- vy- laden, Room, room for all.
Come, for ev'rything is ready, Room, room for all.
Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve; See the living
waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoever! That means me.
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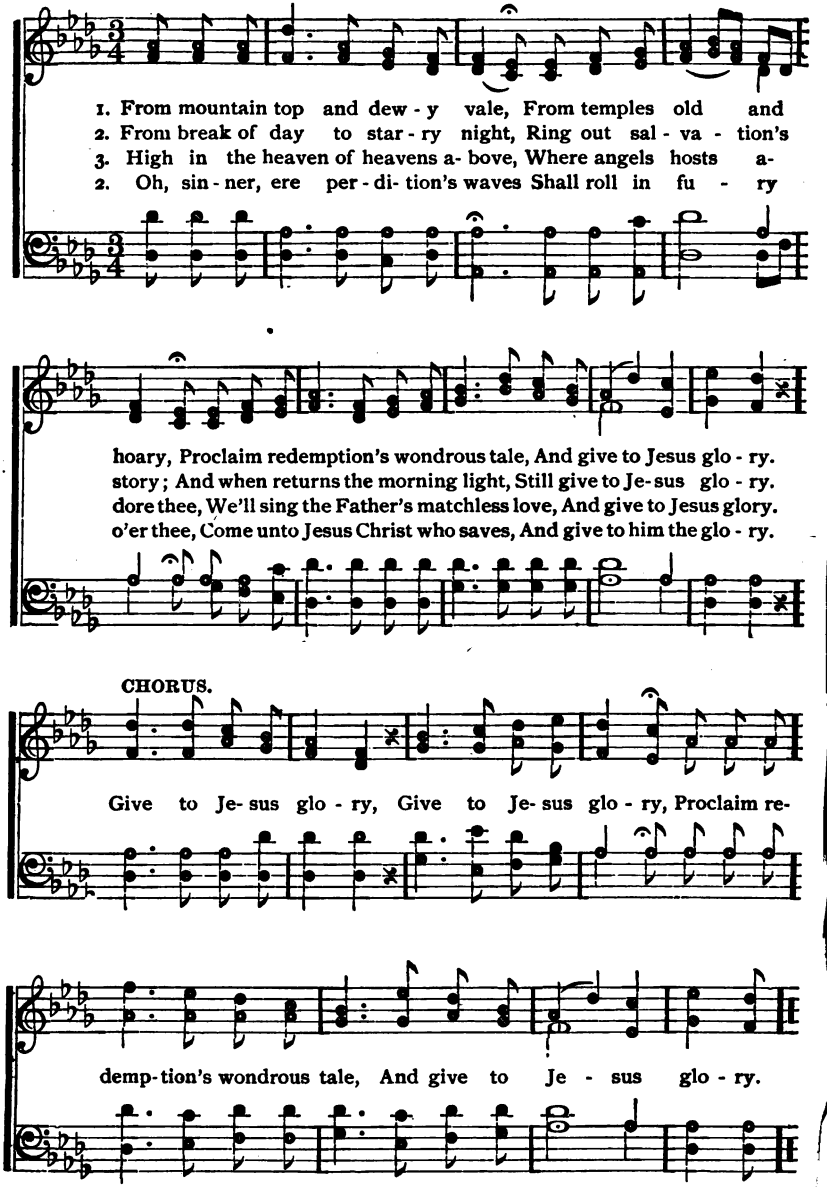
# Give to Jesus Glory.

W. H. Clark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. From mountain top and dew - y vale, From temples old and
2. From break of day to star - ry night, Ring out sal - va - tion's
3. High in the heaven of heavens a- bove, Where angels hosts a-
2. Oh, sin - ner, ere per - di- tion's waves Shall roll in fu - ry
hoary, Proclaim redemption's wondrous tale, And give to Jesus glo - ry.
story; And when returns the morning light, Still give to Je- sus glo - ry.
dore thee, We'll sing the Father's matchless love, And give to Jesus glory.
o'er thee, Come unto Jesus Christ who saves, And give to him the glo - ry.
CHORUS.
Give to Je- sus glo - ry, Give to Je- sus glo - ry, Proclaim re-
demp- tion's wondrous tale, And give to Je - sus glo - ry.

*From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.*

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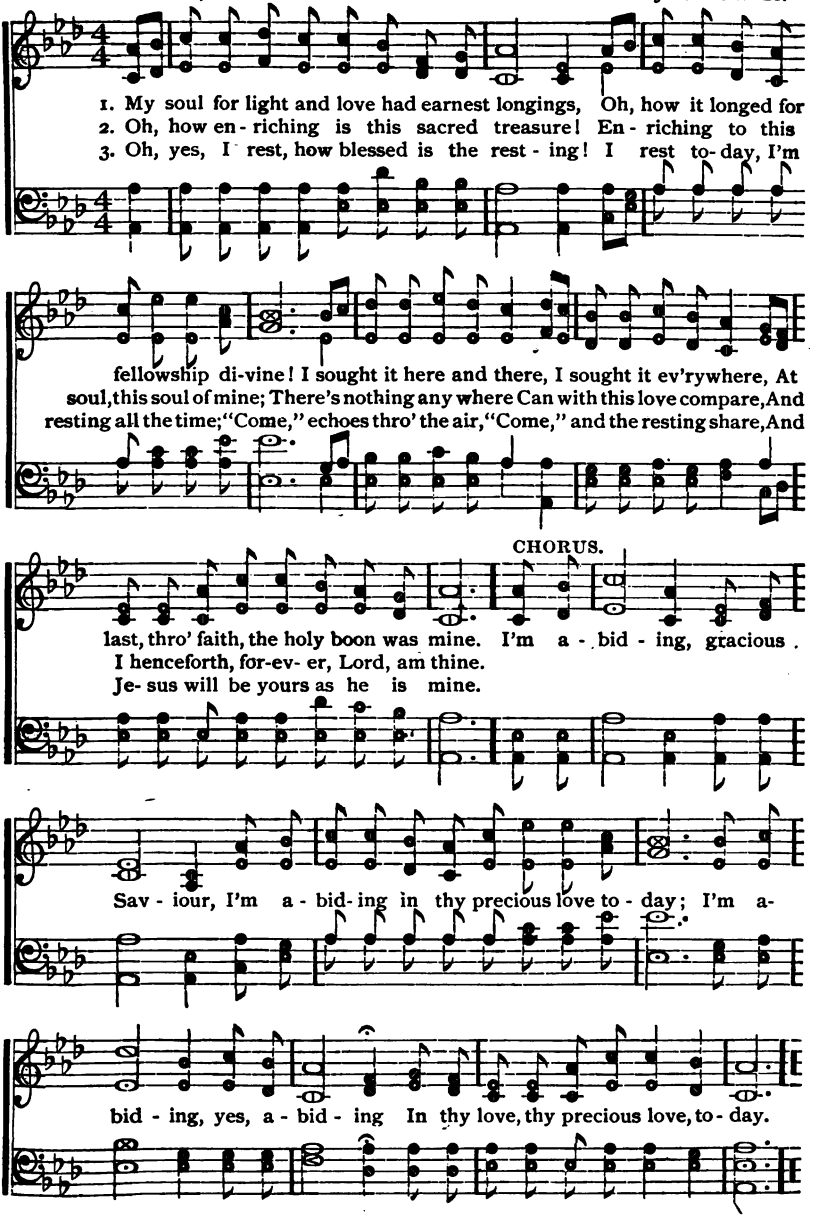
# Abiding.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. My soul for light and love had earnest longings, Oh, how it longed for
2. Oh, how en - riching is this sacred treasure! En - riching to this
3. Oh, yes, I rest, how blessed is the rest - ing! I rest to-day, I'm
fellowship di-vine! I sought it here and there, I sought it ev'rywhere, At
soul, this soul of mine; There's nothing any where Can with this love compare, And
resting all the time; "Come," echoes thro' the air, "Come," and the resting share, And
CHORUS.
last, thro' faith, the holy boon was mine. I'm a - bid - ing, gracious .
I henceforth, for-ev- er, Lord, am thine.
Je- sus will be yours as he is mine.
Sav - iour, I'm a - bid- ing in thy precious love to - day; I'm a-
bid - ing, yes, a - bid - ing In thy love, thy precious love, to - day.

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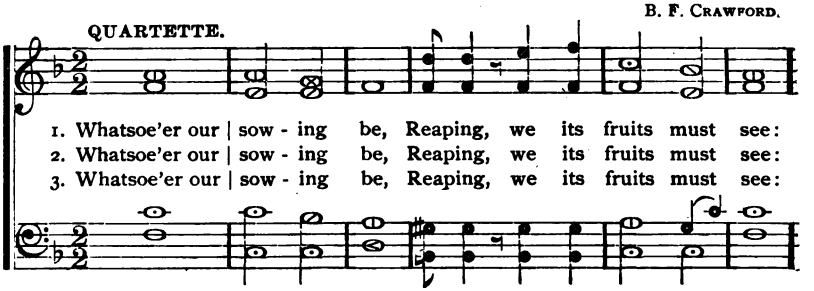
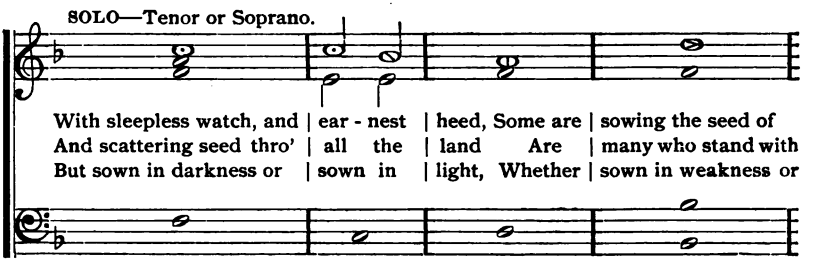
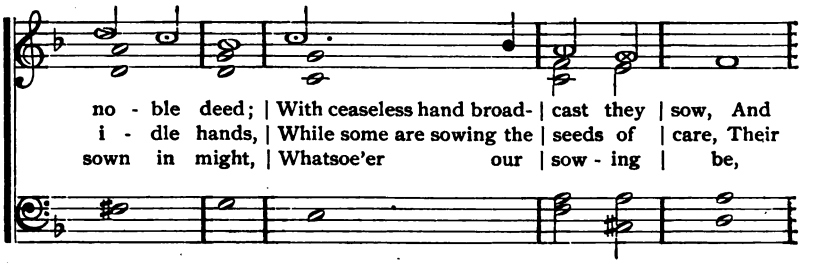
# Whatsoe'er our Sowing be.

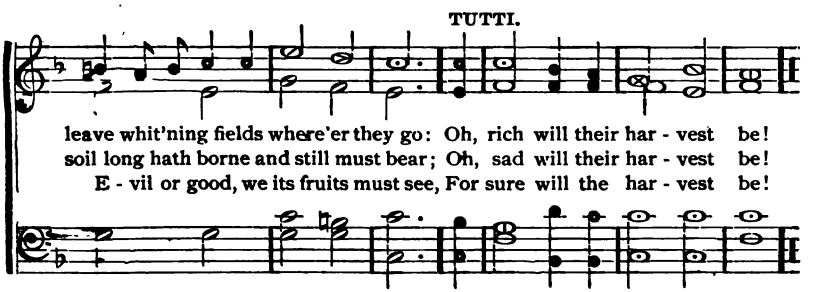
B. F. CRAWFORD.

QUARTETTE.

1. Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see:
2. Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see:
3. Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see:

SOLO—Tenor or Soprano.

With sleepless watch, and | ear - nest | heed, Some are | sowing the seed of
And scattering seed thro' | all the | land Are | many who stand with
But sown in darkness or | sown in | light, Whether | sown in weakness or


no - ble deed; | With ceaseless hand broad- | cast they | sow, And
i - dle hands, | While some are sowing the | seeds of | care, Their
sown in might, | Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing | be,

TUTTI.


leave whit'ning fields where'er they go: Oh, rich will their har - vest be!
soil long hath borne and still must bear; Oh, sad will their har - vest be!
E - vil or good, we its fruits must see, For sure will the har - vest be!

*From "Anthems & Voluntaries," by per.*

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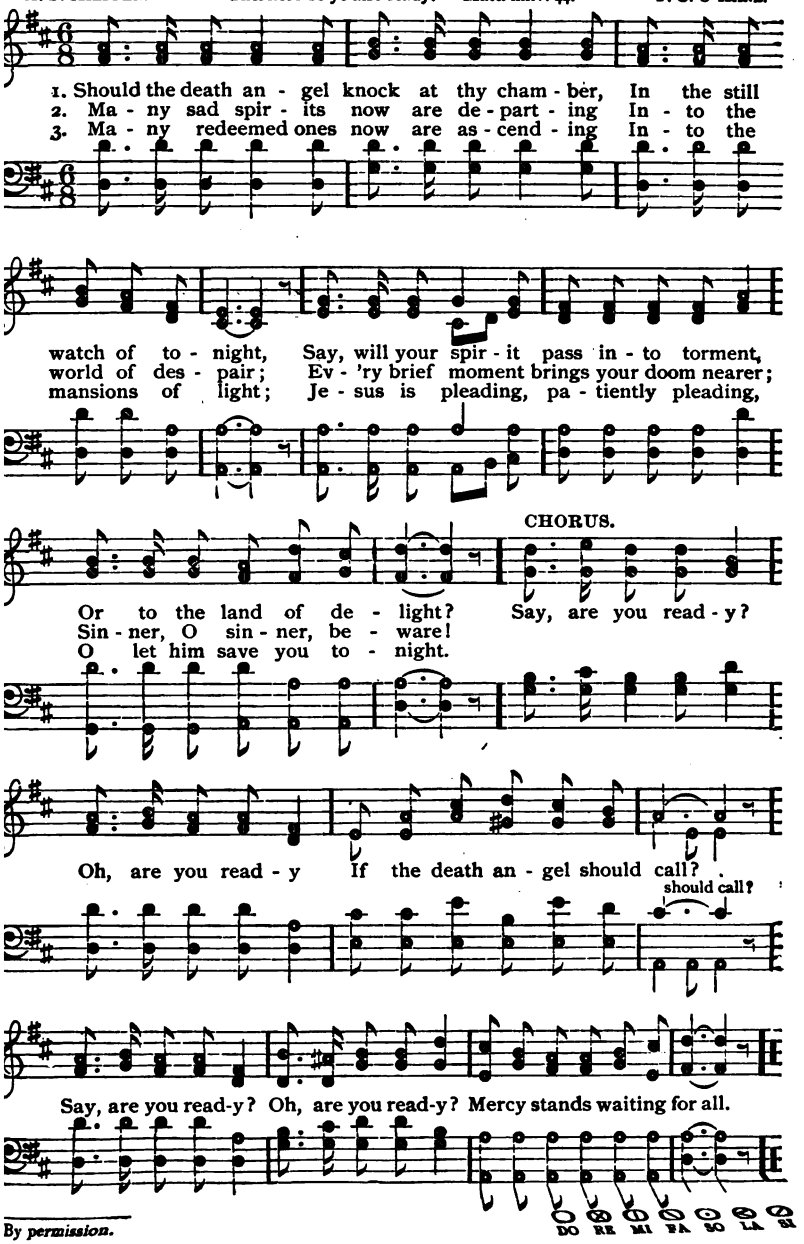
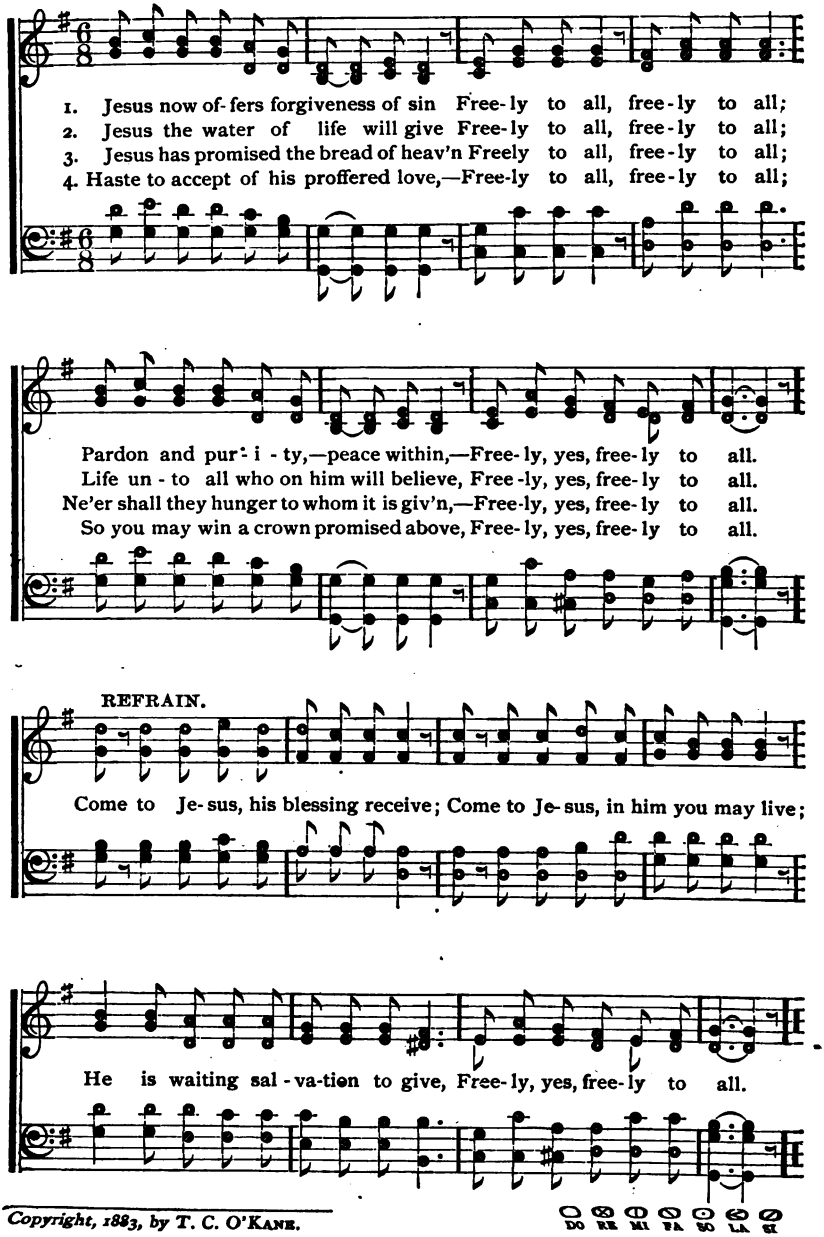
# Say, are You Ready?

A. S. KIEFFER. "Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. xxiv. 44. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Should the death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the
watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to torment,
world of des - pair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;
mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading, pa - tiently pleading,
CHORUS.
Or to the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y?
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
O let him save you to - night.
Oh, are you read - y If the death an - gel should call?
should call?
Say, are you read-y? Oh, are you read-y? Mercy stands waiting for all.
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI DO

By *permission.*

# Freely to all.

TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Jesus now of-fers forgiveness of sin Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;
2. Jesus the water of life will give Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;
3. Jesus has promised the bread of heav'n Freely to all, free-ly to all;
4. Haste to accept of his proffered love,—Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;
Pardon and pur-i-ty,—peace within,—Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.
Life un-to all who on him will believe, Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.
Ne'er shall they hunger to whom it is giv'n,—Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.
So you may win a crown promised above, Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.
REFRAIN.
Come to Je-sus, his blessing receive; Come to Je-sus, in him you may live;
He is waiting sal-va-tion to give, Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.

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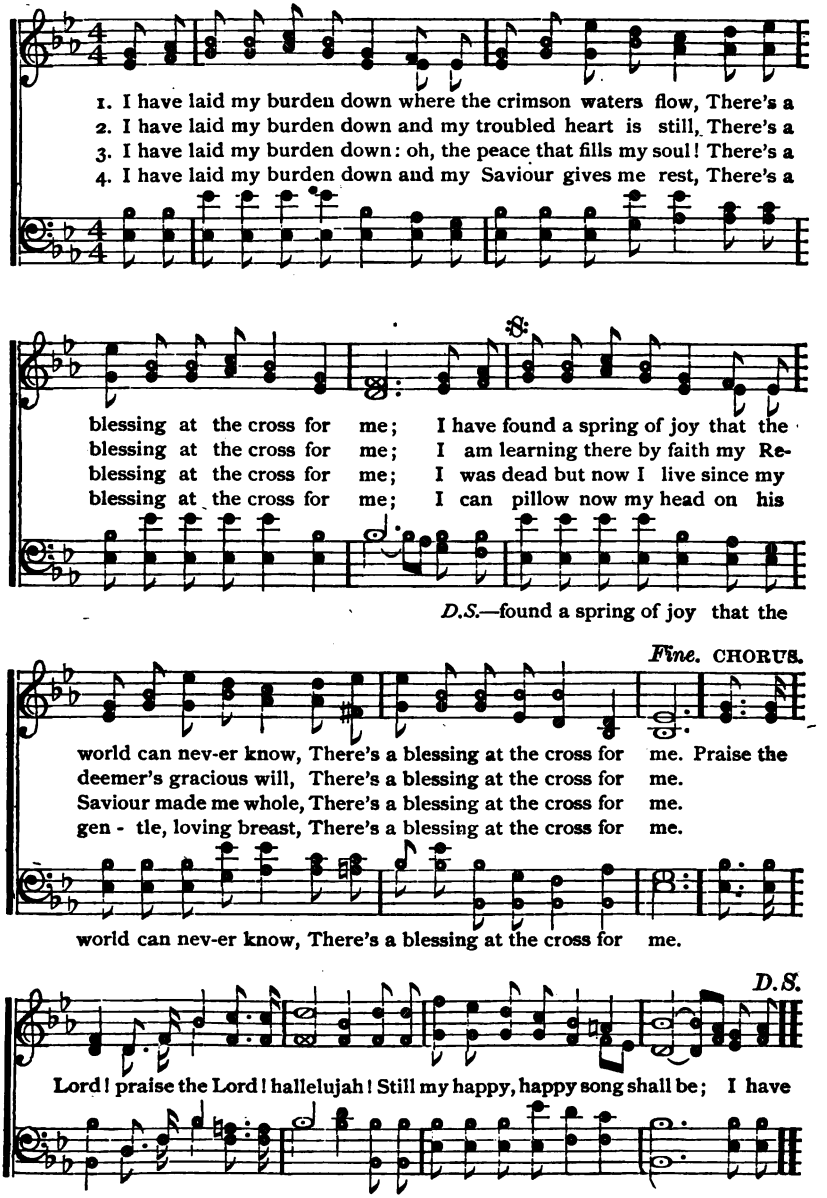
# There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me. 39

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I have laid my burden down where the crimson waters flow, There's a
2. I have laid my burden down and my troubled heart is still, There's a
3. I have laid my burden down: oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a
4. I have laid my burden down and my Saviour gives me rest, There's a
blessing at the cross for me; I have found a spring of joy that the
blessing at the cross for me; I am learning there by faith my Re-
blessing at the cross for me; I was dead but now I live since my
blessing at the cross for me; I can pillow now my head on his
D.S.—found a spring of joy that the
Fine. CHORUS.
world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me. Praise the
deemer's gracious will, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
Saviour made me whole, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
gen - tle, loving breast, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
D.S.
Lord! praise the Lord! hallelujah! Still my happy, happy song shall be; I have

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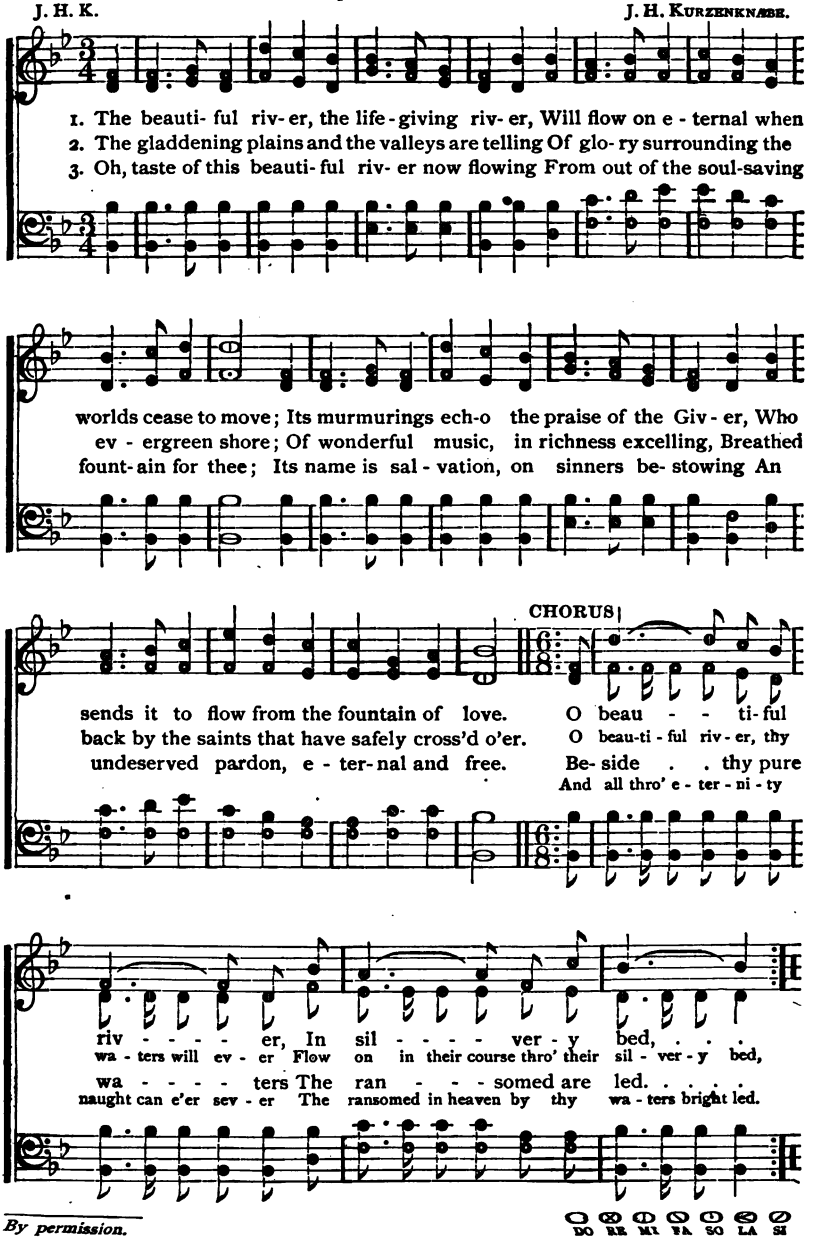
# The Beautiful River.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. xxii. 1.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. The beauti- ful riv- er, the life-giving riv- er, Will flow on e - ternal when
2. The gladdening plains and the valleys are telling Of glo- ry surrounding the
3. Oh, taste of this beauti- ful riv- er now flowing From out of the soul-saving
worlds cease to move; Its murmurings ech-o the praise of the Giv - er, Who
ev - ergreen shore; Of wonderful music, in richness excelling, Breathed
fount-ain for thee; Its name is sal - vation, on sinners be- stowing An
CHORUS
sends it to flow from the fountain of love.
back by the saints that have safely cross'd o'er.
undeserved pardon, e - ter-nal and free.
O beau - - ti- ful
O beau-ti - ful riv - er, thy
Be- side . . thy pure
And all thro' e - ter - ni - ty
riv - - - - er, In sil - - - - ver - y bed, . . .
wa - ters will ev - er Flow on in their course thro' their sil - ver - y bed,
wa - - - - ters The ran - - - - somed are led. . . . .
naught can e'er sev - er The ransomed in heaven by thy wa - ters bright led.

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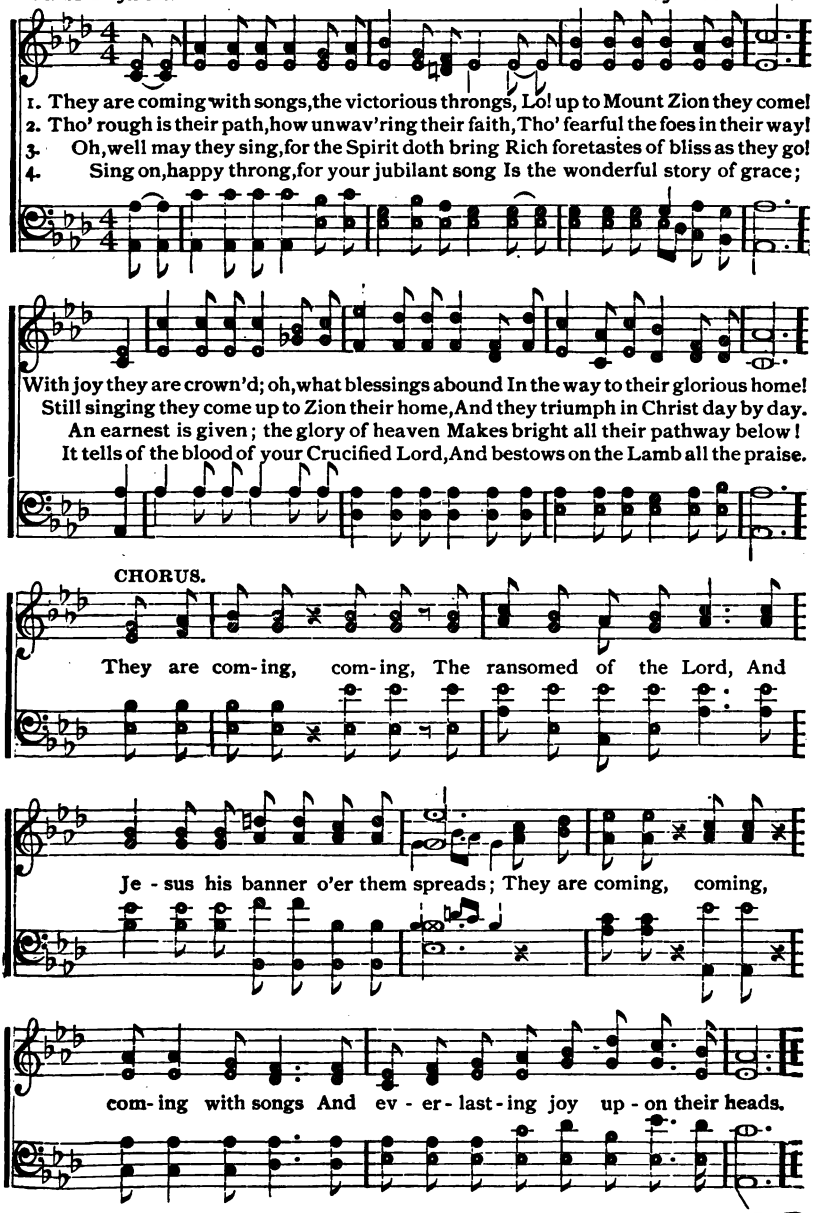
# The Ransomed Singers.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. They are coming with songs, the victorious throngs, Lo! up to Mount Zion they come!
2. Tho' rough is their path, how unwav'ring their faith, Tho' fearful the foes in their way!
3. Oh, well may they sing, for the Spirit doth bring Rich foretastes of bliss as they go!
4. Sing on, happy throng, for your jubilant song Is the wonderful story of grace;
With joy they are crown'd; oh, what blessings abound In the way to their glorious home!
Still singing they come up to Zion their home, And they triumph in Christ day by day.
An earnest is given; the glory of heaven Makes bright all their pathway below!
It tells of the blood of your Crucified Lord, And bestows on the Lamb all the praise.
CHORUS.
They are com-ing, com-ing, The ransomed of the Lord, And
Je-sus his banner o'er them spreads; They are coming, coming,
com-ing with songs And ev-er-last-ing joy up-on their heads.

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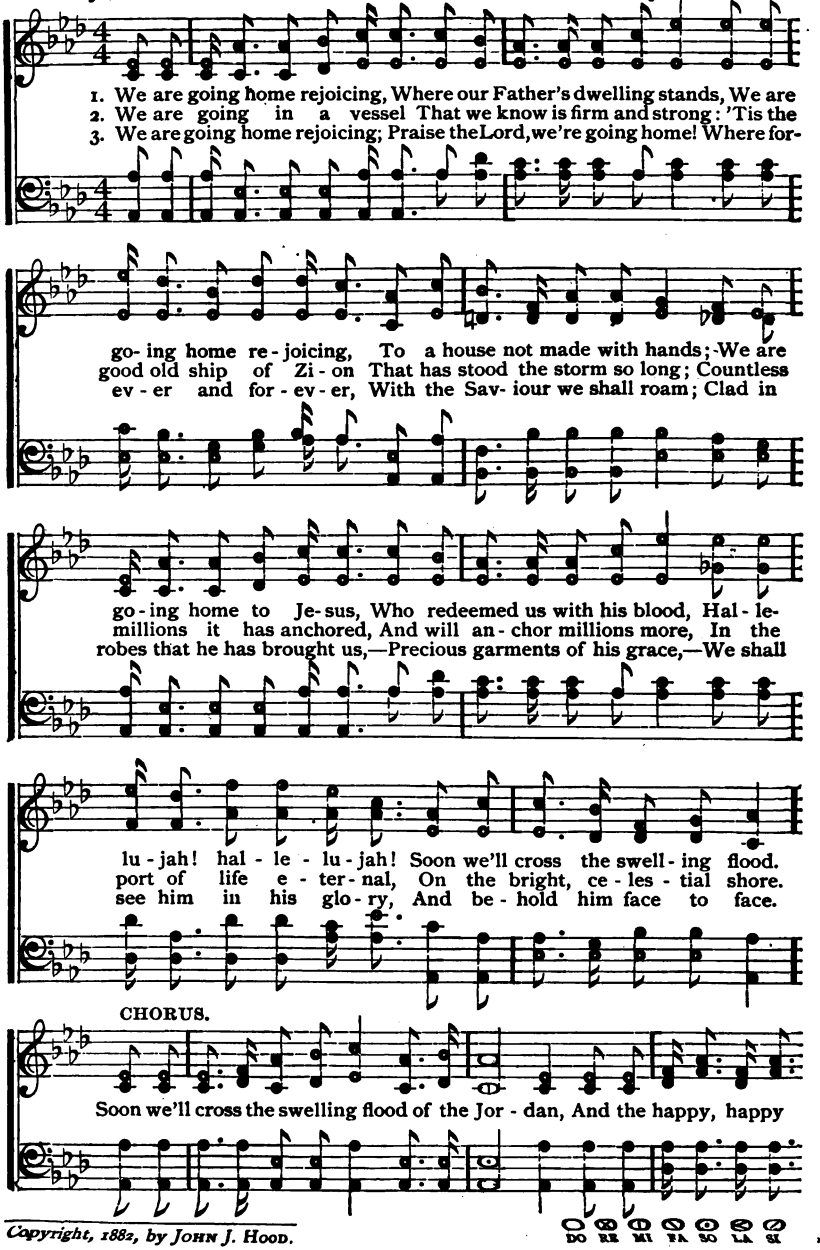
# Going Home Rejoicing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. We are going home rejoicing, Where our Father's dwelling stands, We are go- ing home re- joicing, To a house not made with hands; We are
2. We are going in a vessel That we know is firm and strong: 'Tis the good old ship of Zi- on That has stood the storm so long; Countless
3. We are going home rejoicing; Praise the Lord, we're going home! Where for- ev- er and for- ev- er, With the Sav- iour we shall roam; Clad in
go- ing home to Je- sus, Who redeemed us with his blood, Hal- le- lu- jah! hal- le- lu- jah! Soon we'll cross the swell- ing flood.
millions it has anchored, And will an- chor millions more, In the port of life e- ter- nal, On the bright, ce- les- tial shore.
robes that he has brought us,—Precious garments of his grace,—We shall see him in his glo- ry, And be- hold him face to face.
CHORUS.
Soon we'll cross the swelling flood of the Jor- dan, And the happy, happy
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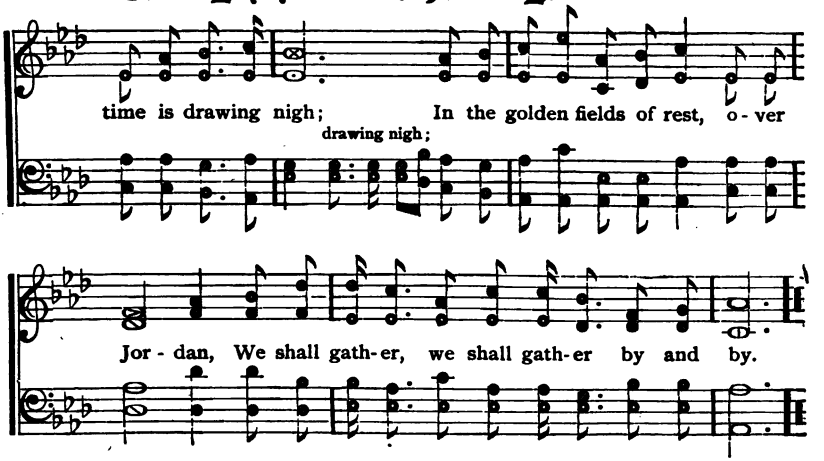
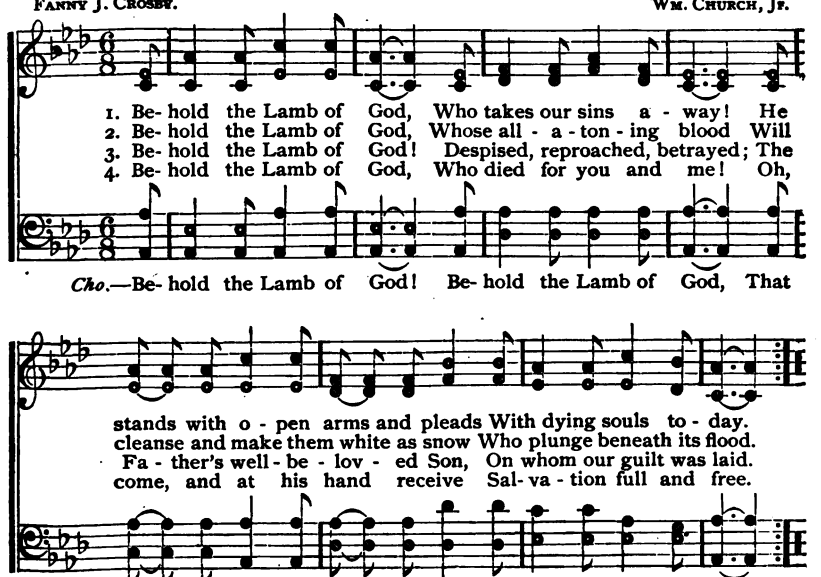



## Behold the Lamb of God.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. CHURCH, JR.

1. Be- hold the Lamb of God, Who takes our sins a - way! He
2. Be- hold the Lamb of God, Whose all - a - ton - ing blood Will
3. Be- hold the Lamb of God! Despised, reproached, betrayed; The
4. Be- hold the Lamb of God, Who died for you and me! Oh,
Cho.—Be- hold the Lamb of God! Be- hold the Lamb of God, That
stands with o - pen arms and pleads With dying souls to - day.
cleanse and make them white as snow Who plunge beneath its flood.
Fa - ther's well - be - lov - ed Son, On whom our guilt was laid.
come, and at his hand receive Sal- va - tion full and free.
taketh a- way the sins of the world, Behold the Lamb of God.

5 Behold the Lamb of God!
From earth's foundation slain,
That we, if faithful unto death,
With him might live and reign.

6 Behold the Lamb of God,
Whom now by faith we see;
Oh, tell the wonders of his grace.
And shout redemption free.

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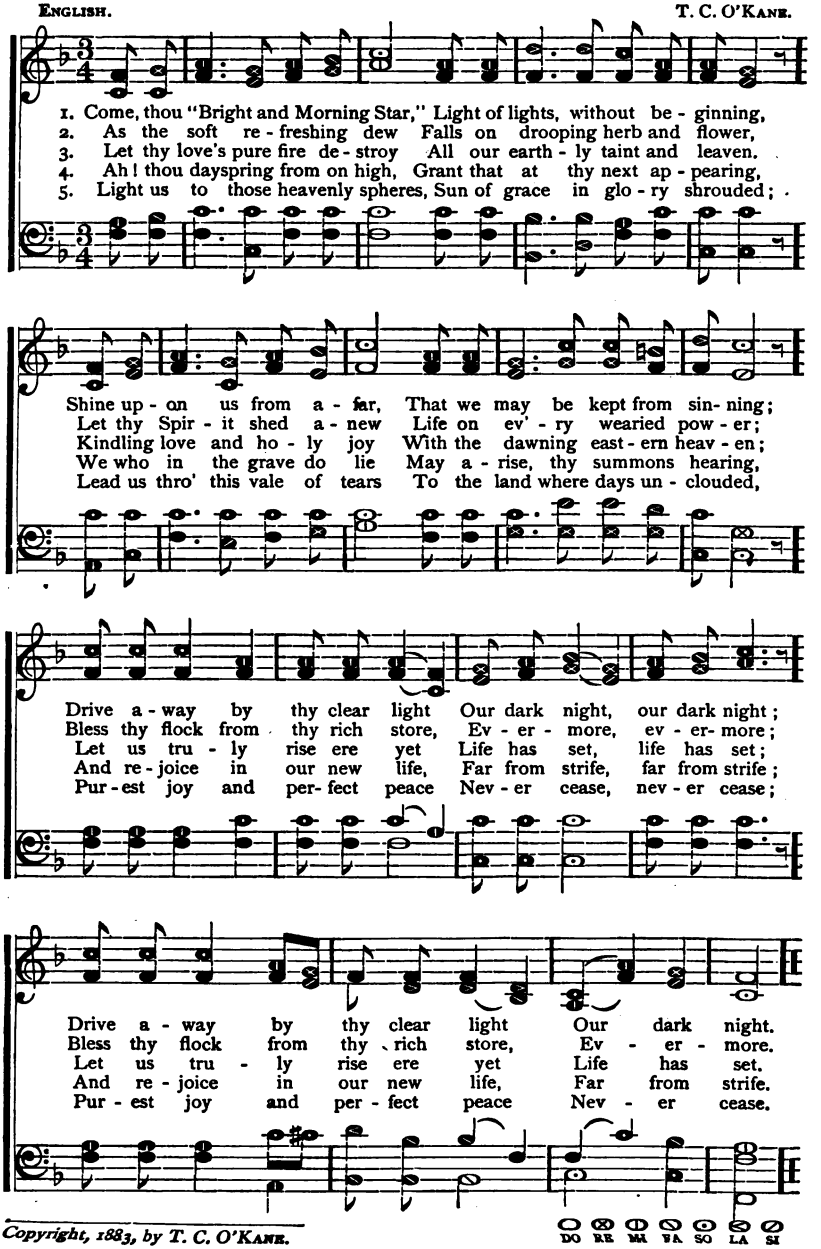
# Dayspring.

ENGLISH. T. C. O'KANE.


1. Come, thou "Bright and Morning Star," Light of lights, without be - ginning,
2. As the soft re - freshing dew Falls on drooping herb and flower,
3. Let thy love's pure fire de - stroy All our earth - ly taint and leaven.
4. Ah! thou dayspring from on high, Grant that at thy next ap - pearing,
5. Light us to those heavenly spheres, Sun of grace in glo - ry shrouded;
Shine up - on us from a - far, That we may be kept from sin- ning;
Let thy Spir - it shed a - new Life on ev' - ry wearied pow - er;
Kindling love and ho - ly joy With the dawning east - ern heav - en;
We who in the grave do lie May a - rise, thy summons hearing,
Lead us thro' this vale of tears To the land where days un - clouded,
Drive a - way by thy clear light Our dark night, our dark night;
Bless thy flock from thy rich store, Ev - er - more, ev - er- more;
Let us tru - ly rise ere yet Life has set, life has set;
And re - joice in our new life, Far from strife, far from strife;
Pur - est joy and per- fect peace Nev - er cease, nev - er cease;
Drive a - way by thy clear light Our dark night.
Bless thy flock from thy rich store, Ev - er - more.
Let us tru - ly rise ere yet Life has set.
And re - joice in our new life, Far from strife.
Pur - est joy and per - fect peace Nev - er cease.
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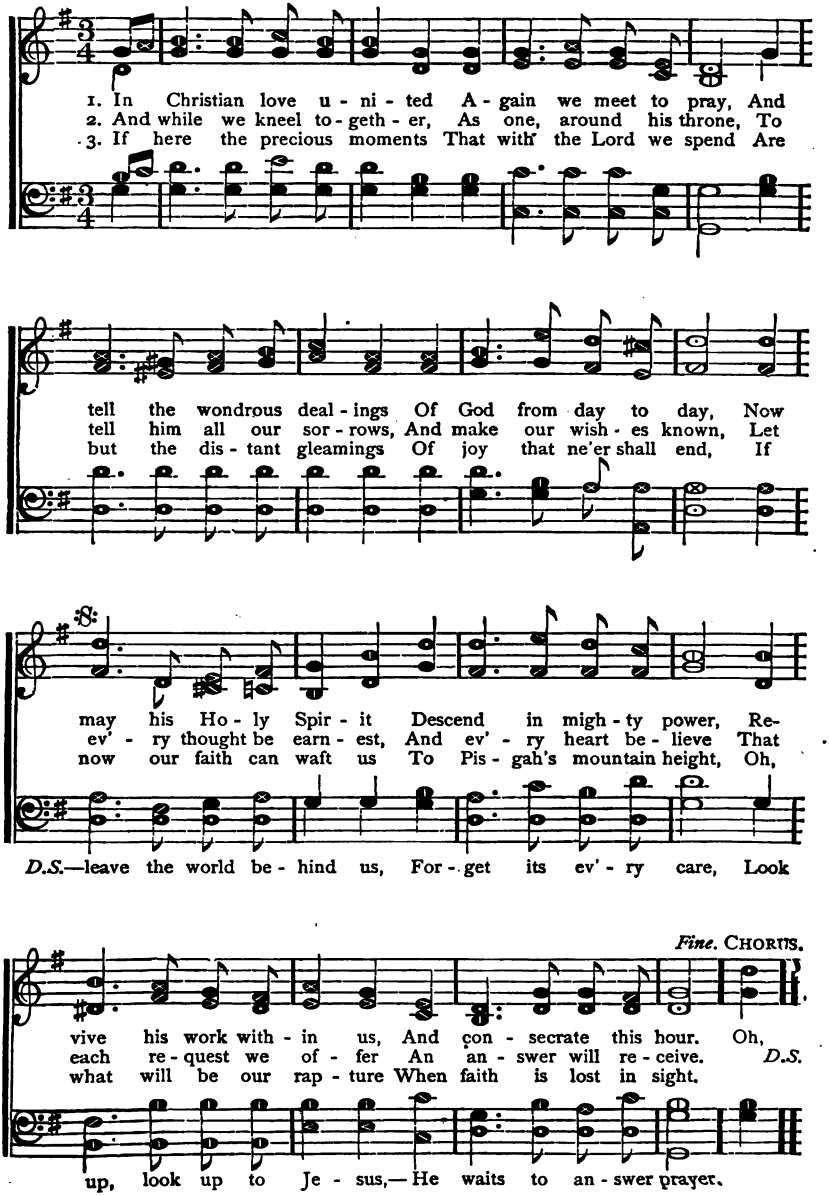
# He Waits to Answer Prayer. 45

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In Christian love u - ni - ted A - gain we meet to pray, And
2. And while we kneel to - geth - er, As one, around his throne, To
3. If here the precious moments That with the Lord we spend Are
tell the wondrous deal - ings Of God from day to day, Now
tell him all our sor - rows, And make our wish - es known, Let
but the dis - tant gleamings Of joy that ne'er shall end, If
may his Ho - ly Spir - it Descend in migh - ty power, Re-
ev' - ry thought be earn - est, And ev' - ry heart be - lieve That
now our faith can waft us To Pis - gah's mountain height, Oh,
D.S.—leave the world be - hind us, For - get its ev' - ry care, Look
Fine. CHORUS.
vive his work with - in us, And con - secrate this hour. Oh,
each re - quest we of - fer An an - swer will re - ceive. D.S.
what will be our rap - ture When faith is lost in sight.
up, look up to Je - sus,—He waits to an - swer prayer.

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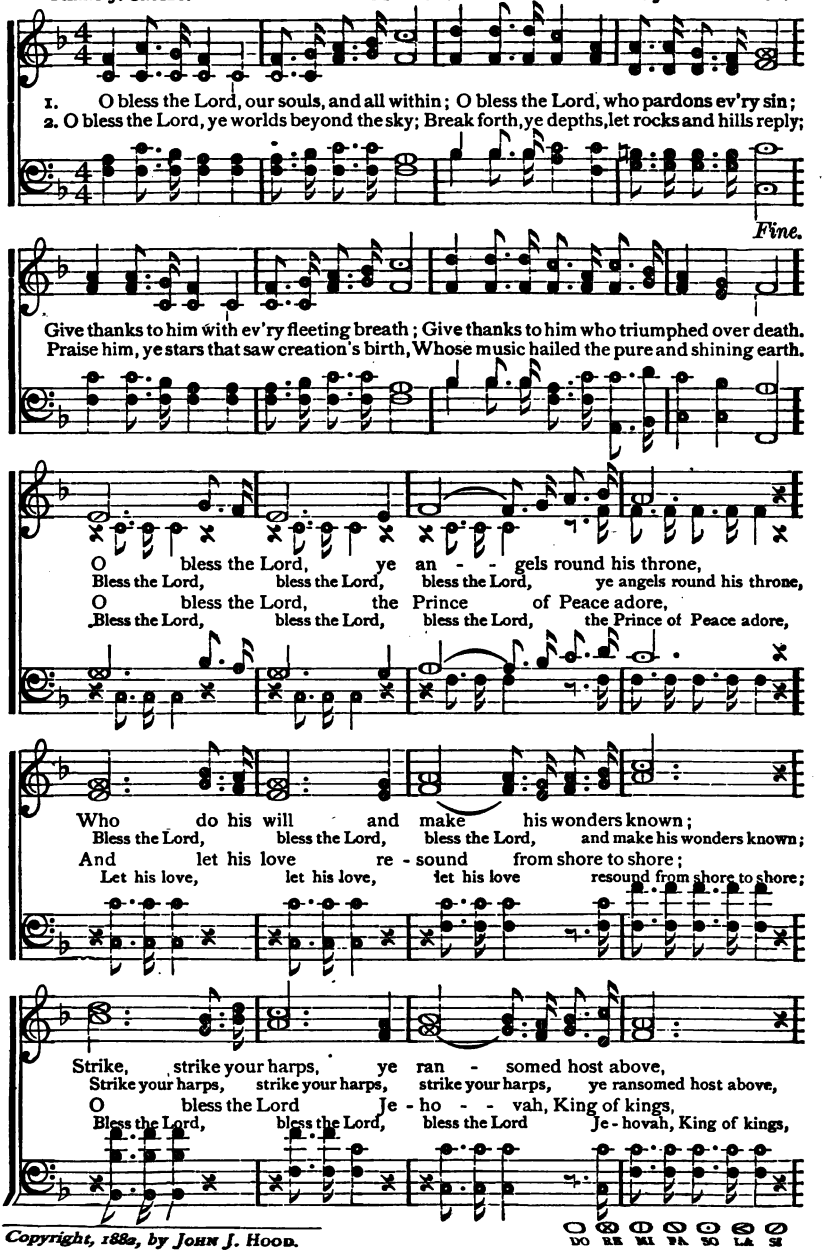
# O Bless the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Psalm ciii. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless the Lord, our souls, and all within; O bless the Lord, who pardons ev'ry sin;
2. O bless the Lord, ye worlds beyond the sky; Break forth, ye depths, let rocks and hills reply;
Fine.
Give thanks to him with ev'ry fleeting breath; Give thanks to him who triumphed over death.
Praise him, ye stars that saw creation's birth, Whose music hailed the pure and shining earth.
O bless the Lord, ye an - - gels round his throne,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, ye angels round his throne,
O bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace adore,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace adore,
Who do his will and make his wonders known;
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, and make his wonders known;
And let his love re - sound from shore to shore;
Let his love, let his love, let his love resound from shore to shore;
Strike, strike your harps, ye ran - somed host above,
Strike your harps, strike your harps, strike your harps, ye ransomed host above,
O bless the Lord Je - ho - - vah, King of kings,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord Je - hovah, King of kings,

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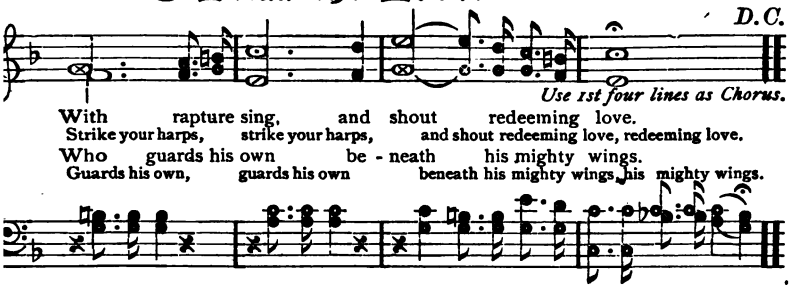
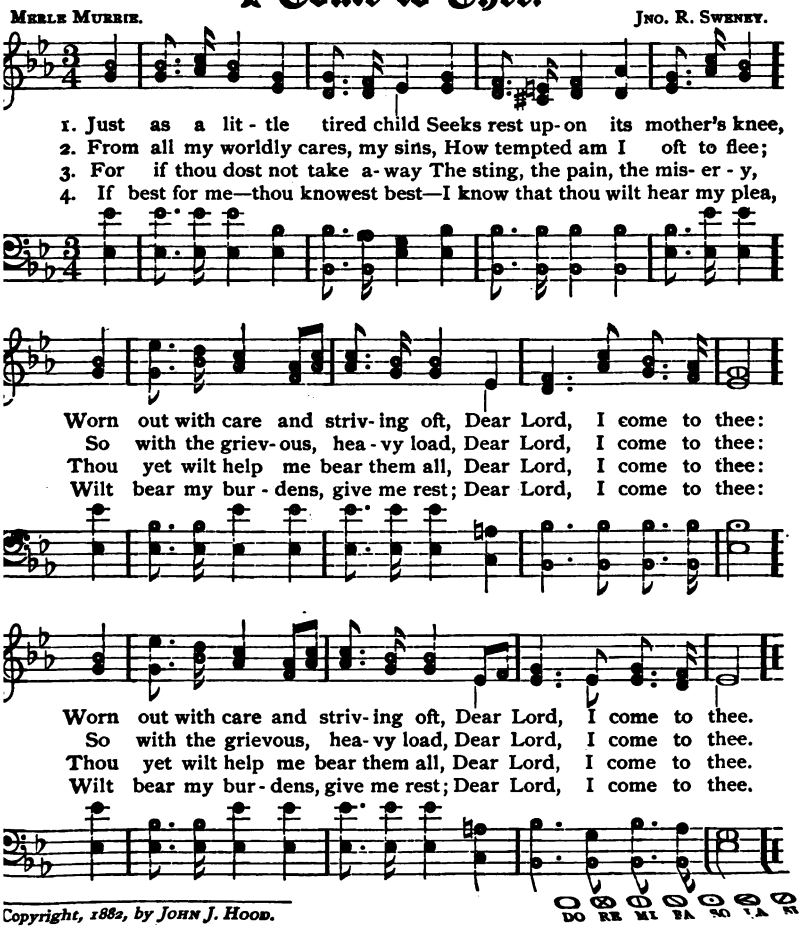
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

## O Bless the Lord.—CONCLUDED.


D.C.
Use 1st four lines as Chorus.
With rapture sing, and shout redeeming love.
Strike your harps, strike your harps, and shout redeeming love, redeeming love.
Who guards his own be - neath his mighty wings.
Guards his own, guards his own beneath his mighty wings, his mighty wings.

## I Come to Thee.


Merle Murrie.
Jno. R. Sweney.
1. Just as a lit - tle tired child Seeks rest up-on its mother's knee,
2. From all my worldly cares, my sins, How tempted am I oft to flee;
3. For if thou dost not take a-way The sting, the pain, the mis- er - y,
4. If best for me—thou knowest best—I know that thou wilt hear my plea,
Worn out with care and striv- ing oft, Dear Lord, I come to thee:
So with the griev- ous, hea - vy load, Dear Lord, I come to thee:
Thou yet wilt help me bear them all, Dear Lord, I come to thee:
Wilt bear my bur - dens, give me rest; Dear Lord, I come to thee:
Worn out with care and striv- ing oft, Dear Lord, I come to thee.
So with the grievous, hea- vy load, Dear Lord, I come to thee.
Thou yet wilt help me bear them all, Dear Lord, I come to thee.
Wilt bear my bur - dens, give me rest; Dear Lord, I come to thee.

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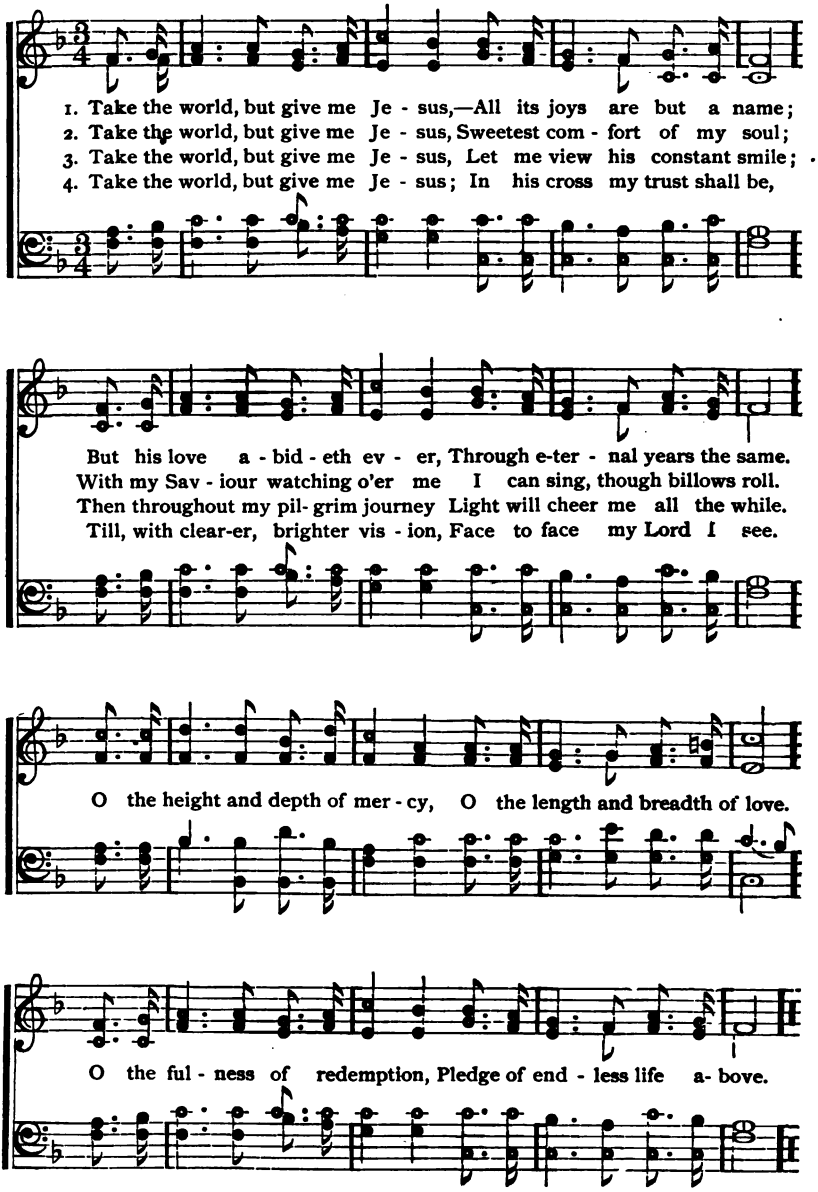
# Give me Jesus.

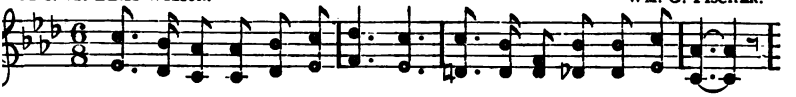
FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In his cross my trust shall be,
But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Through e-ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
Then throughout my pil- grim journey Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear-er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.
O the height and depth of mer - cy, O the length and breadth of love.
O the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a- bove.

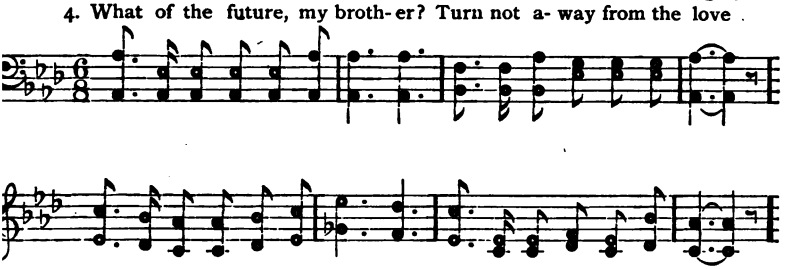
*By permission.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

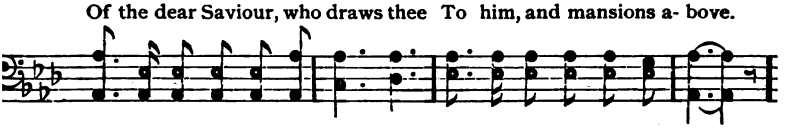
# What of the Future?

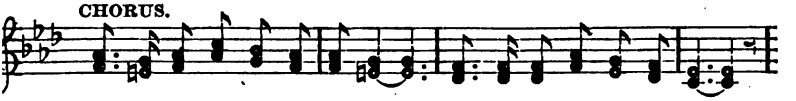
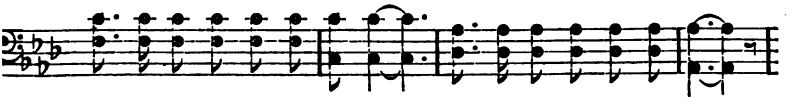
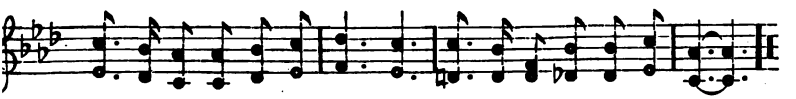
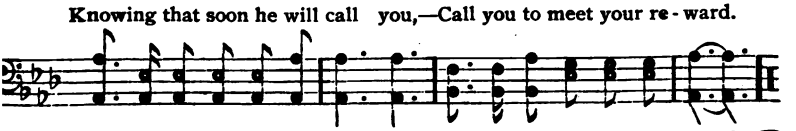
I asked a dear one, "What of the future?" He replied, "It is all dark."—M. B. W.

Mrs. M. Bliss Wilson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. What of the future, my broth-er,— Af-ter this world and its strife?
2. What of the future, my broth-er? Can you not see thro' the gloom
3. What of the future, my broth-er? Get thyself read-y to-night,
4. What of the future, my broth-er? Turn not a-way from the love



Is there no light for thee yon-der, Bright'ning the on-coming life?
Veil-ing the pathway be-fore you? Is it all dark in the tomb?
Fear-ing that God's Holy Spir-it, Griev-ed and sad, takes his flight.
Of the dear Saviour, who draws thee To him, and mansions a-bove.



CHORUS.

Make thyself read-y, my broth-er, Read-y to meet the dear Lord,

Knowing that soon he will call you,—Call you to meet your re-ward.

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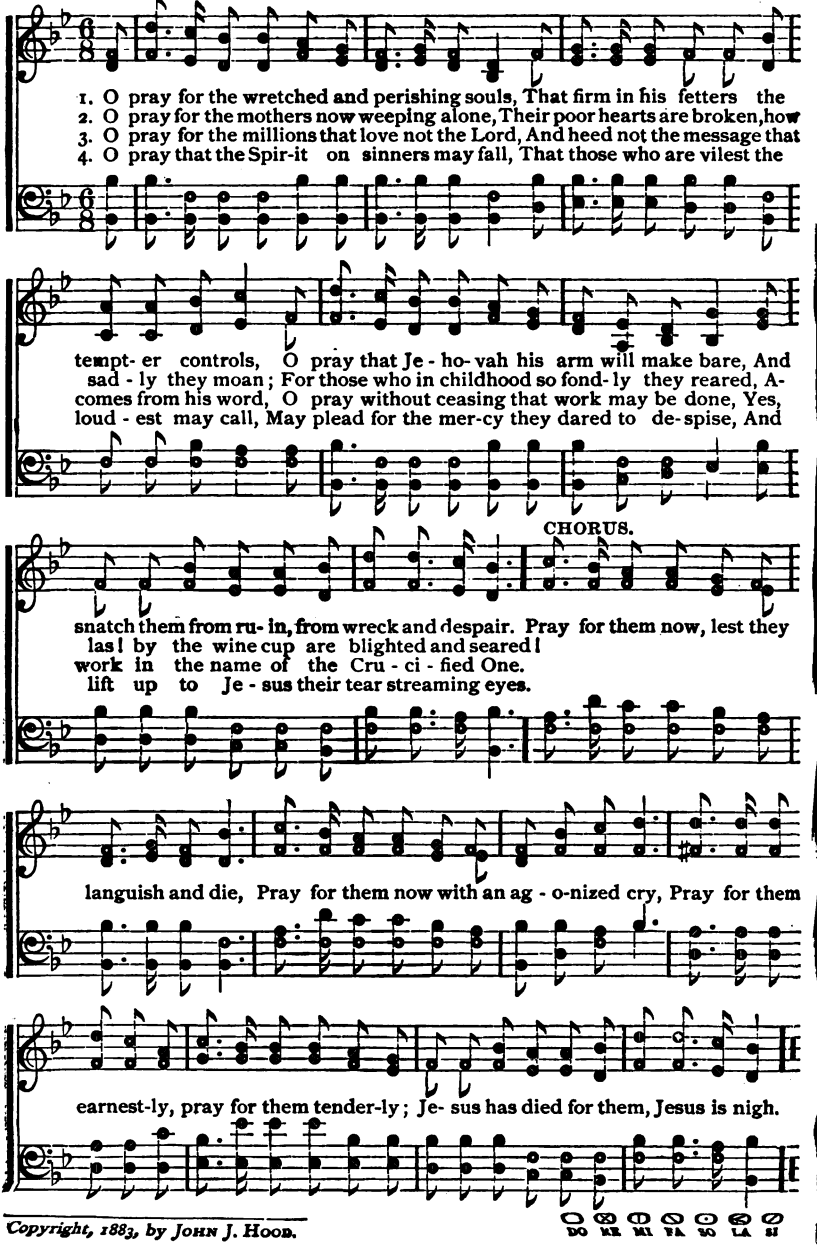
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Pray for them Now.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O pray for the wretched and perishing souls, That firm in his fetters the
2. O pray for the mothers now weeping alone, Their poor hearts are broken, how
3. O pray for the millions that love not the Lord, And heed not the message that
4. O pray that the Spir-it on sinners may fall, That those who are vilest the
tempt- er controls, O pray that Je - ho- vah his arm will make bare, And
sad - ly they moan; For those who in childhood so fond- ly they reared, A-
comes from his word, O pray without ceasing that work may be done, Yes,
loud - est may call, May plead for the mer-cy they dared to de- spise, And
CHORUS.
snatch them from ru- in, from wreck and despair. Pray for them now, lest they
las! by the wine cup are blighted and seared!
work in the name of the Cru - ci - fied One.
lift up to Je - sus their tear streaming eyes.
languish and die, Pray for them now with an ag - o-nized cry, Pray for them
earnest-ly, pray for them tender-ly; Je- sus has died for them, Jesus is nigh.

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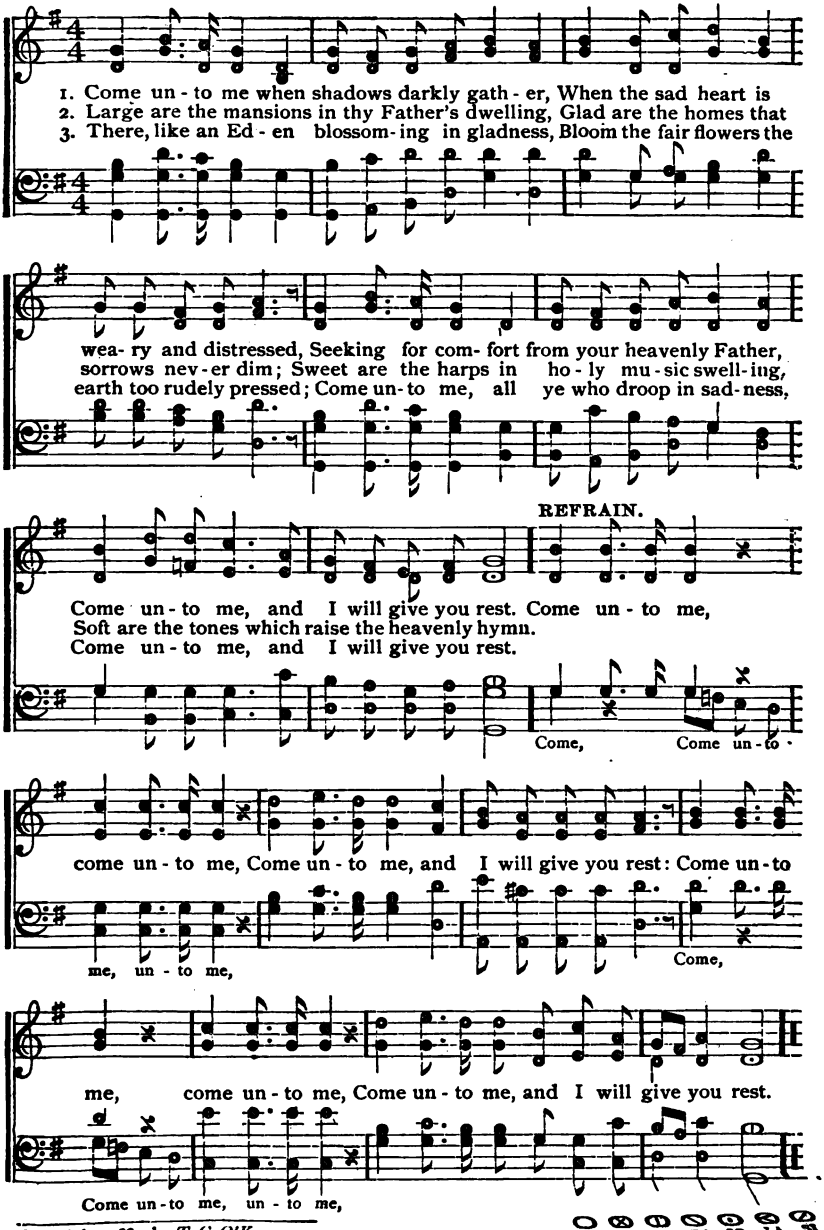
# I will give you Rest.

C. Wesley. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is
2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that
3. There, like an Ed - en blossom - ing in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers the
wea- ry and distressed, Seeking for com- fort from your heavenly Father,
sorrows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing,
earth too rudely pressed; Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad - ness,
REFRAIN.
Come un - to me, and I will give you rest. Come un - to me,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
Come, Come un - to
come un - to me, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest: Come un - to
me, un - to me,
Come,
me, come un - to me, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
Come un - to me, un - to me,

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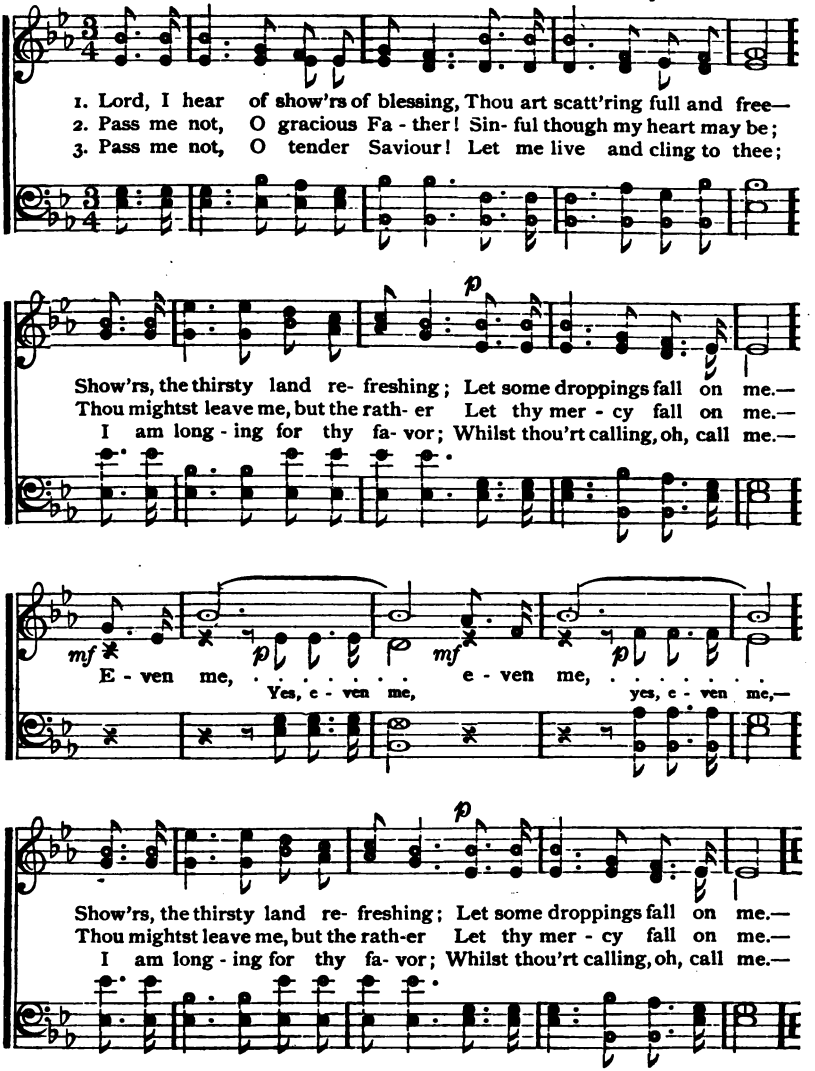
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI DO

# Even Me.

Mrs. E. Codner. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa - ther! Sin- ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour! Let me live and cling to thee;
Show'rs, the thirsty land re- freshing; Let some droppings fall on me.—
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath- er Let thy mer - cy fall on me.—
I am long - ing for thy fa- vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—
E - ven me, Yes, e - ven me, e - ven me, yes, e - ven me,—
Show'rs, the thirsty land re- freshing; Let some droppings fall on me.—
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er Let thy mer - cy fall on me.—
I am long - ing for thy fa- vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,—
Even me, even me, etc.

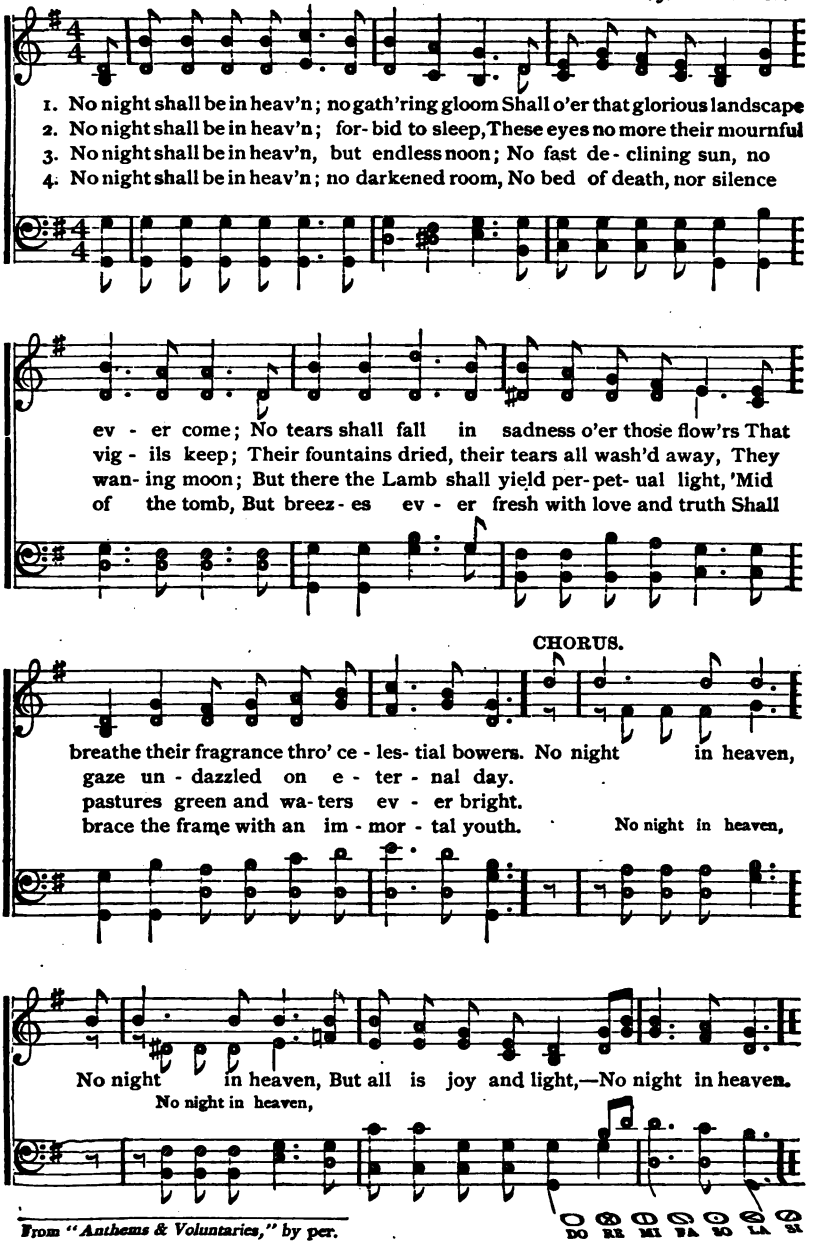
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,—
Even me, even me, etc.

*From "The Garner," by per.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

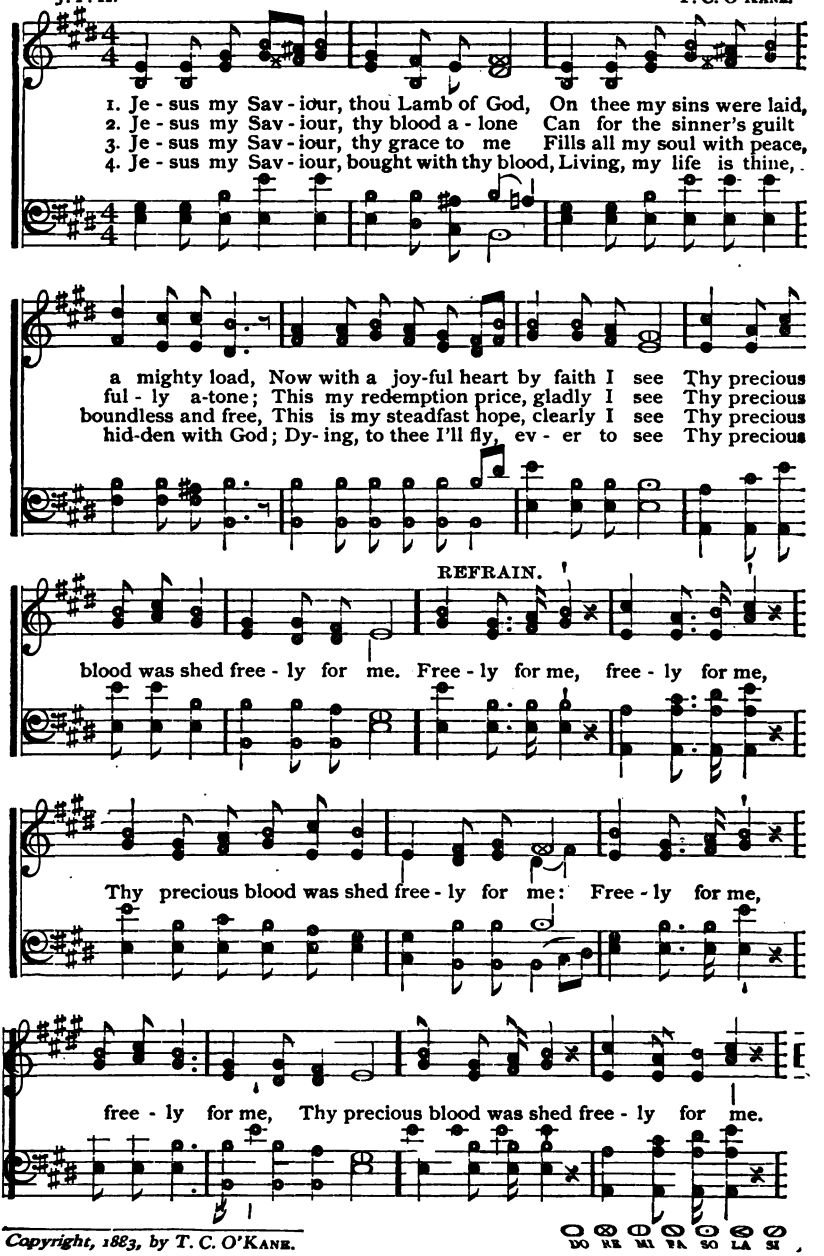
# No Night in Heaven.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. No night shall be in heav'n; no gath'ring gloom Shall o'er that glorious landscape
2. No night shall be in heav'n; for-bid to sleep, These eyes no more their mournful
3. No night shall be in heav'n, but endless noon; No fast de-clining sun, no
4. No night shall be in heav'n; no darkened room, No bed of death, nor silence
ev - er come; No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flow'rs That
vig - ils keep; Their fountains dried, their tears all wash'd away, They
wan- ing moon; But there the Lamb shall yield per-pet- ual light, 'Mid
of the tomb, But breez - es ev - er fresh with love and truth Shall
CHORUS.
breathe their fragrance thro' ce - les- tial bowers. No night in heaven,
gaze un - dazzled on e - ter - nal day.
pastures green and wa- ters ev - er bright.
brace the frame with an im - mor - tal youth.
No night in heaven,
No night in heaven, But all is joy and light,—No night in heaven.
No night in heaven,
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

From "*Anthems & Voluntaries*," by per.

# Freely for Me.

J. P. H. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Je - sus my Sav - iour, thou Lamb of God, On thee my sins were laid,
2. Je - sus my Sav - iour, thy blood a - lone Can for the sinner's guilt
3. Je - sus my Sav - iour, thy grace to me Fills all my soul with peace,
4. Je - sus my Sav - iour, bought with thy blood, Living, my life is thine,
a mighty load, Now with a joy-ful heart by faith I see Thy precious
ful - ly a-tone; This my redemption price, gladly I see Thy precious
boundless and free, This is my steadfast hope, clearly I see Thy precious
hid-den with God; Dy- ing, to thee I'll fly, ev - er to see Thy precious
REFRAIN.
blood was shed free - ly for me. Free - ly for me, free - ly for me,
Thy precious blood was shed free - ly for me: Free - ly for me,
free - ly for me, Thy precious blood was shed free - ly for me.

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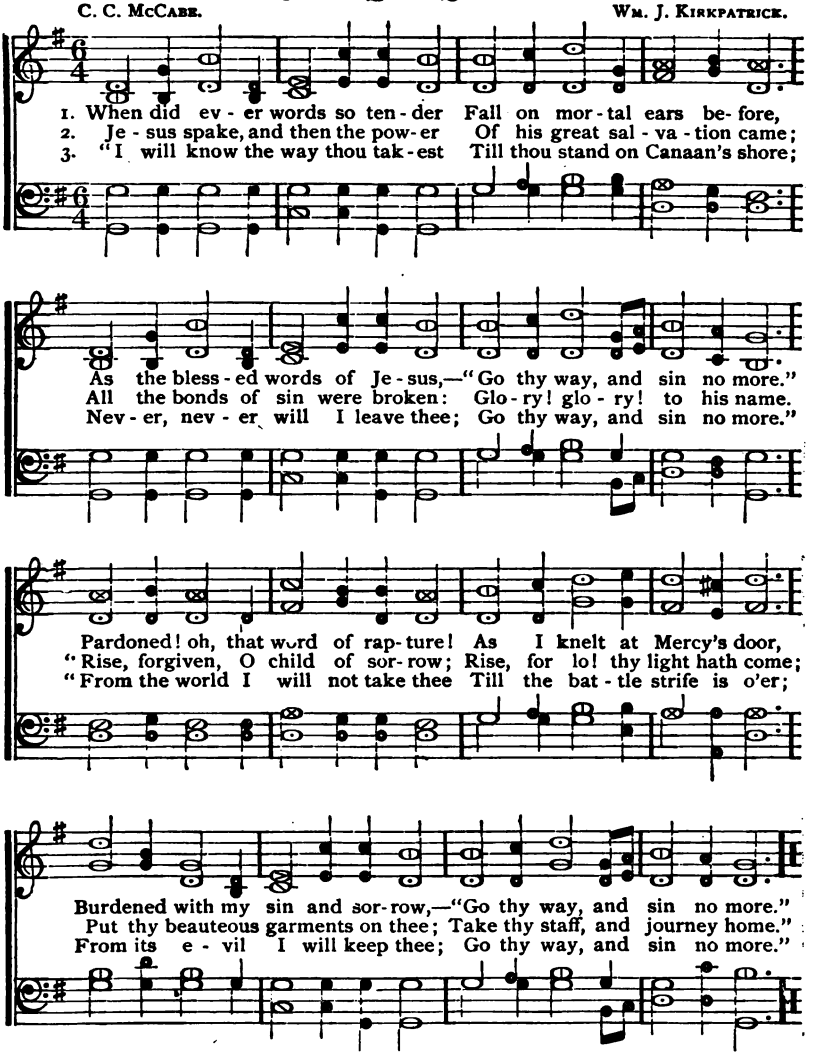
# Sin No More.

C. C. McCabe. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When did ev - er words so ten - der Fall on mor - tal ears be- fore,
2. Je - sus spake, and then the pow- er Of his great sal - va - tion came;
3. "I will know the way thou tak - est Till thou stand on Canaan's shore;
As the bless - ed words of Je - sus,—"Go thy way, and sin no more."
All the bonds of sin were broken: Glo - ry! glo - ry! to his name.
Nev - er, nev - er will I leave thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."
Pardoned! oh, that word of rap- ture! As I knelt at Mercy's door,
"Rise, forgiven, O child of sor- row; Rise, for lo! thy light hath come;
"From the world I will not take thee Till the bat - tle strife is o'er;
Burdened with my sin and sor- row,—"Go thy way, and sin no more."
Put thy beauteous garments on thee; Take thy staff, and journey home."
From its e - vil I will keep thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."

4 O the fight! I've learned to love it,
For the victory is mine;
In the cross of Christ I glory,
Triumphing in love divine.
O the dawn of heaven's glory!
O the day that has no night!
O the sun that finds no zenith!
O the host in raiment bright!

5 O, the King who dwells among them
In his beauty I shall see;
Heav'n shall ring with loud hosannas
Unto him who died for me.
But, 'mid all the joys of heaven,
I will ne'er forget the hour
When my Saviour said, "Forgiven!
Go thy way, and sin no more."

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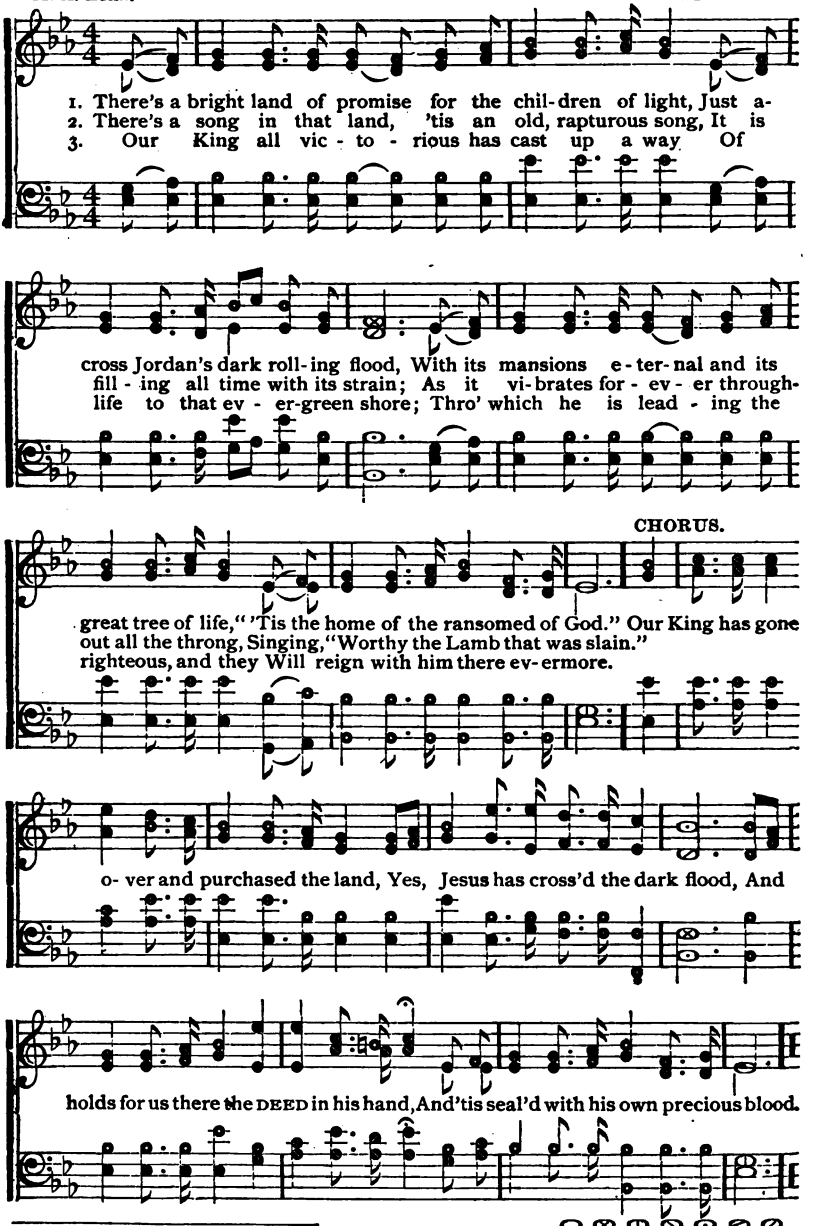
# Home of the Ransomed.

M. A. Egan. T. C. O'Kane.


1. There's a bright land of promise for the chil-dren of light, Just a-
2. There's a song in that land, 'tis an old, rapturous song, It is
3. Our King all vic - to - rious has cast up a way Of
cross Jordan's dark roll-ing flood, With its mansions e-ter-nal and its
fill - ing all time with its strain; As it vi-brates for - ev - er through-
life to that ev - er-green shore; Thro' which he is lead - ing the
CHORUS.
great tree of life," 'Tis the home of the ransomed of God." Our King has gone
out all the throng, Singing, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."
righteous, and they Will reign with him there ev-ermore.
o- ver and purchased the land, Yes, Jesus has cross'd the dark flood, And
holds for us there the DEED in his hand, And 'tis seal'd with his own precious blood.

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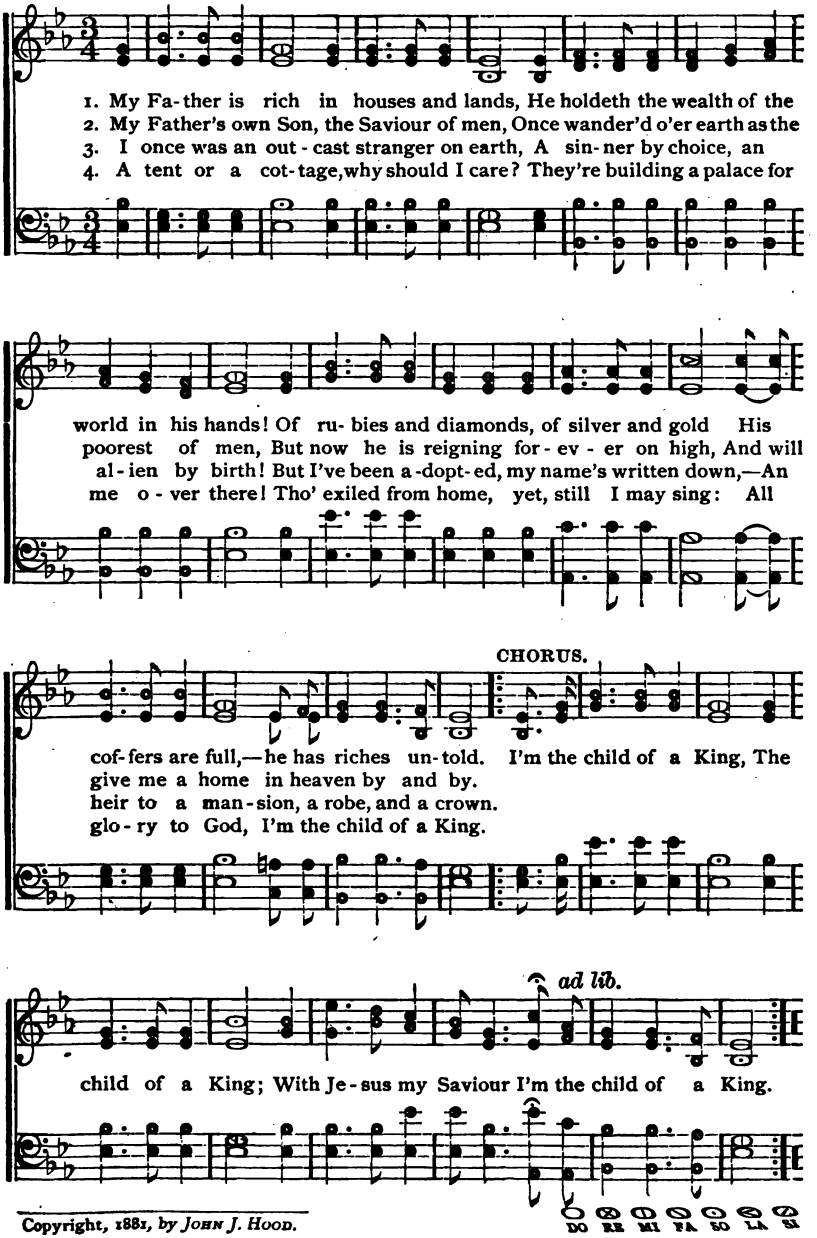
# The Child of a King. 57

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. from Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.


1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for
world in his hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of silver and gold His
poorest of men, But now he is reigning for-ev-er on high, And will
al-ien by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o-ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All
CHORUS.
cof-fers are full,—he has riches un-told. I'm the child of a King, The
give me a home in heaven by and by.
heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.
ad lib.
child of a King; With Je-sus my Saviour I'm the child of a King.

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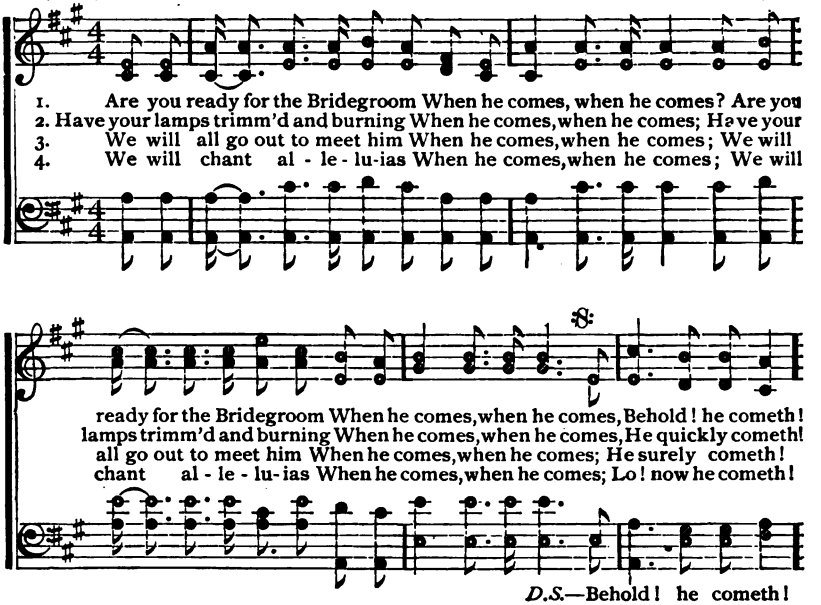
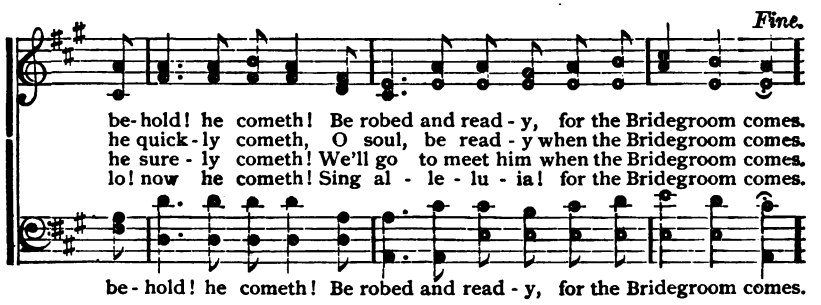
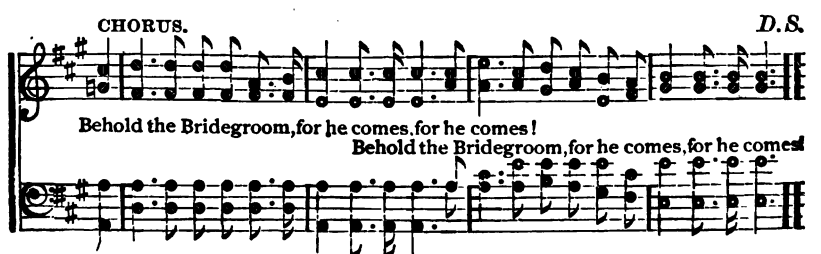
# Behold the Bridegroom.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xxv. 6.

R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON.


1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu-ias When he comes, when he comes; We will
ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes, Behold! he cometh!
lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes, He quickly cometh!
all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!
chant al - le - lu-ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh!
D.S.—Behold! he cometh!


Fine.
be-hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
he quick-ly cometh, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.
lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.
be-hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.

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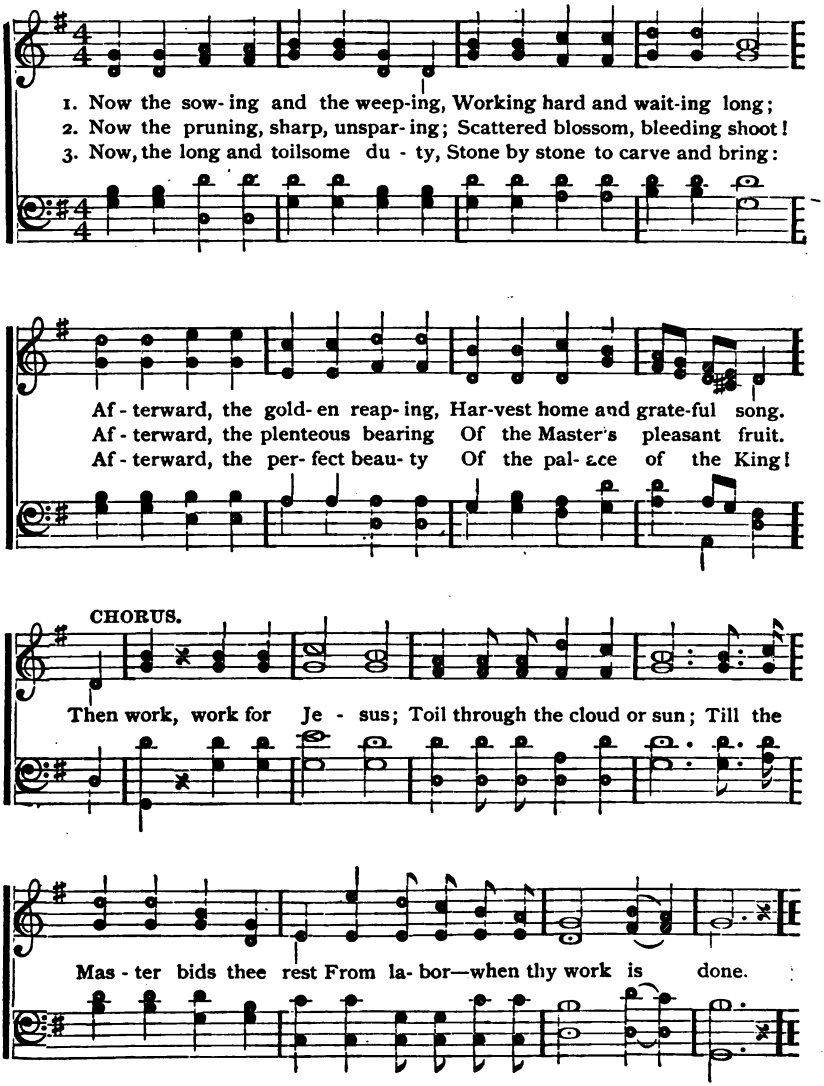
# Now the Sowing and the Weeping. 59

F. R. Havergal. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Now the sow- ing and the weep-ing, Working hard and wait-ing long;
2. Now the pruning, sharp, unspar- ing; Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot!
3. Now, the long and toilsome du - ty, Stone by stone to carve and bring:
Af - terward, the gold- en reap- ing, Har-vest home and grate-ful song.
Af - terward, the plenteous bearing Of the Master's pleasant fruit.
Af - terward, the per- fect beau- ty Of the pal- ace of the King!
CHORUS.
Then work, work for Je - sus; Toil through the cloud or sun; Till the
Mas - ter bids thee rest From la- bor—when thy work is done.

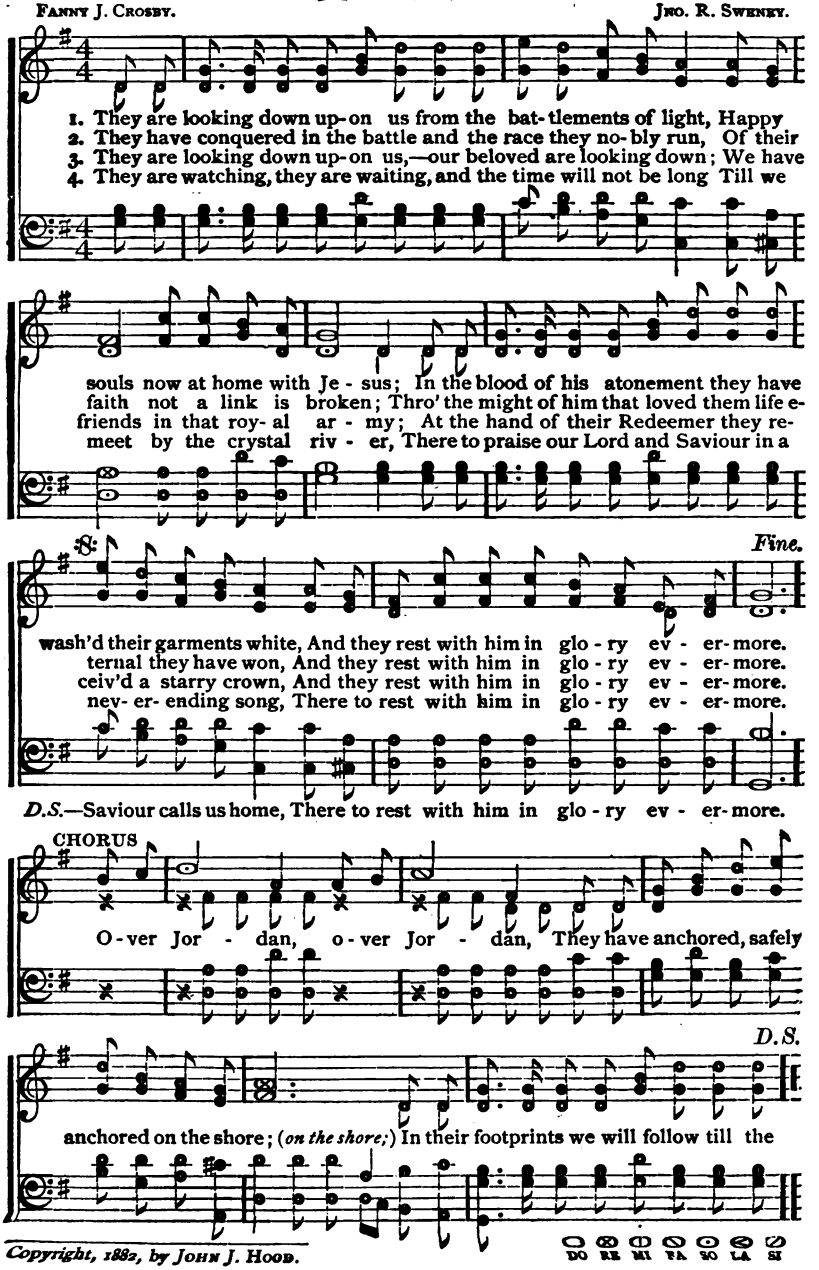
4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor-crown of life!

5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

*By permission.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Evermore.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. They are looking down up-on us from the bat-tlements of light, Happy
2. They have conquered in the battle and the race they no-bly run, Of their
3. They are looking down up-on us,—our beloved are looking down; We have
4. They are watching, they are waiting, and the time will not be long Till we
souls now at home with Je - sus; In the blood of his atonement they have
faith not a link is broken; Thro' the might of him that loved them life e-
friends in that roy- al ar - my; At the hand of their Redeemer they re-
meet by the crystal riv - er, There to praise our Lord and Saviour in a
Fine.
wash'd their garments white, And they rest with him in glo - ry ev - er-more.
ternal they have won, And they rest with him in glo - ry ev - er-more.
ceiv'd a starry crown, And they rest with him in glo - ry ev - er-more.
nev- er- ending song, There to rest with him in glo - ry ev - er-more.
D.S.—Saviour calls us home, There to rest with him in glo - ry ev - er-more.
CHORUS
O-ver Jor - dan, o-ver Jor - dan, They have anchored, safely
D.S.
anchored on the shore; (on the shore;) In their footprints we will follow till the
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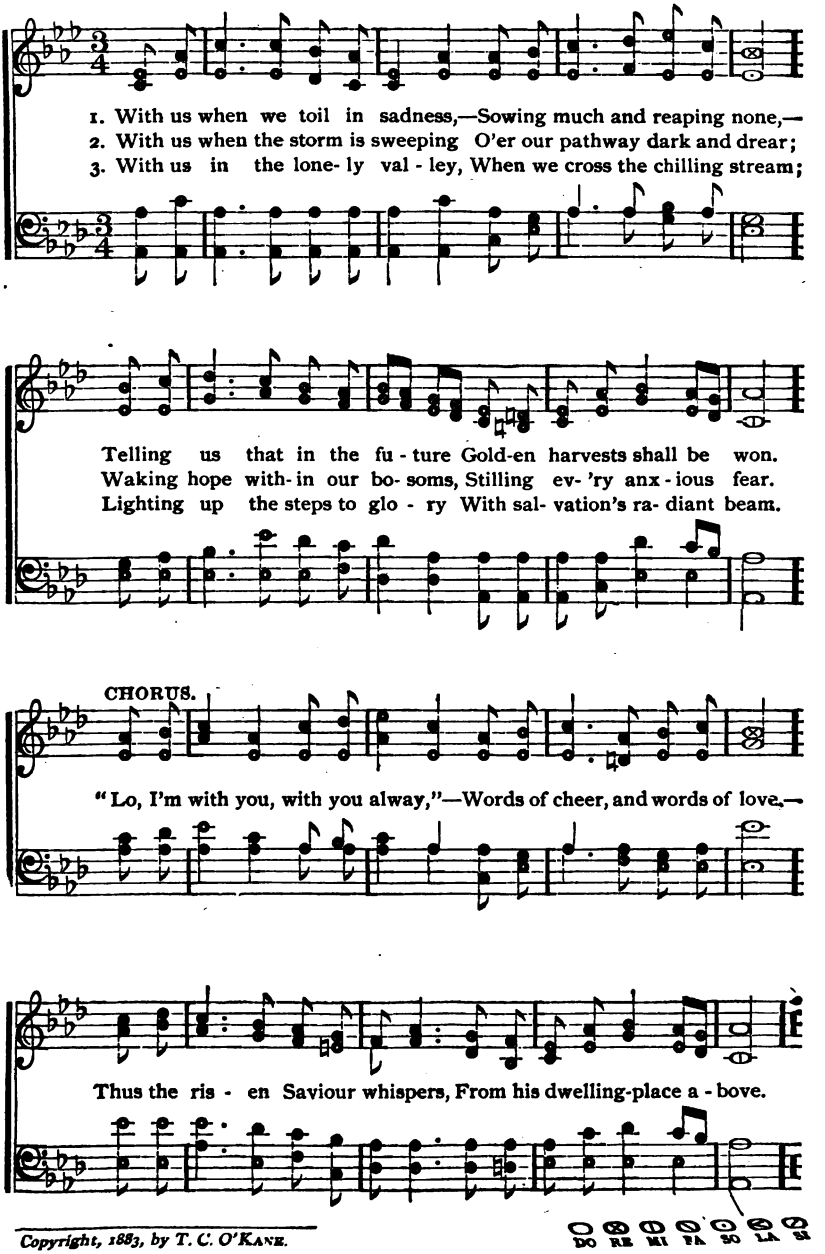
# Always with us.

EDWIN H. NEVIN. T. C. O'KANE.

1. With us when we toil in sadness,—Sowing much and reaping none,—
2. With us when the storm is sweeping O'er our pathway dark and drear;
3. With us in the lone- ly val - ley, When we cross the chilling stream;
Telling us that in the fu - ture Gold-en harvests shall be won.
Waking hope with- in our bo- soms, Stilling ev- 'ry anx - ious fear.
Lighting up the steps to glo - ry With sal- vation's ra- diant beam.
CHORUS.
"Lo, I'm with you, with you alway,"—Words of cheer, and words of love,—
Thus the ris - en Saviour whispers, From his dwelling-place a - bove.

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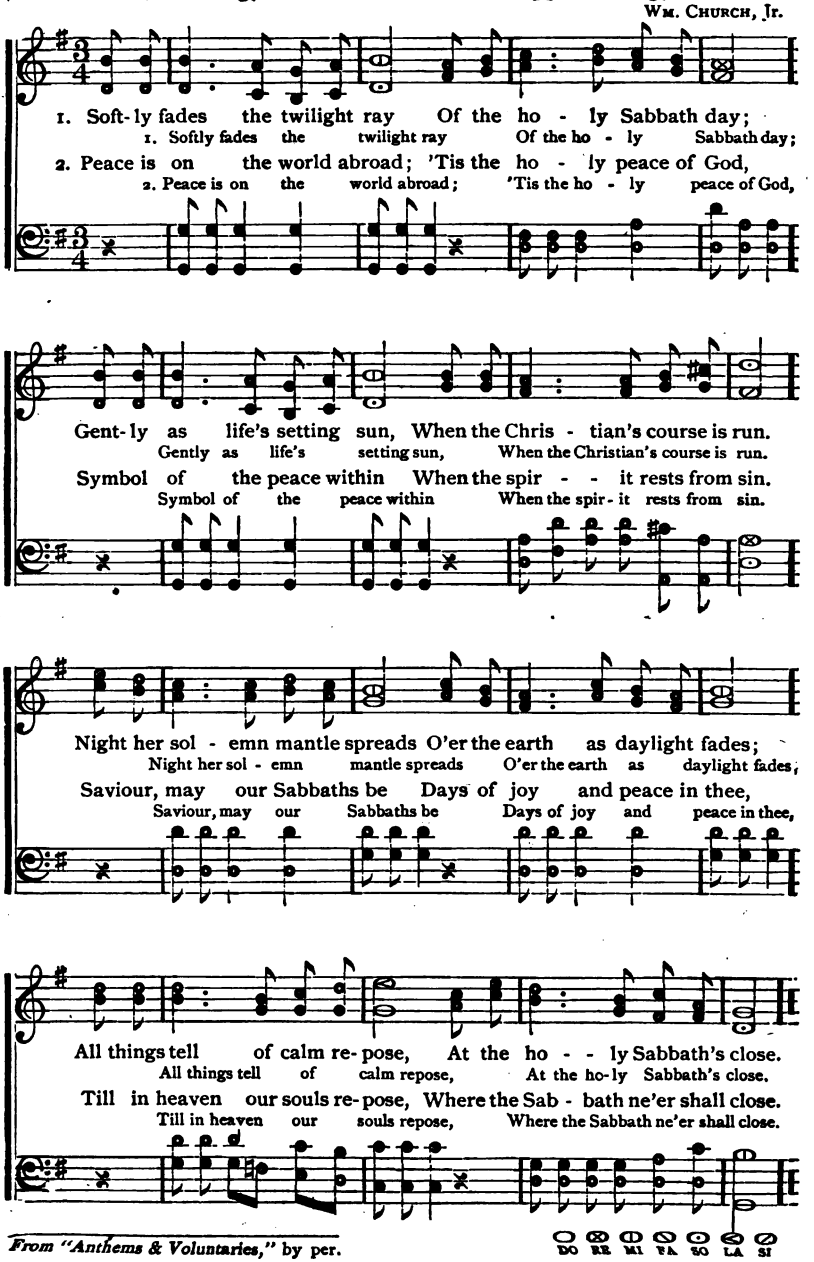
# Softly fades the twilight ray.

Wm. Church, Jr.

1. Soft- ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day;
1. Softly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day;
2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
Gent- ly as life's setting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run.
Gently as life's setting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
Symbol of the peace within When the spir - - it rests from sin.
Symbol of the peace within When the spir- it rests from sin.
Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades;
Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades;
Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in thee,
Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in thee,
All things tell of calm re- pose, At the ho - - ly Sabbath's close.
All things tell of calm repose, At the ho-ly Sabbath's close.
Till in heaven our souls re- pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.
Till in heaven our souls repose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

*From "Anthems & Voluntaries," by per.*

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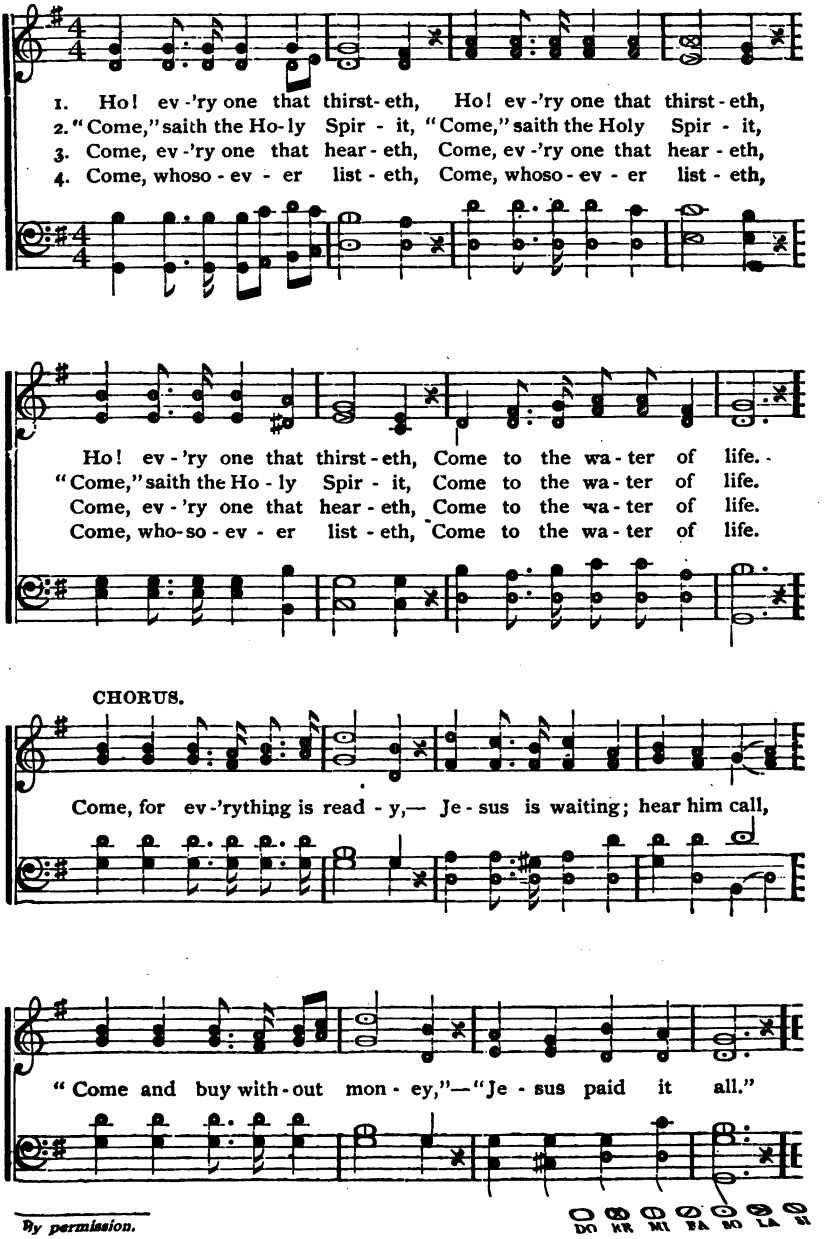
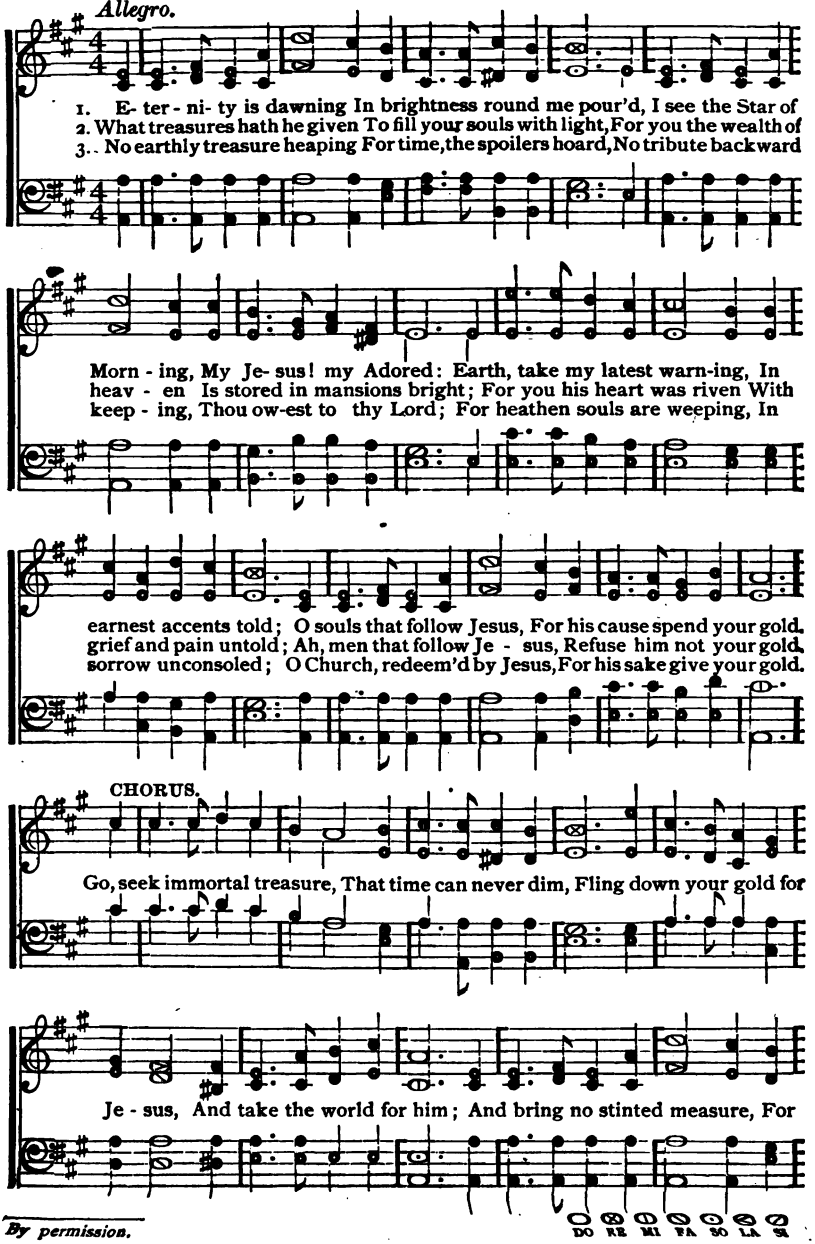
# Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth. 63

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirst-eth, Ho! ev-'ry one that thirst-eth,
2. "Come," saith the Ho-ly Spir-it, "Come," saith the Holy Spir-it,
3. Come, ev-'ry one that hear-eth, Come, ev-'ry one that hear-eth,
4. Come, whoso-ev-er list-eth, Come, whoso-ev-er list-eth,
Ho! ev-'ry one that thirst-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life.
"Come," saith the Ho-ly Spir-it, Come to the wa-ter of life.
Come, ev-'ry one that hear-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life.
Come, who-so-ev-er list-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life.
CHORUS.
Come, for ev-'rything is read-y,— Je-sus is waiting; hear him call,
"Come and buy with-out mon-ey,"—"Je-sus paid it all."

*By permission.*

# 64 "Fling down your Gold for Jesus."

Miss P. J. Owens. Last words of Dr. T. M. Eddy. Harry Sanders.

*Allegro.*

1. E- ter - ni- ty is dawning In brightness round me pour'd, I see the Star of
2. What treasures hath he given To fill your souls with light, For you the wealth of
3. No earthly treasure heaping For time, the spoilers hoard, No tribute backward
Morn - ing, My Je- sus! my Adored: Earth, take my latest warn-ing, In
heav - en Is stored in mansions bright; For you his heart was riven With
keep - ing, Thou ow-est to thy Lord; For heathen souls are weeping, In
earnest accents told; O souls that follow Jesus, For his cause spend your gold.
grief and pain untold; Ah, men that follow Je - sus, Refuse him not your gold.
sorrow unconsoled; O Church, redeem'd by Jesus, For his sake give your gold.
CHORUS.
Go, seek immortal treasure, That time can never dim, Fling down your gold for
Je - sus, And take the world for him; And bring no stinted measure, For

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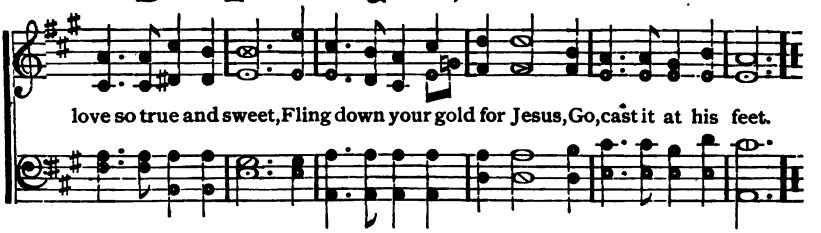
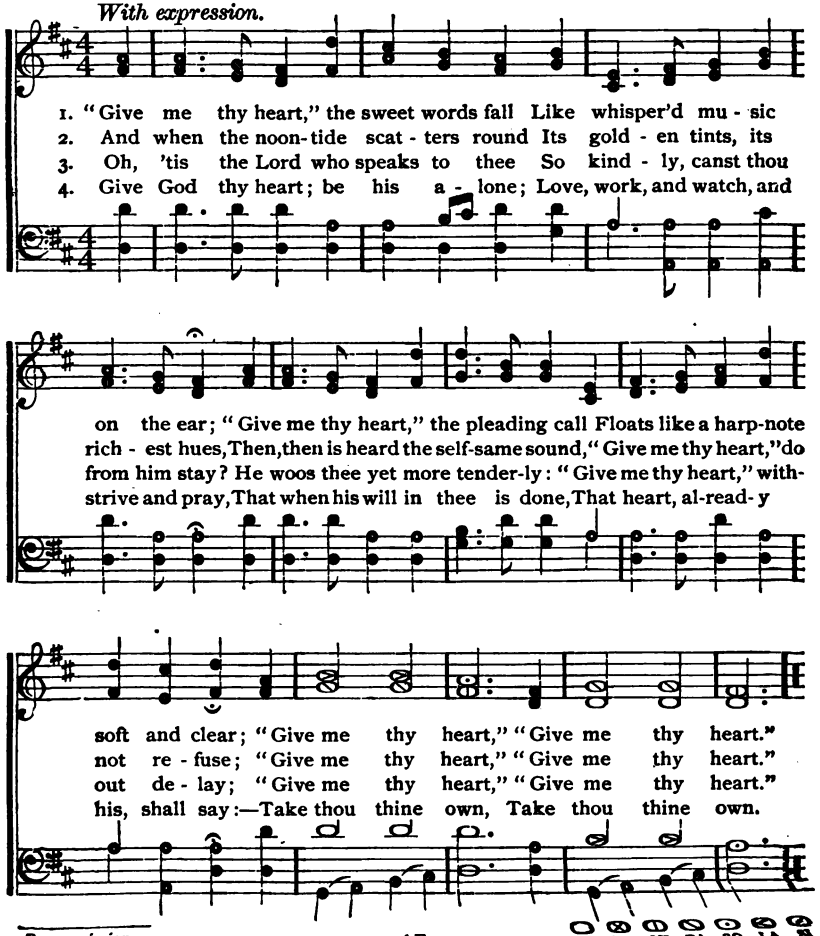


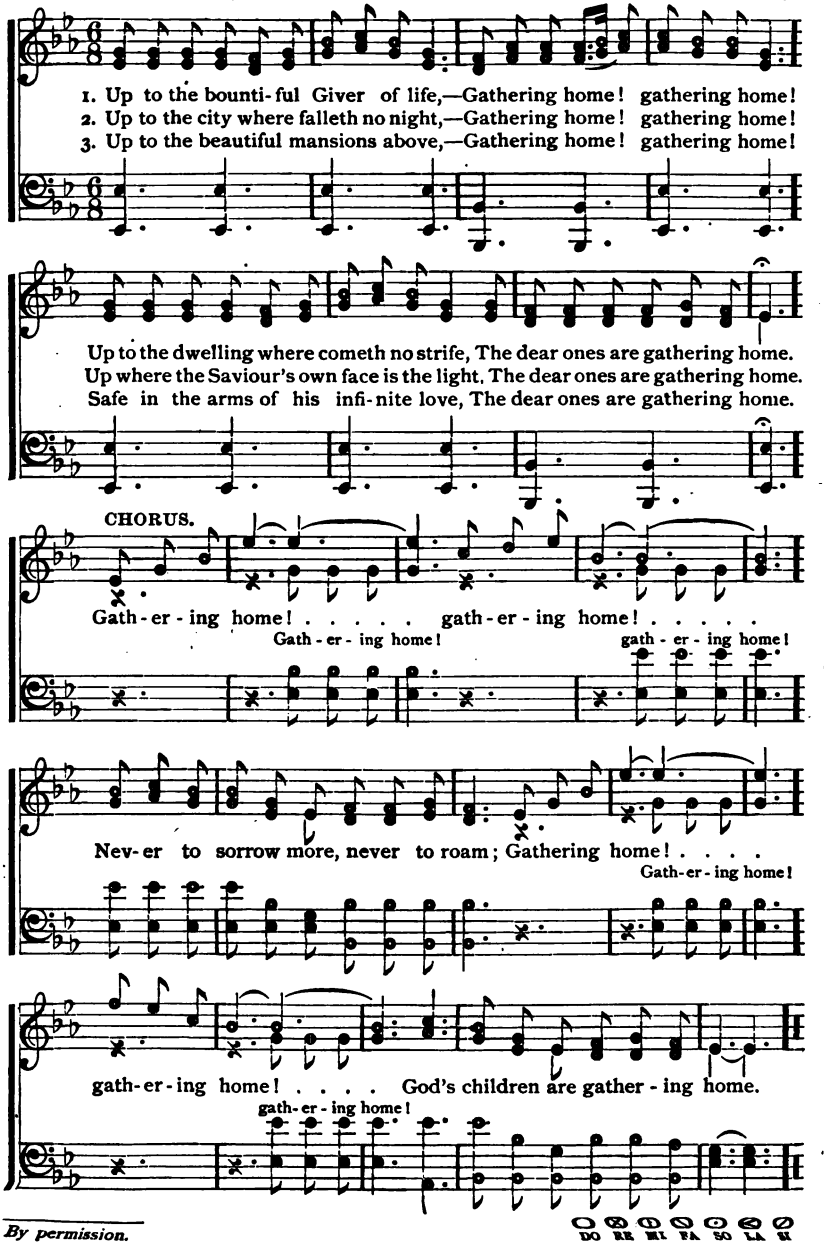

## Give Me Thy Heart.

Mrs. B. A. Perrigo. H. Sanders.

*With expression.*

1. "Give me thy heart," the sweet words fall Like whisper'd mu - sic
2. And when the noon-tide scat - ters round Its gold - en tints, its
3. Oh, 'tis the Lord who speaks to thee So kind - ly, canst thou
4. Give God thy heart; be his a - lone; Love, work, and watch, and
on the ear; "Give me thy heart," the pleading call Floats like a harp-note
rich - est hues, Then, then is heard the self-same sound, "Give me thy heart," do
from him stay? He woos thee yet more tender-ly: "Give me thy heart," with-
strive and pray, That when his will in thee is done, That heart, al-read- y
soft and clear; "Give me thy heart," "Give me thy heart."
not re - fuse; "Give me thy heart," "Give me thy heart."
out de - lay; "Give me thy heart," "Give me thy heart."
his, shall say:—Take thou thine own, Take thou thine own.

*By permission.*

# Gathering Home.

Miss Mariana B. Slade. R. N. M'Intosh.

1. Up to the bounti-ful Giver of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!
2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!
Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
Safe in the arms of his infi-nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.
CHORUS.
Gath-er-ing home! . . . . . gath-er-ing home! . . . . .
Gath-er-ing home!
gath-er-ing home!
Nev-er to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home! . . . .
Gath-er-ing home!
gath-er-ing home! . . . . God's children are gather-ing home.
gath-er-ing home!
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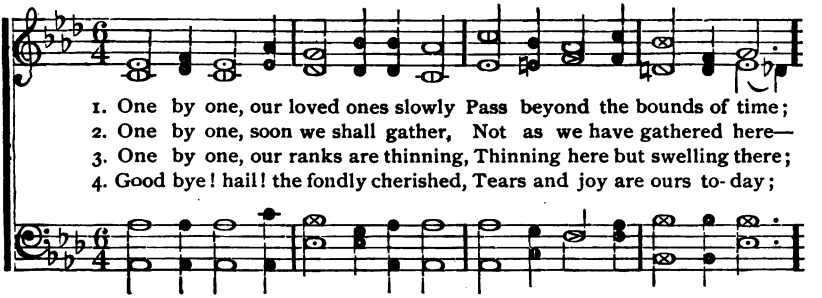
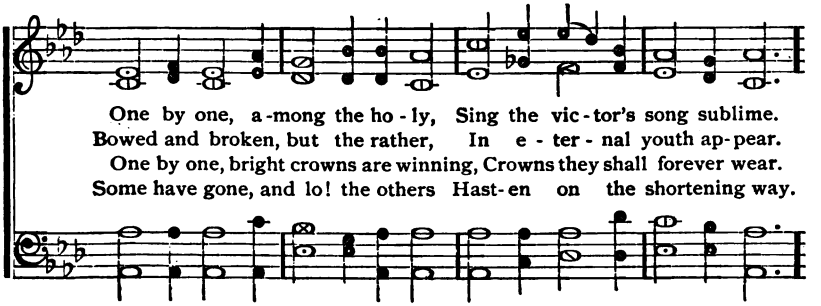
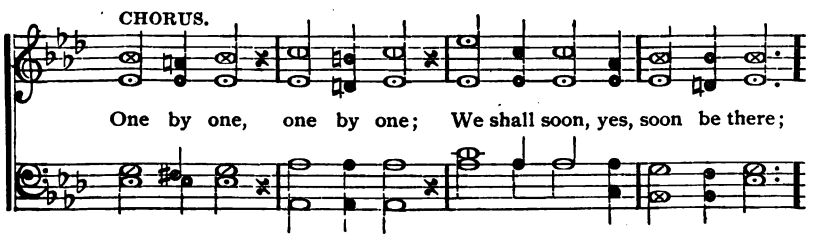
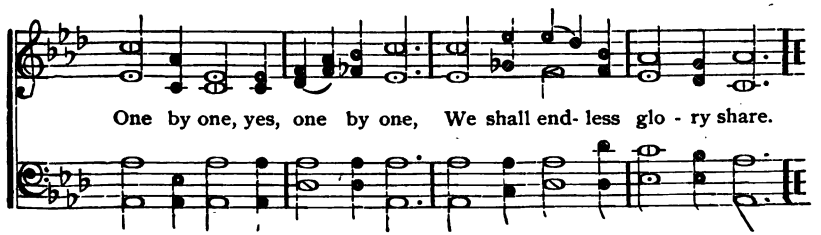
# One by One.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. One by one, our loved ones slowly Pass beyond the bounds of time;
2. One by one, soon we shall gather, Not as we have gathered here—
3. One by one, our ranks are thinning, Thinning here but swelling there;
4. Good bye! hail! the fondly cherished, Tears and joy are ours to-day;


One by one, a-mong the ho-ly, Sing the vic-tor's song sublime.
Bowed and broken, but the rather, In e-ter-nal youth ap-pear.
One by one, bright crowns are winning, Crowns they shall forever wear.
Some have gone, and lo! the others Hast-en on the shortening way.

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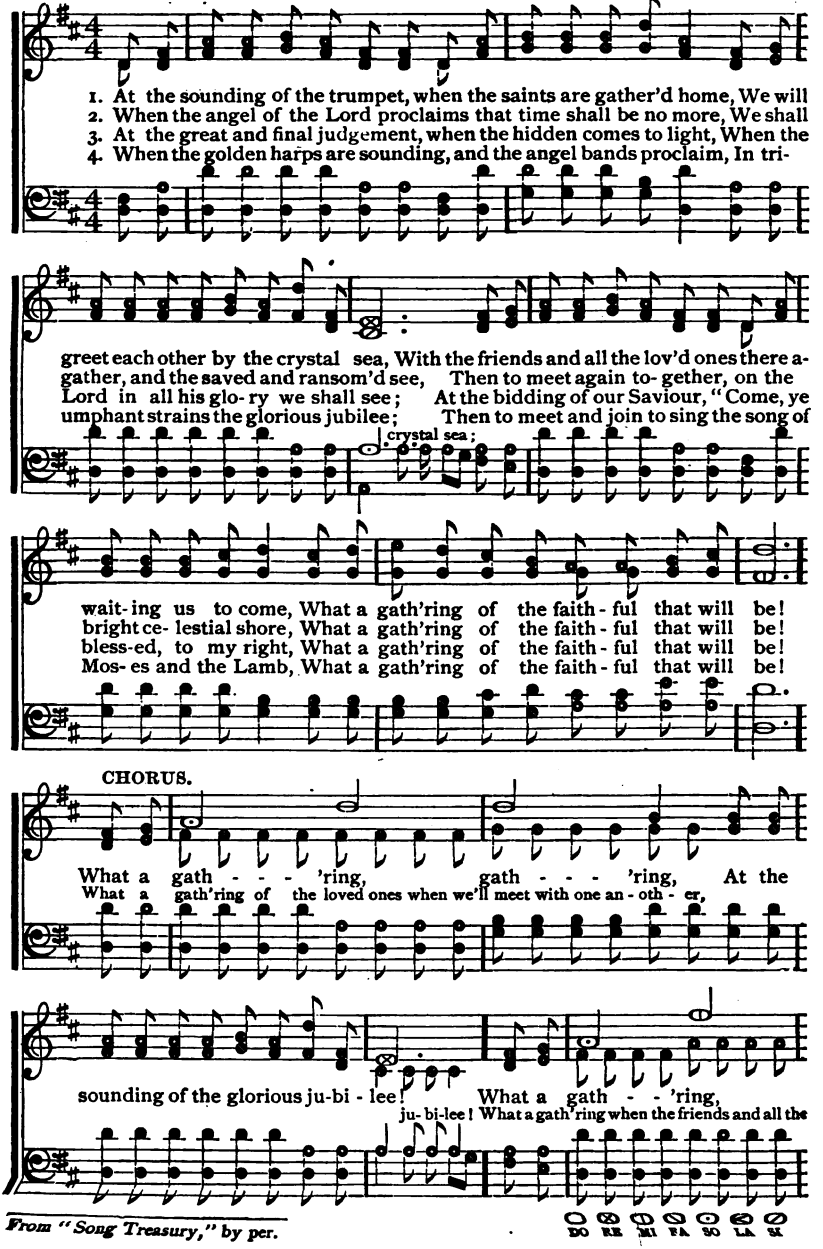
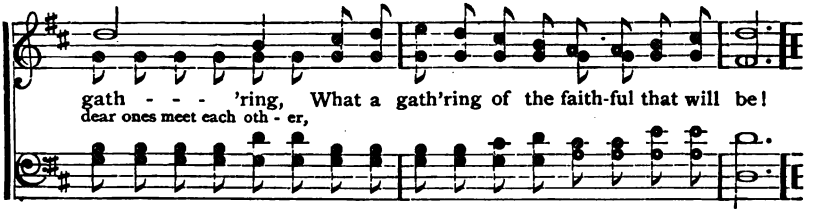
# What a Gath'ring that will be.

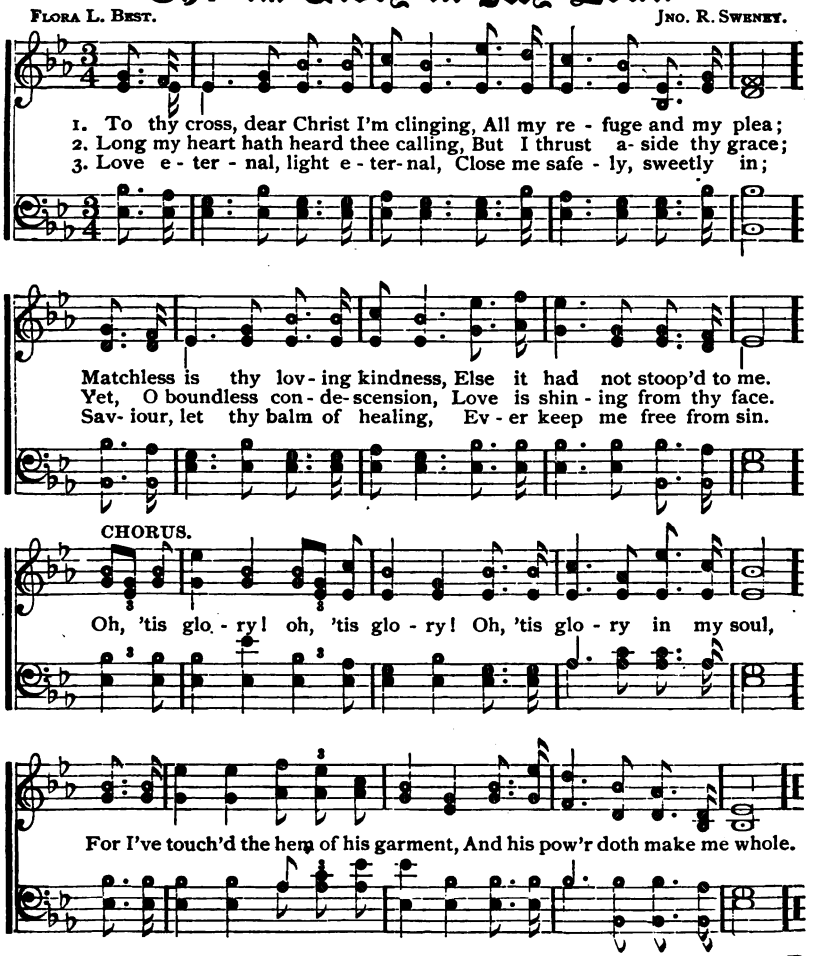
J. H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. l. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.


1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judgement, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-
greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again to-gether, on the
Lord in all his glo-ry we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of
crystal sea;
wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
bright ce-lestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
bless-ed, to my right, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
Mos-es and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
CHORUS.
What a gath - - - 'ring, gath - - - 'ring, At the
What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an-oth-er,
sounding of the glorious ju-bi-lee! What a gath - - 'ring,
ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

*From "Song Treasury," by per.*




# Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To thy cross, dear Christ I'm clinging, All my re - fuge and my plea;
2. Long my heart hath heard thee calling, But I thrust a- side thy grace;
3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter- nal, Close me safe - ly, sweetly in;
Matchless is thy lov - ing kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
Yet, O boundless con - de- scension, Love is shin - ing from thy face.
Sav- iour, let thy balm of healing, Ev - er keep me free from sin.
CHORUS.
Oh, 'tis glo - ry! oh, 'tis glo - ry! Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul,
For I've touch'd the hem of his garment, And his pow'r doth make me whole.

By permission.

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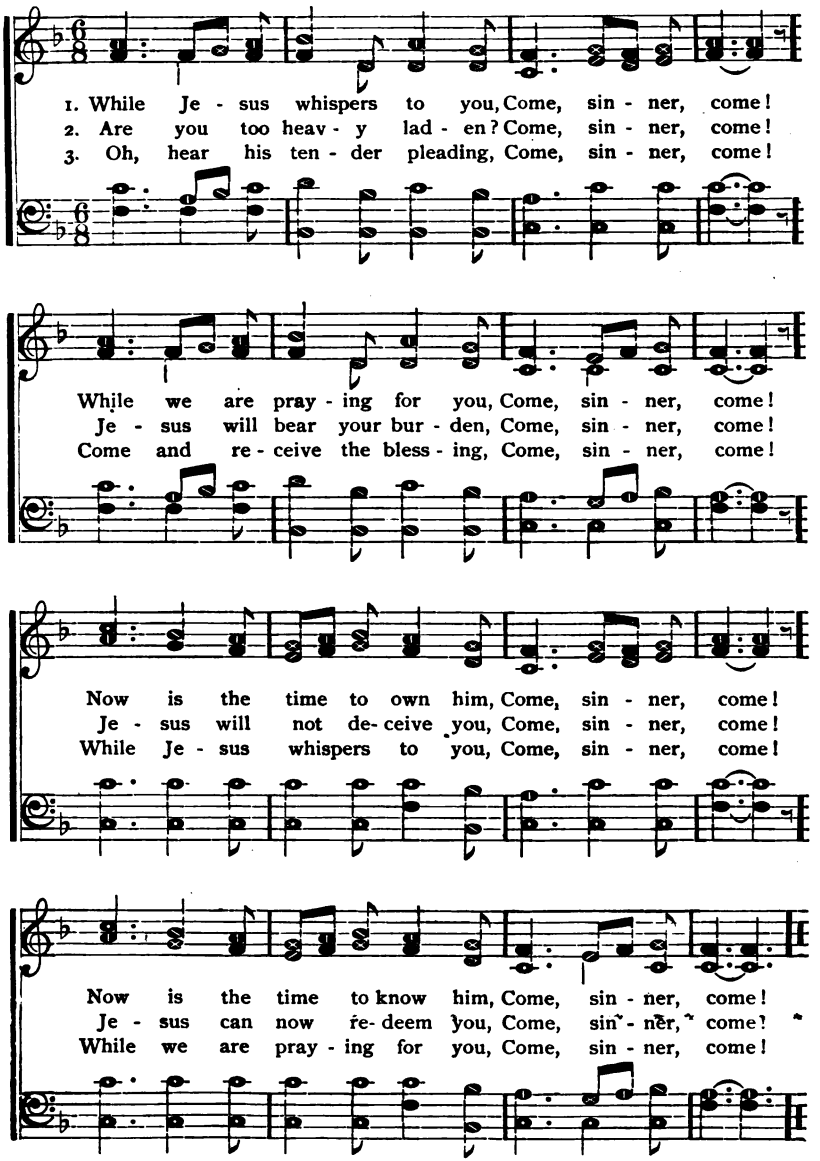
# Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden."—Matt. xi. 28

WILL. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come!
3. Oh, hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come!
While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!
Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will not de- ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus can now re- deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

*Copyright, 1879, by H. R. PALMER.*

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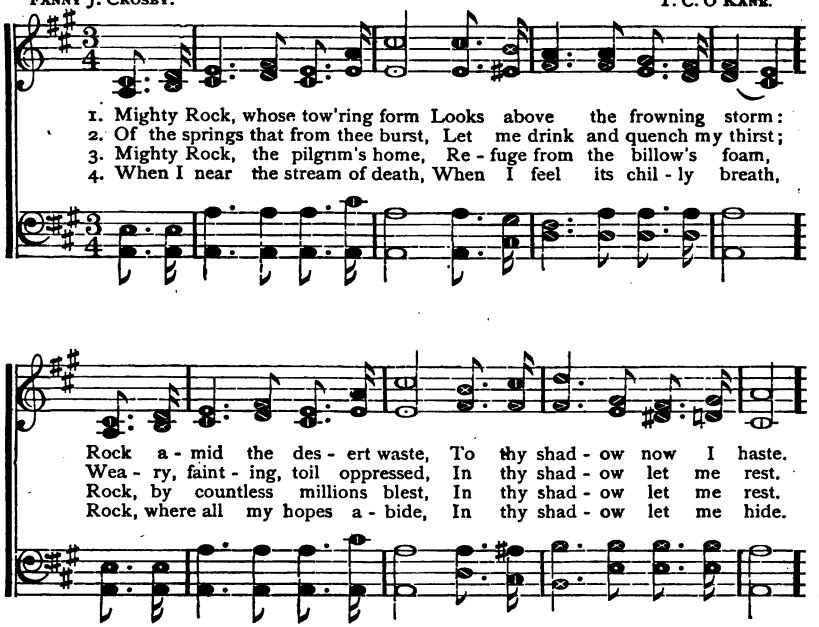
# Cleft for Me.

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

FANNY J. CROSBY. T. C. O'KANE.


1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks above the frowning storm:
2. Of the springs that from thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. Mighty Rock, the pilgrim's home, Re - fuge from the billow's foam,
4. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chil - ly breath,
Rock a - mid the des - ert waste, To thy shad - ow now I haste.
Wea - ry, faint - ing, toil oppressed, In thy shad - ow let me rest.
Rock, by countless millions blest, In thy shad - ow let me rest.
Rock, where all my hopes a - bide, In thy shad - ow let me hide.
REFRAIN.
Un - to thee, un - to thee, Precious Sa- viour, now I flee;
"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."

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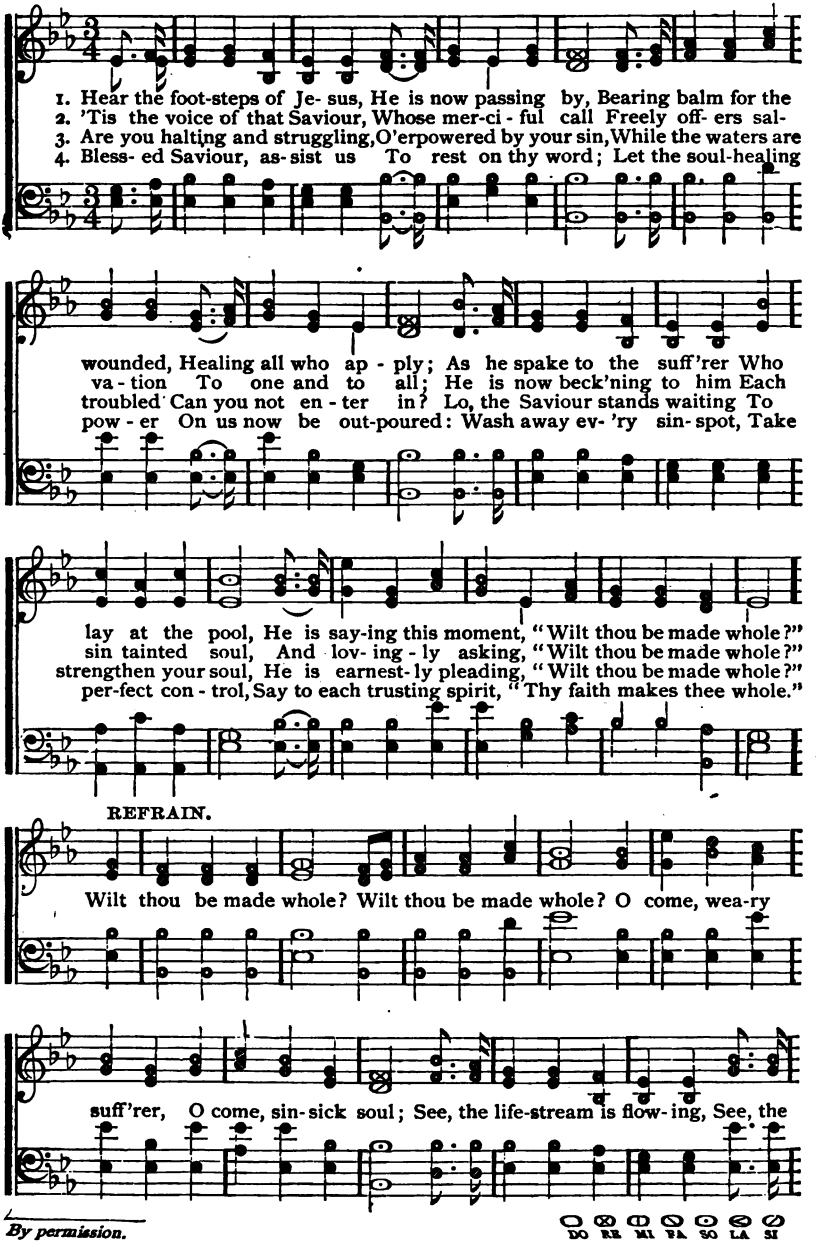
# Wilt thou be made whole?

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hear the foot-steps of Je- sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
2. 'Tis the voice of that Saviour, Whose mer-ci - ful call Freely off- ers sal-
3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpowered by your sin, While the waters are
4. Bless- ed Saviour, as- sist us To rest on thy word; Let the soul-healing
wounded, Healing all who ap - ply; As he spake to the suff'rer Who
va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to him Each
troubled Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Saviour stands waiting To
pow - er On us now be out-poured: Wash away ev- 'ry sin- spot, Take
lay at the pool, He is say-ing this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
sin tainted soul, And lov- ing - ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
strengthen your soul, He is earnest- ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
per-fect con - trol, Say to each trusting spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole."
REFRAIN.
Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry
suff'rer, O come, sin- sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow- ing, See, the

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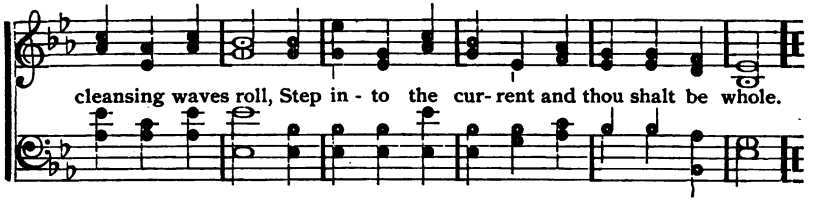
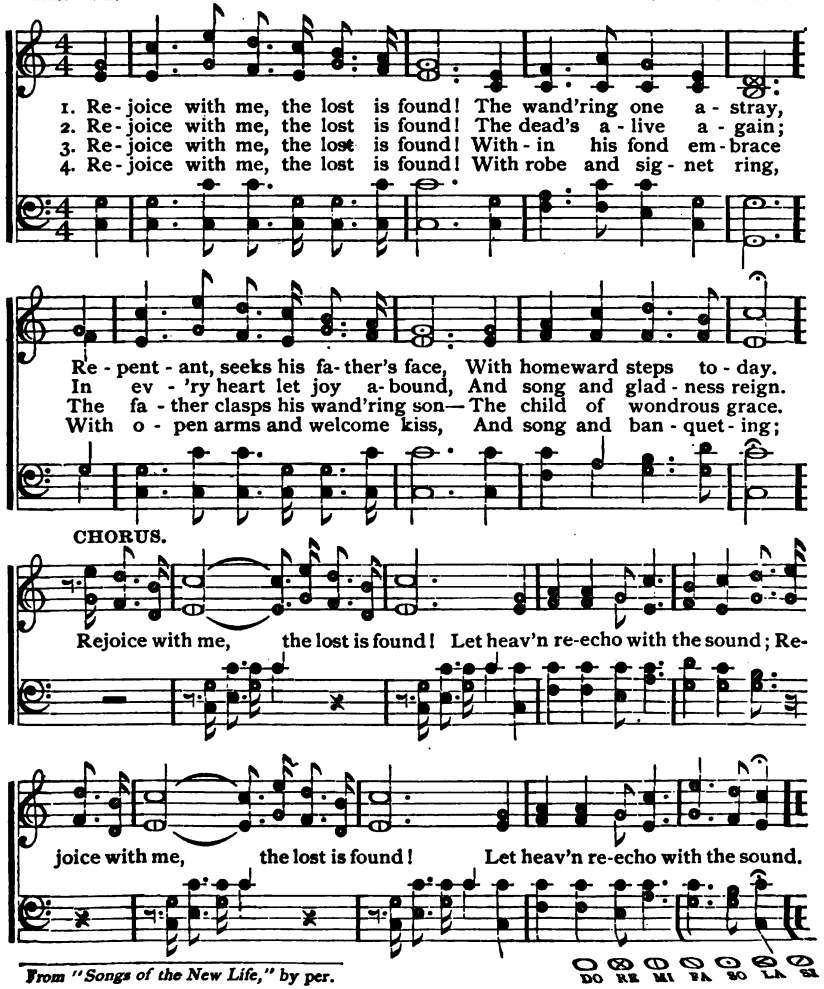



## Rejoice with me.

Rev. M. L. HOFFORD. Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.


1. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! The wand'ring one a - stray,
2. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! The dead's a - live a - gain;
3. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! With - in his fond em - brace
4. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! With robe and sig - net ring,
Re - pent - ant, seeks his fa - ther's face, With homeward steps to - day.
In ev - 'ry heart let joy a - bound, And song and glad - ness reign.
The fa - ther clasps his wand'ring son— The child of wondrous grace.
With o - pen arms and welcome kiss, And song and ban - quet - ing;
CHORUS.
Rejoice with me, the lost is found! Let heav'n re-echo with the sound; Re-
joice with me, the lost is found! Let heav'n re-echo with the sound.

*From "Songs of the New Life," by per.*

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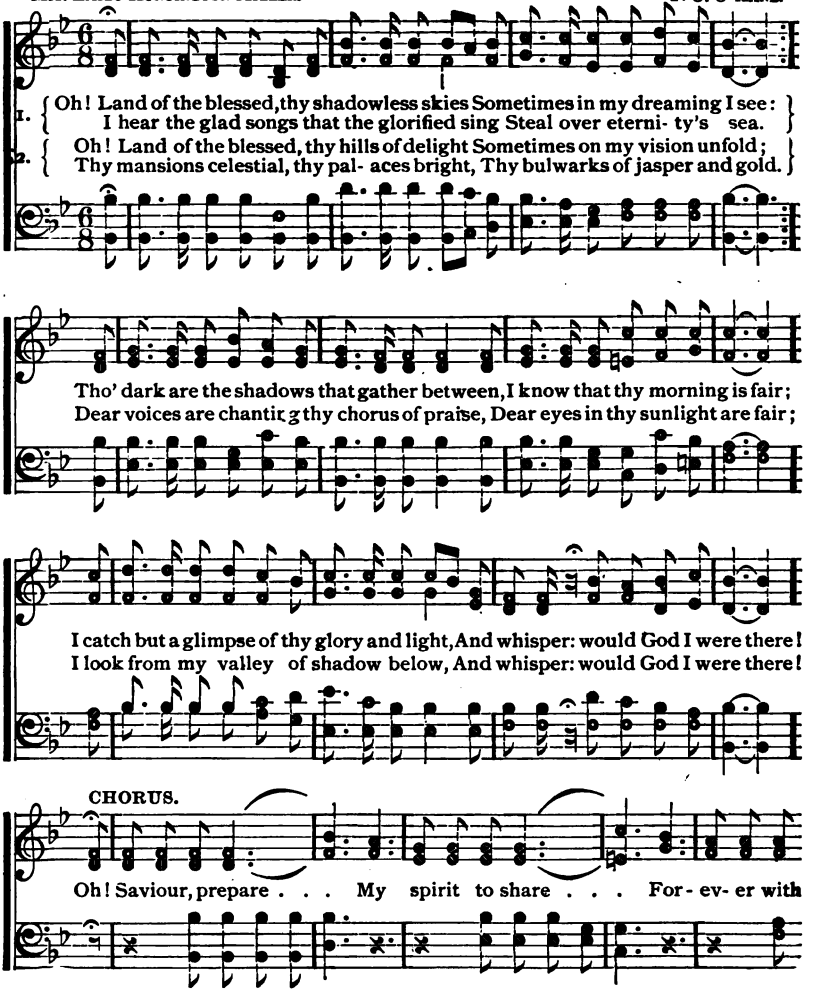
# Land of the Blessed.

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. T. C. O'Kane.


1. Oh! Land of the blessed, thy shadowless skies Sometimes in my dreaming I see:
I hear the glad songs that the glorified sing Steal over eterni- ty's sea.
2. Oh! Land of the blessed, thy hills of delight Sometimes on my vision unfold;
Thy mansions celestial, thy pal- aces bright, Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold.
Tho' dark are the shadows that gather between, I know that thy morning is fair;
Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise, Dear eyes in thy sunlight are fair;
I catch but a glimpse of thy glory and light, And whisper: would God I were there!
I look from my valley of shadow below, And whisper: would God I were there!
CHORUS.
Oh! Saviour, prepare . . . My spirit to share . . . For- ev- er with
thee . those mansions fair.

3 Dear home of my Father, fair city, whose peace
No shadow of changing can mar!
How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy,
How blest thine inhabitants are!
When weary with toiling, I think of the day—
Who knows if its dawning be near?
When he who hath loved me shall call me away
From all that hath burdened me here.

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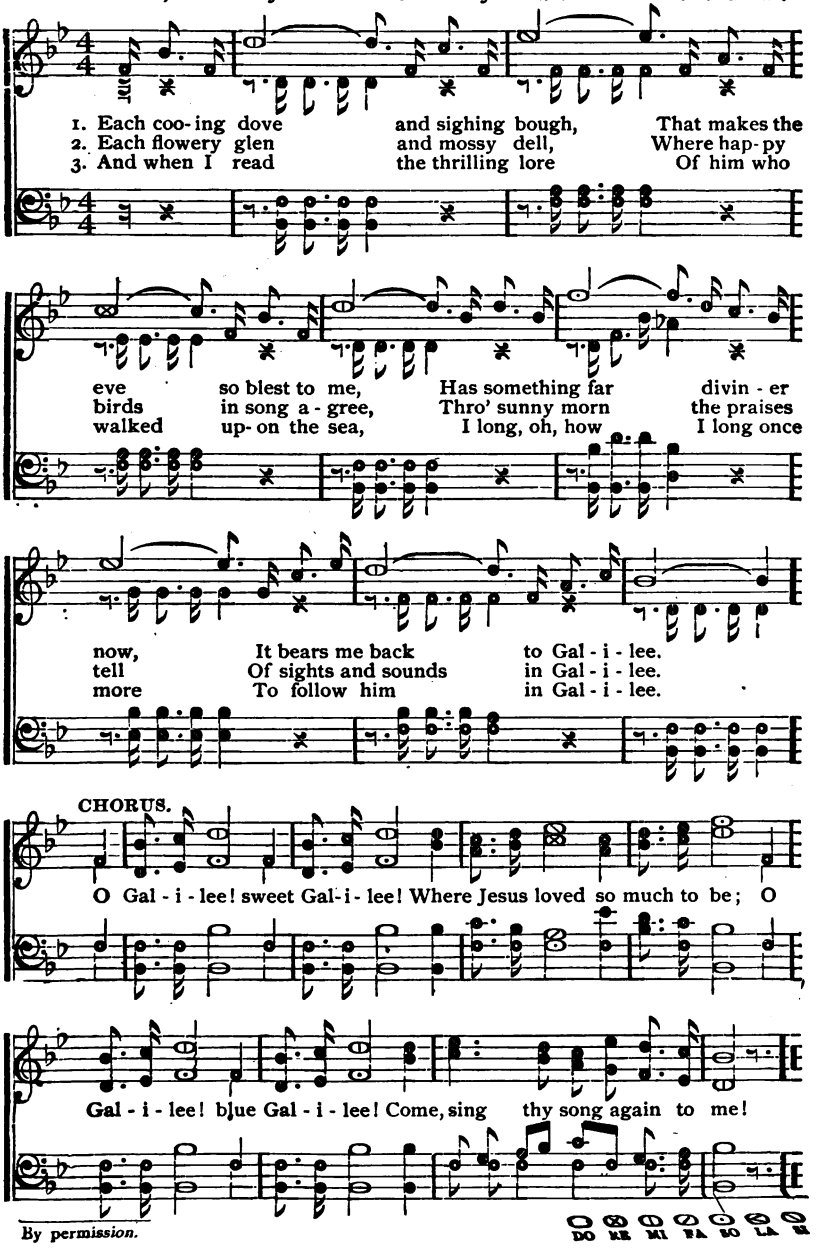
*By permission.*

# Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. "Jesus walked in Galilee."—John vii. 1. H. R. PALMER.


1. Each coo-ing dove and sighing bough, That makes the
2. Each flowery glen and mossy dell, Where hap-py
3. And when I read the thrilling lore Of him who
eve so blest to me, Has something far divin-er
birds in song a-gree, Thro' sunny morn the praises
walked up-on the sea, I long, oh, how I long once
now, It bears me back to Gal-i-lee.
tell Of sights and sounds in Gal-i-lee.
more To follow him in Gal-i-lee.
CHORUS.
O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be; O
Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song again to me!
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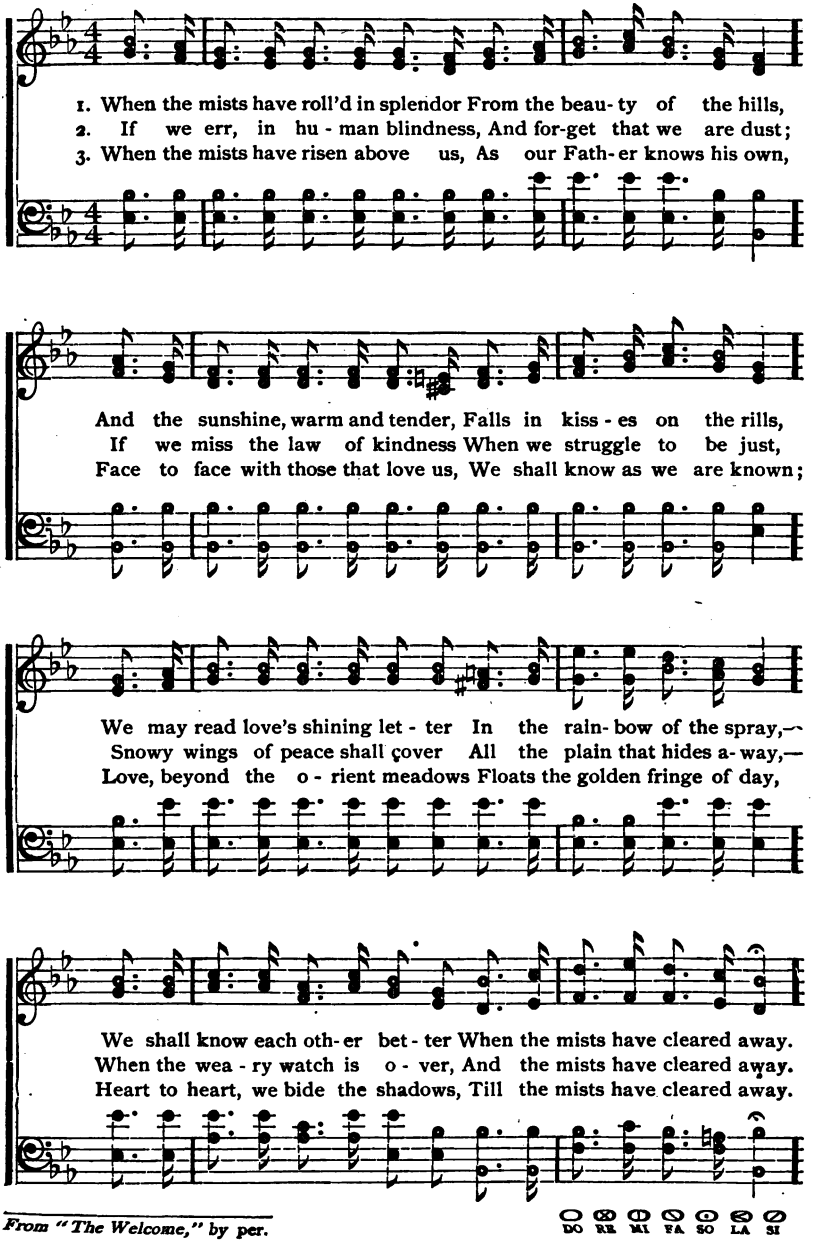
# We Shall Know.

ANNIE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau- ty of the hills,
2. If we err, in hu - man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have risen above us, As our Fath- er knows his own,
And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;
We may read love's shining let - ter In the rain- bow of the spray,—
Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the plain that hides a- way,—
Love, beyond the o - rient meadows Floats the golden fringe of day,
We shall know each oth- er bet - ter When the mists have cleared away.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared away.
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.

*From "The Welcome," by per.*

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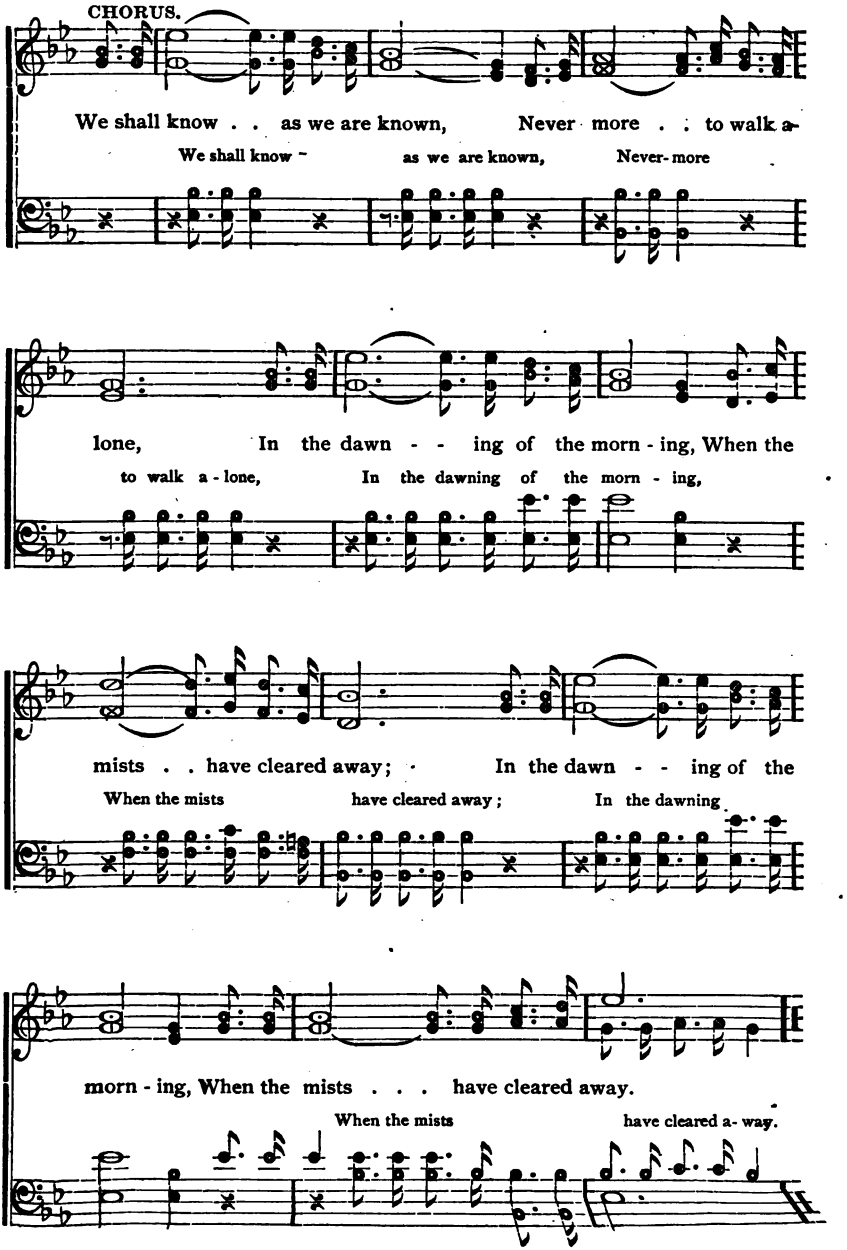
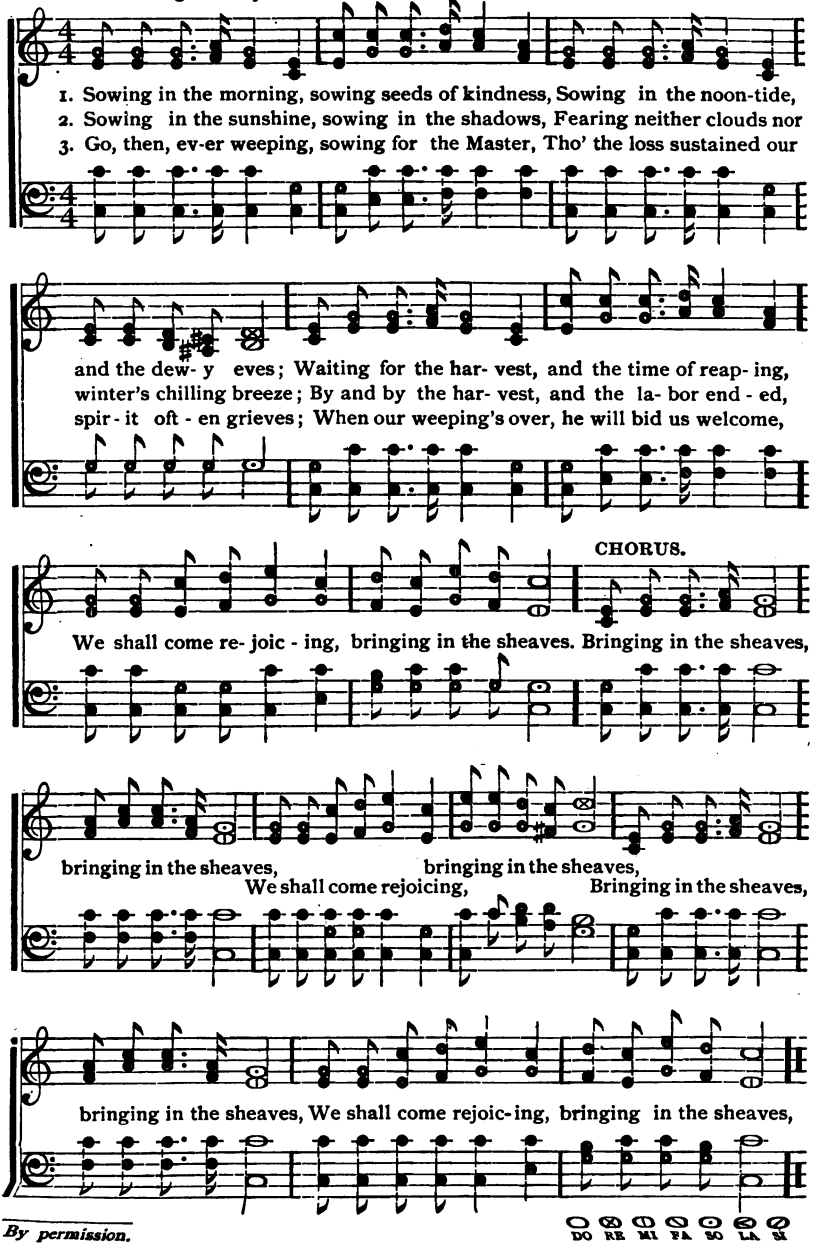

CHORUS.
We shall know . . as we are known, Never more . . to walk a-
We shall know - as we are known, Never-more
lone, In the dawn - - ing of the morn - ing, When the
to walk a - lone, In the dawning of the morn - ing,
mists . . have cleared away; In the dawn - - ing of the
When the mists have cleared away; In the dawning
morn - ing, When the mists . . . have cleared away.
When the mists have cleared a- way.

# Bringing in the Sheaves.

Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our
and the dew- y eves; Waiting for the har- vest, and the time of reap- ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har- vest, and the la- bor end - ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,
CHORUS.
We shall come re- joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,
bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,

*By permission.*

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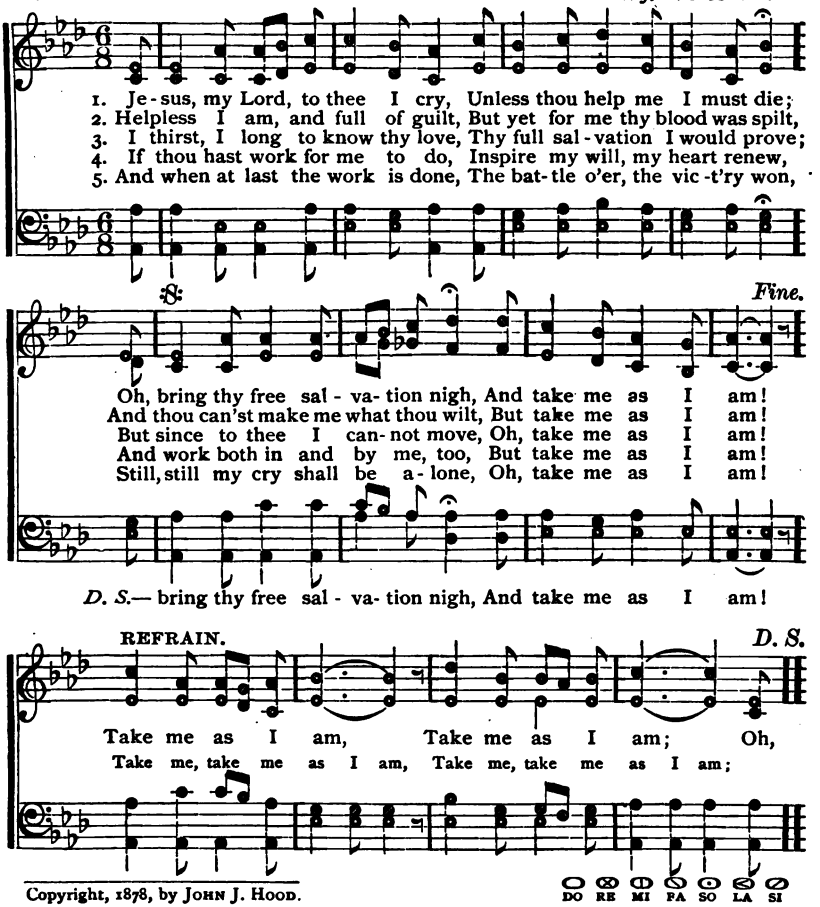
ANON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Je-sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-vation I would prove;
4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew,
5. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won,
Fine.
Oh, bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
But since to thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!
And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!
Still, still my cry shall be a-lone, Oh, take me as I am!
D. S.— bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;
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CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. **JUST AS I AM.** Tune and Chorus above.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

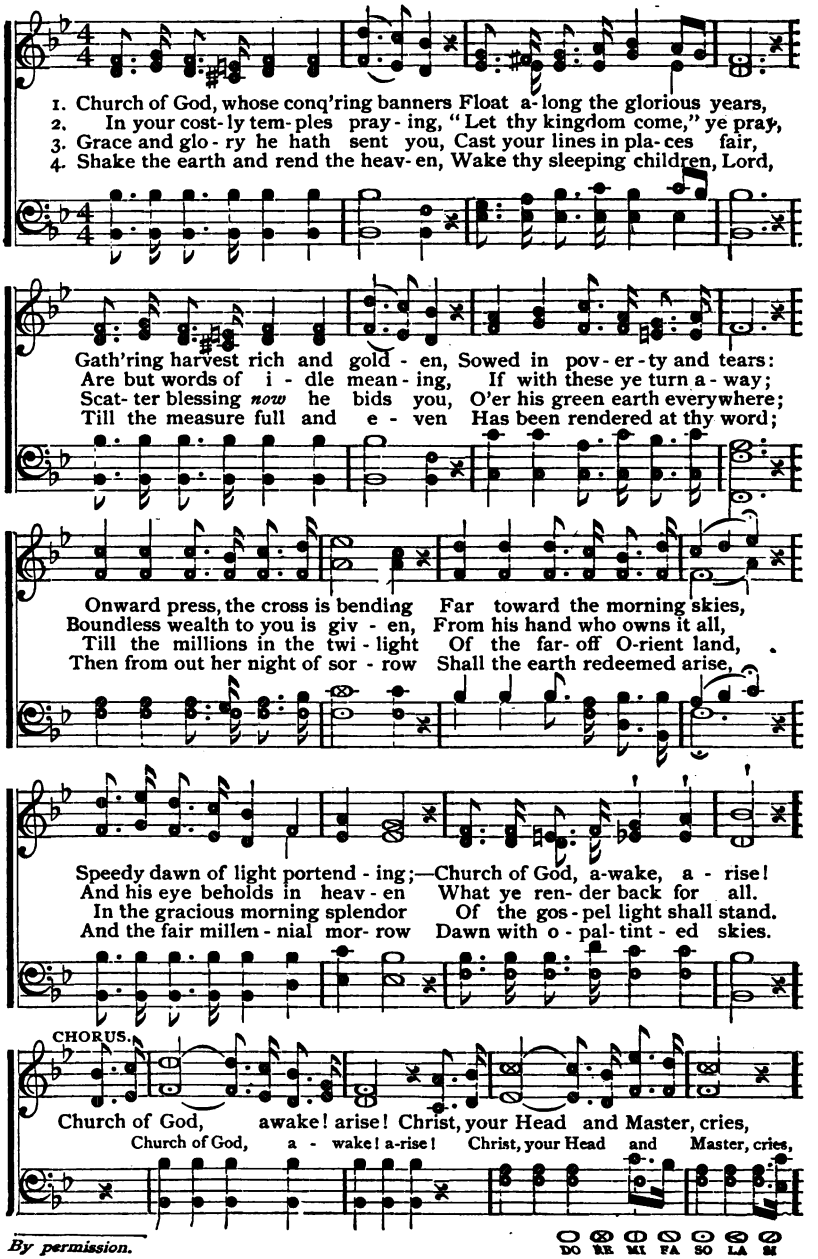
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down,
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

80 Mrs. E. J. Bugbee. **Church of God, Awake.** T. C. O'Kane.


1. Church of God, whose conq'ring banners Float a-long the glorious years,
2. In your cost-ly tem-ples pray-ing, "Let thy kingdom come," ye pray,
3. Grace and glo-ry he hath sent you, Cast your lines in pla-ces fair,
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav-en, Wake thy sleeping children, Lord,
Gath'ring harvest rich and gold-en, Sowed in pov-er-ty and tears:
Are but words of i-dle mean-ing, If with these ye turn a-way;
Scat-ter blessing *now* he bids you, O'er his green earth everywhere;
Till the measure full and e-ven Has been rendered at thy word;
Onward press, the cross is bending Far toward the morning skies,
Boundless wealth to you is giv-en, From his hand who owns it all,
Till the millions in the twi-light Of the far-off O-rient land,
Then from out her night of sor-row Shall the earth redeemed arise,
Speedy dawn of light portend-ing;—Church of God, a-wake, a-rise!
And his eye beholds in heav-en What ye ren-der back for all.
In the gracious morning splendor Of the gos-pel light shall stand.
And the fair millen-nial mor-row Dawn with o-pal-tint-ed skies.
CHORUS.
Church of God, awake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,
Church of God, a-wake! a-rise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,

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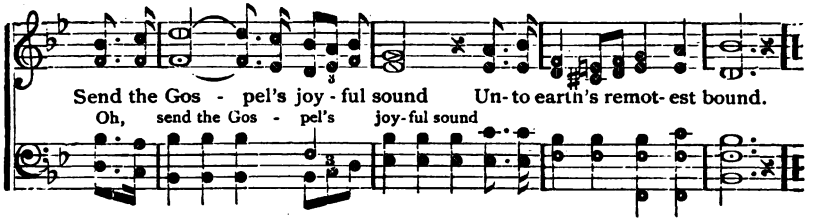
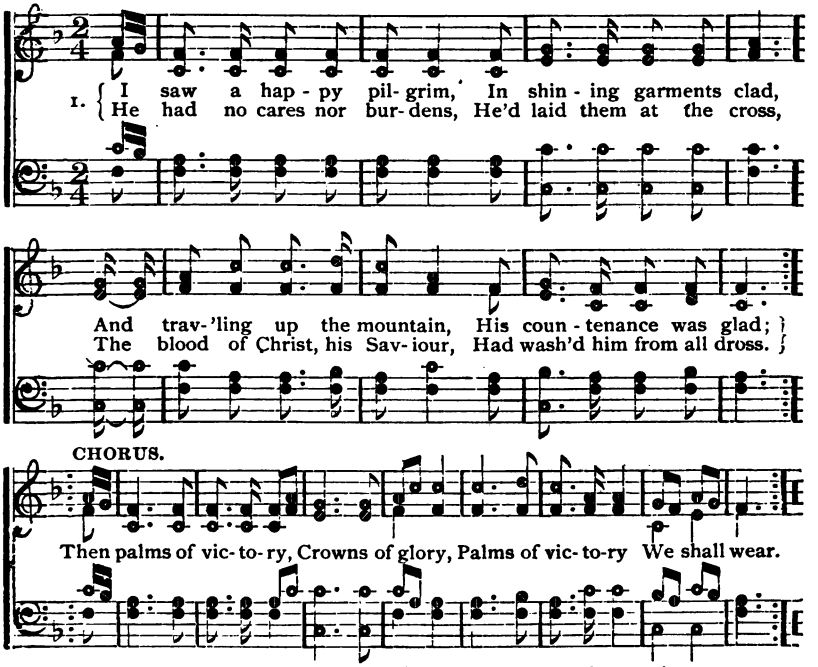



Words arranged.

## The happy Pilgrim.

By per.

1. { I saw a hap - py pil- grim, In shin - ing garments clad,
{ He had no cares nor bur- dens, He'd laid them at the cross,
And trav-'ling up the mountain, His coun - tenance was glad;
The blood of Christ, his Sav- iour, Had wash'd him from all dross.
CHORUS.
Then palms of vic- to- ry, Crowns of glory, Palms of vic- to-ry We shall wear.

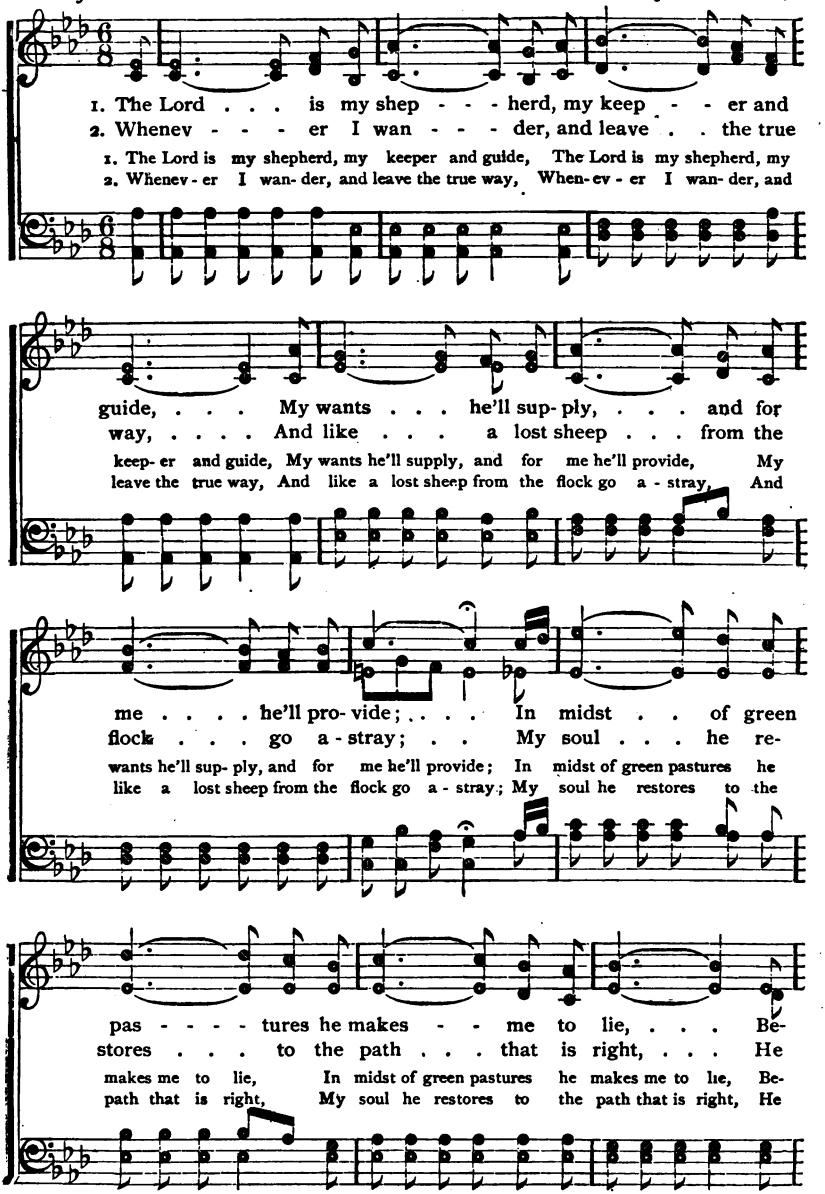
2 The summer sun was sinking,
The sweat was on his brow;
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

3 I saw him in midsummer,
Still happy on his way,
He'd reached the land of Beulah,
Where birds sing all the day.
He found a store of honey
And wine upon the lees,
And fruit in rich abundance
*Upon life's living trees.*

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance will come.

5 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore:
Then casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance has come!

# My Shepherd.

Rev. Joseph H. Martin. Ps. xxiii. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. The Lord . . . is my shep - - - herd, my keep - - - er and
2. Whenev - - - er I wan - - - der, and leave . . the true
1. The Lord is my shepherd, my keeper and guide, The Lord is my shepherd, my
2. Whenev - er I wan- der, and leave the true way, When- ev - er I wan- der, and
guide, . . . My wants . . . he'll sup- ply, . . . and for
way, . . . . And like . . . a lost sheep . . . from the
keep- er and guide, My wants he'll supply, and for me he'll provide, My
leave the true way, And like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray, And
me . . . . he'll pro- vide; . . . . In midst . . of green
flock . . . go a - stray; . . . My soul . . . he re-
wants he'll sup- ply, and for me he'll provide; In midst of green pastures he
like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray; My soul he restores to the
pas - - - - tures he makes - - me to lie, . . . Be-
stores . . . to the path . . . that is right, . . . He
makes me to lie, In midst of green pastures he makes me to lie, Be-
path that is right, My soul he restores to the path that is right, He

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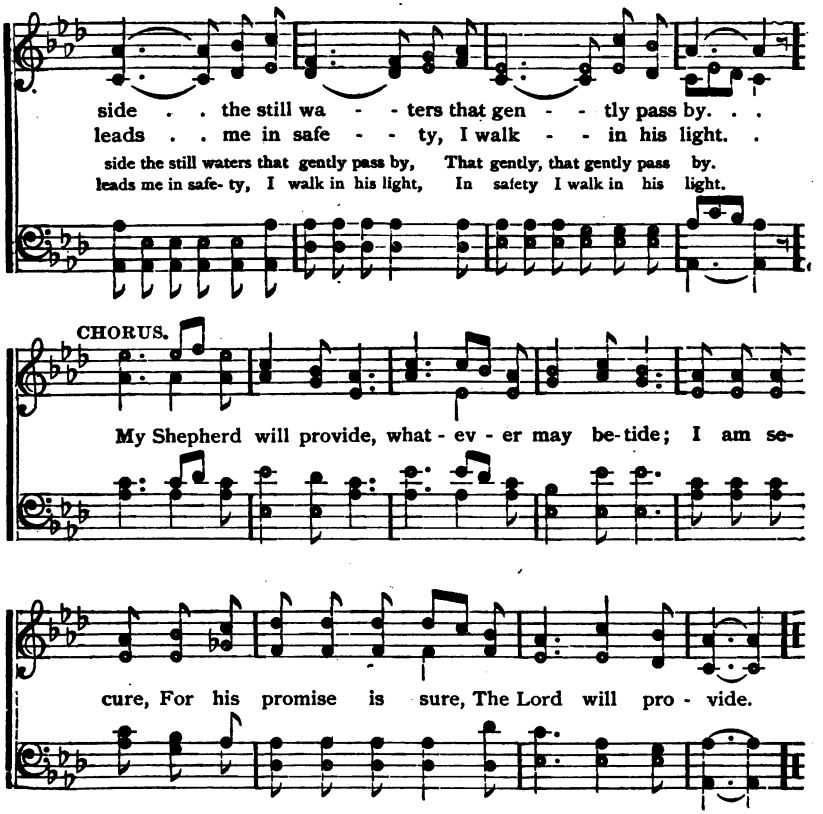
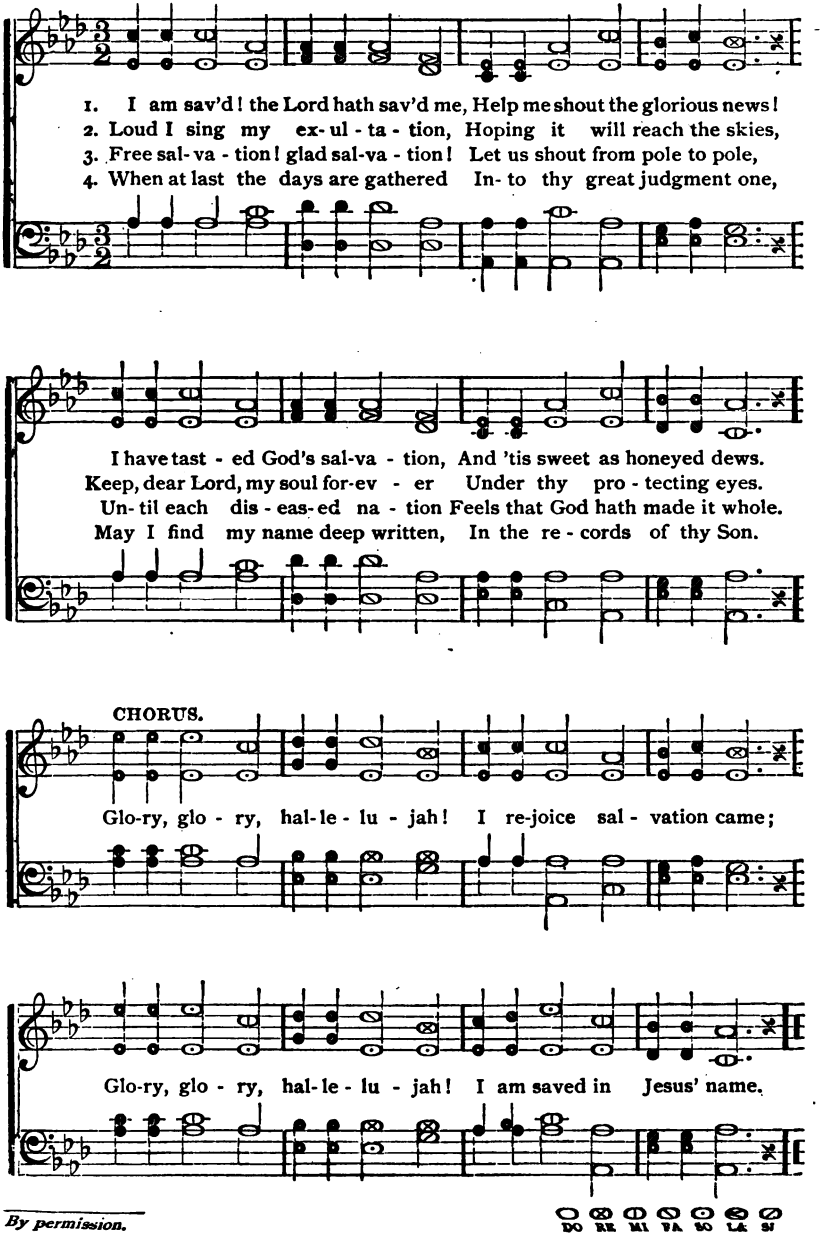

side . . the still wa - - ters that gen - - tly pass by. . .
leads . . me in safe - - ty, I walk - - in his light. .
side the still waters that gently pass by, That gently, that gently pass by.
leads me in safe- ty, I walk in his light, In safety I walk in his light.
CHORUS.
My Shepherd will provide, what - ev - er may be-tide; I am se-
cure, For his promise is sure, The Lord will pro - vide.

3 When called to surrender my faltering breath,
And pass through the vale of the shadow of death,
The presence of Jesus will brighten the tomb,
With hope and with gladness dispelling its gloom.
With gladness dispelling its gloom.

4 For me his free bounty a table has spread;
And blessings unmeasured he pours on my head;
My cup with abundance and joy overflows;
He dries all my tears, and he heals all my woes.
He heals all my woes, all my woes.

5 His goodness and mercy shall crown all my days,
My mouth shall be filled with thanksgiving and praise;
I'll dwell in his temple of glory above,
And sing evermore of his grace and his love.
And sing of his grace and his love.

# I am Saved.

Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex-ul-ta-tion, Hoping it will reach the skies,
3. Free sal-va-tion! glad sal-va-tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered In-to thy great judgment one,
I have tast-ed God's sal-va-tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul for-ev-er Under thy pro-tecting eyes.
Un-til each dis-eas-ed na-tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep written, In the re-cords of thy Son.
CHORUS.
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I re-joice sal-vation came;
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved in Jesus' name.

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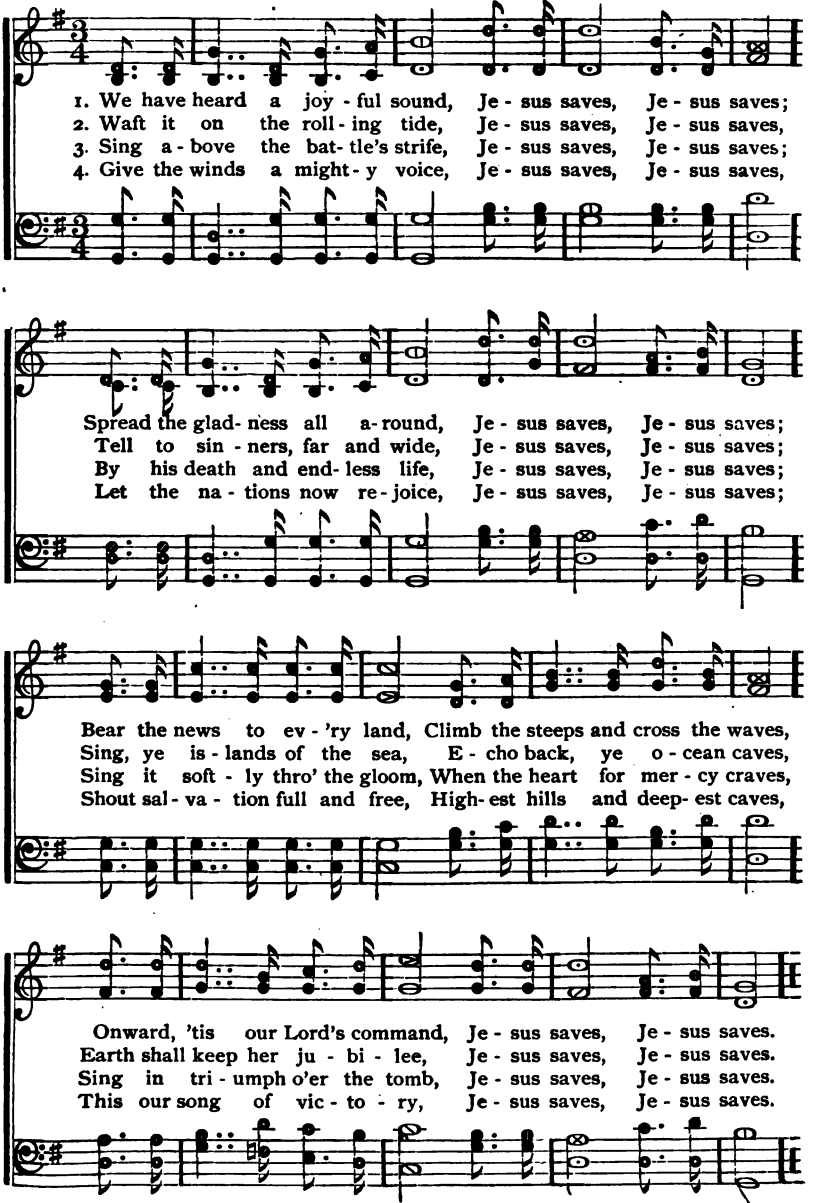
# Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,
Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,
Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
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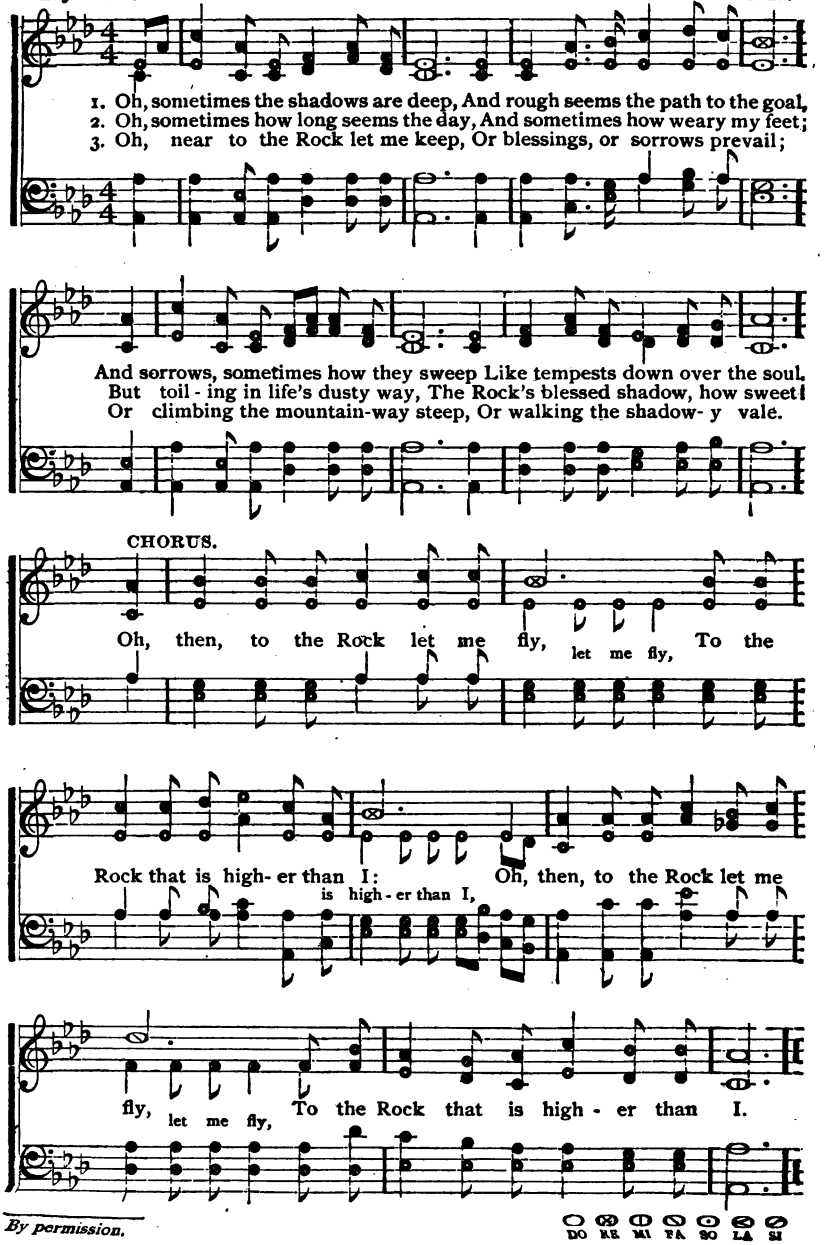
# The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G FISCHER.


1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil - ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadow- y vale.
CHORUS.
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the
Rock that is high- er than I; Oh, then, to the Rock let me
is high - er than I,
fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

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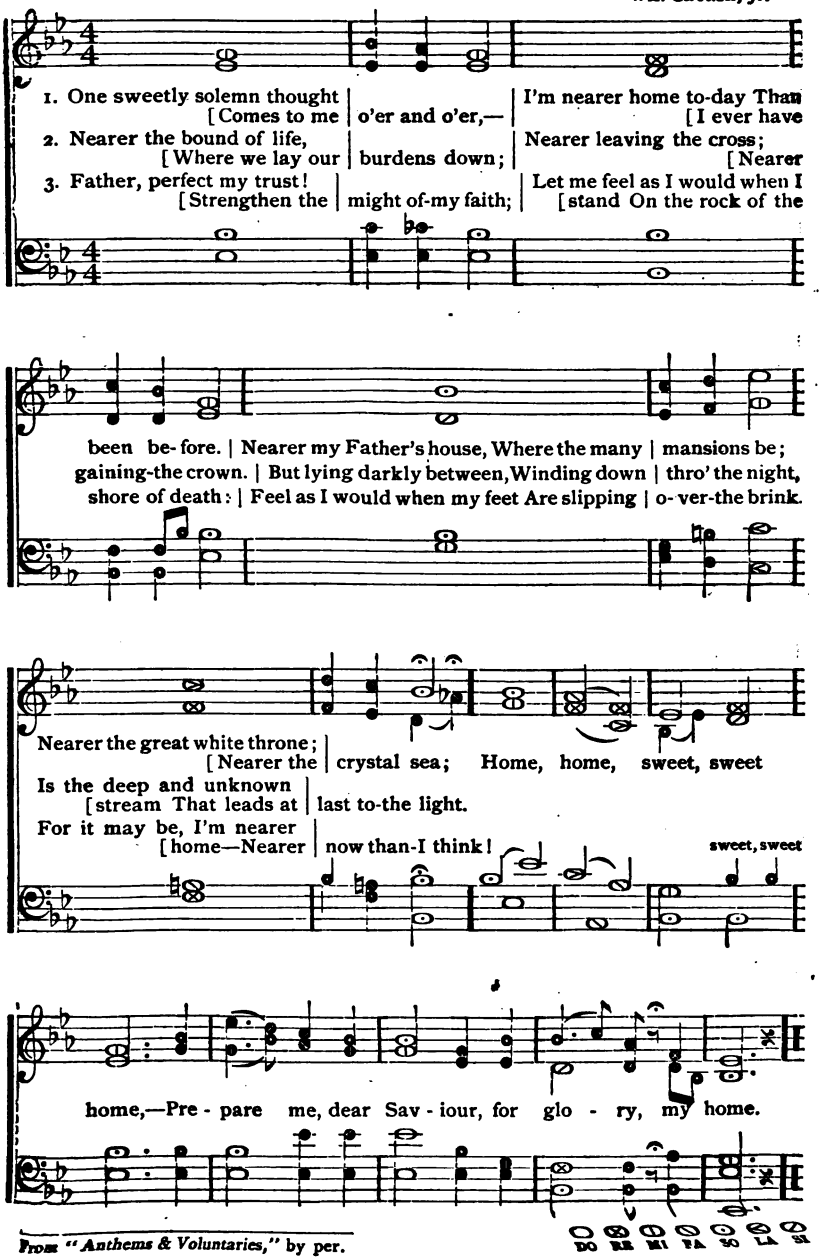
# Nearer Home.

Wm. Church, Jr.

1. One sweetly solemn thought [Comes to me o'er and o'er,— I'm nearer home to-day Than [I ever have
2. Nearer the bound of life, [Where we lay our burdens down; Nearer leaving the cross; [Nearer
3. Father, perfect my trust! [Strengthen the might of my faith; Let me feel as I would when I [stand On the rock of the
been be-fore. | Nearer my Father's house, Where the many | mansions be;
gaining the crown. | But lying darkly between, Winding down | thro' the night,
shore of death: | Feel as I would when my feet Are slipping | o-ver the brink.
Nearer the great white throne; [Nearer the crystal sea; Home, home, sweet, sweet
Is the deep and unknown [stream That leads at last to the light.
For it may be, I'm nearer [home—Nearer now than I think!
sweet, sweet
home,—Pre-pare me, dear Sav-iour, for glo-ry, my home.
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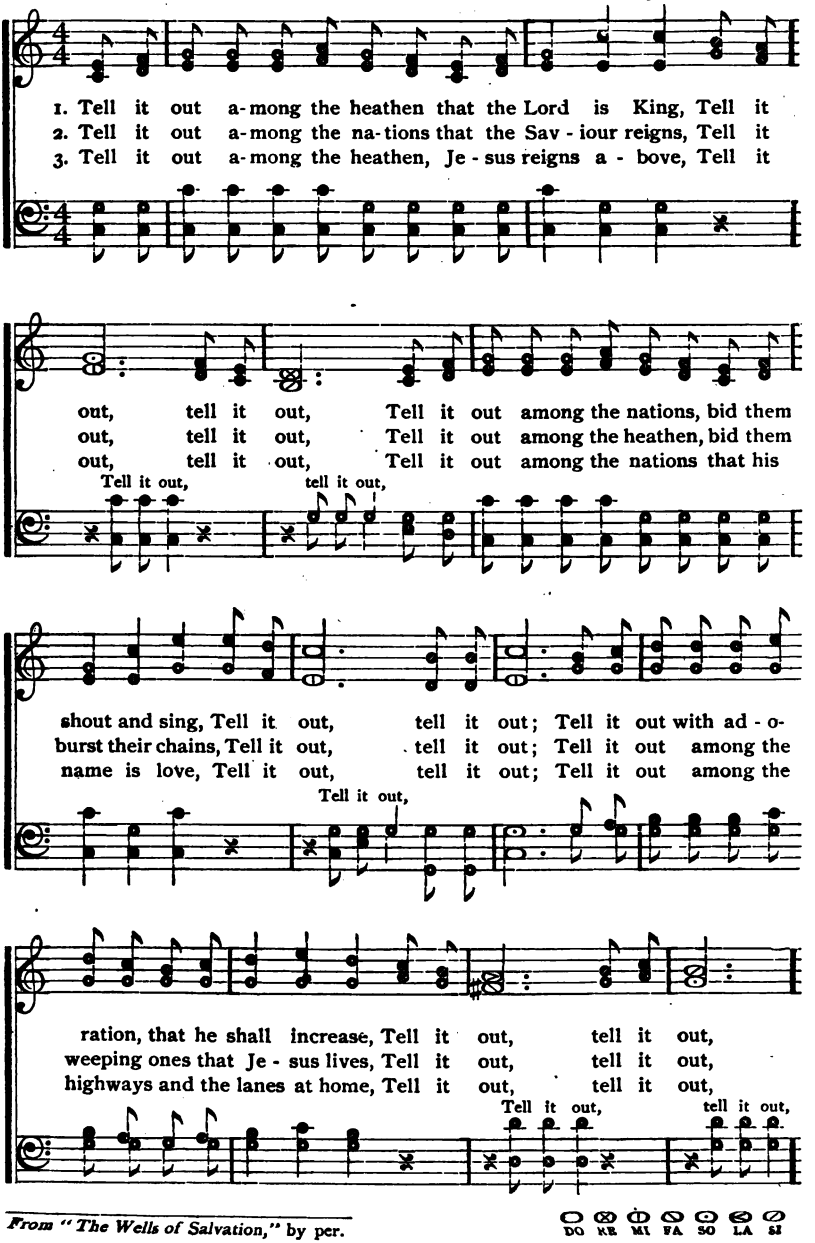
From "*Anthems & Voluntaries*," by per.

# Tell it Out.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Tell it out a-mong the heathen that the Lord is King, Tell it
2. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Sav-iour reigns, Tell it
3. Tell it out a-mong the heathen, Je-sus reigns a-bove, Tell it
out, tell it out, Tell it out among the nations, bid them
out, tell it out, Tell it out among the heathen, bid them
out, tell it out, Tell it out among the nations that his
Tell it out, tell it out,
shout and sing, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out with ad-o-
burst their chains, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the
name is love, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the
Tell it out,
ration, that he shall increase, Tell it out, tell it out,
weeping ones that Je-sus lives, Tell it out, tell it out,
highways and the lanes at home, Tell it out, tell it out,
Tell it out, tell it out,

*From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.*

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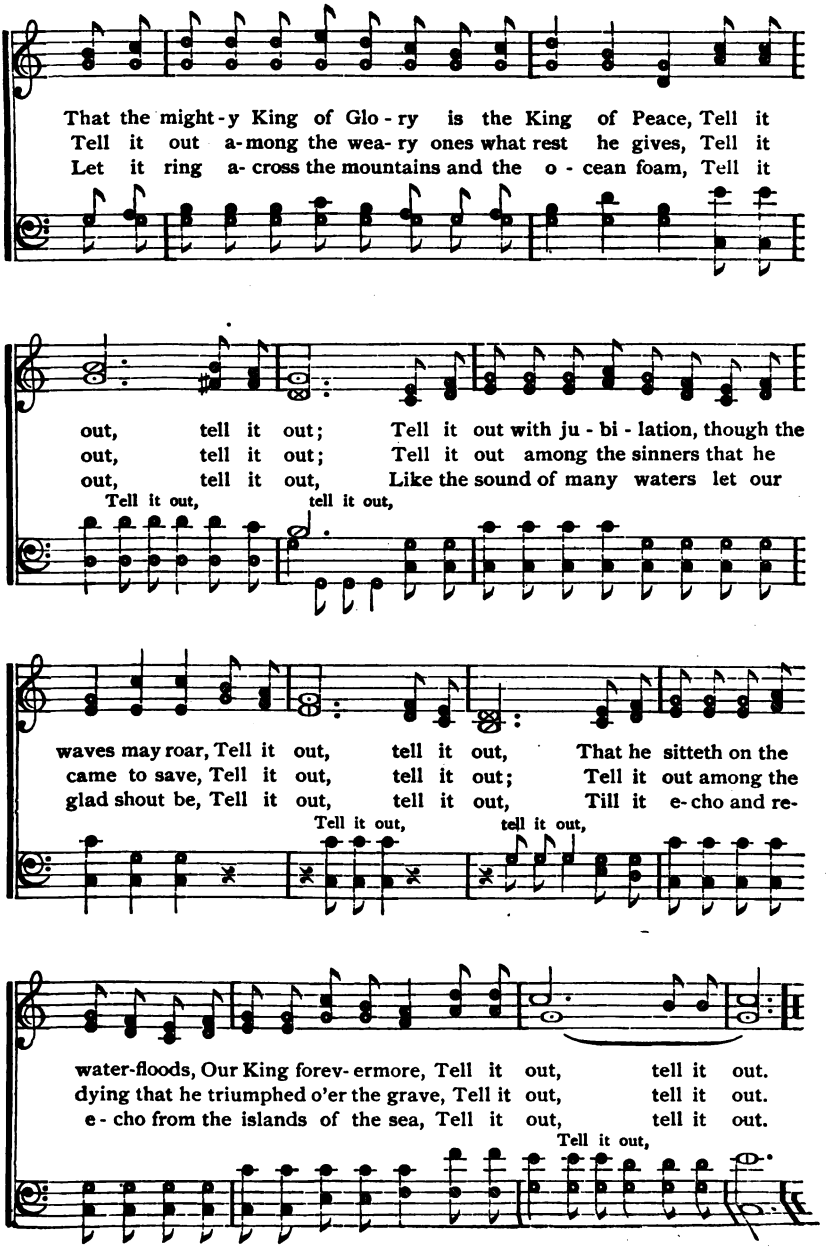
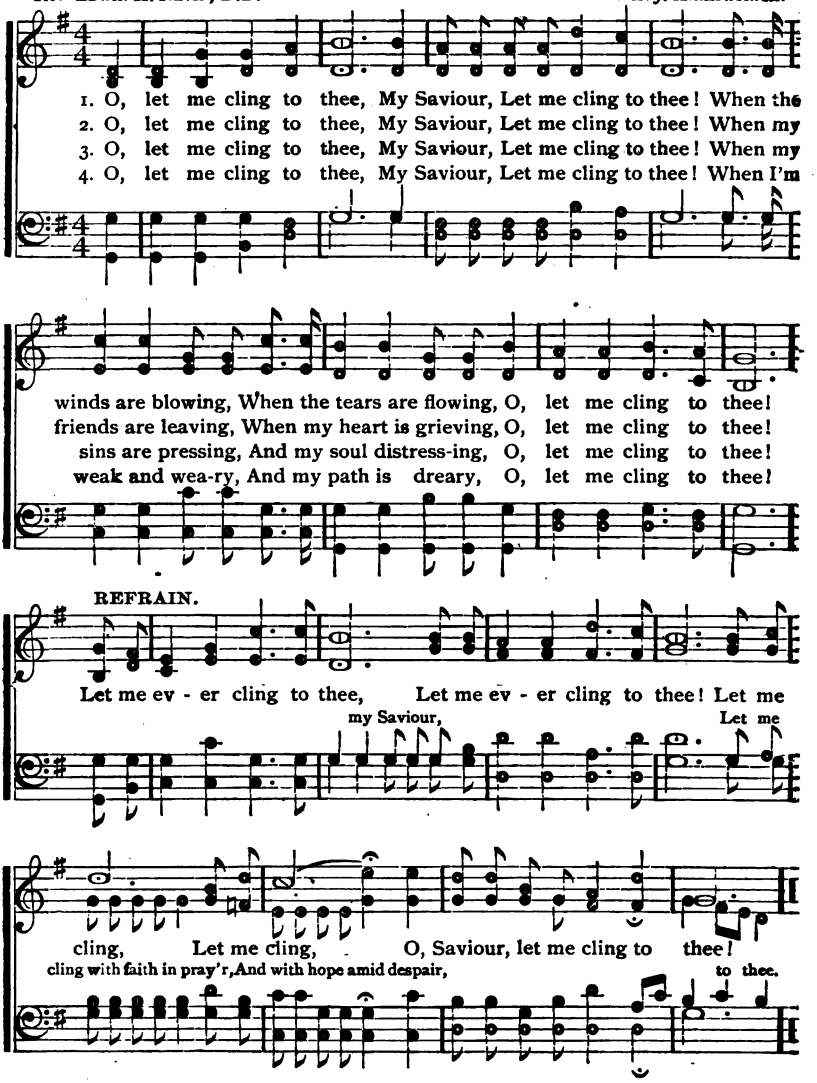

That the might-y King of Glo-ry is the King of Peace, Tell it
Tell it out a-mong the wea-ry ones what rest he gives, Tell it
Let it ring a-cross the mountains and the o-cean foam, Tell it
out, tell it out; Tell it out with ju-bi-lation, though the
out, tell it out; Tell it out among the sinners that he
out, tell it out, Like the sound of many waters let our
Tell it out,
tell it out,
waves may roar, Tell it out, tell it out, That he sitteth on the
came to save, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the
glad shout be, Tell it out, tell it out, Till it e-cho and re-
Tell it out,
tell it out,
water-floods, Our King forev-ermore, Tell it out, tell it out.
dying that he triumphed o'er the grave, Tell it out, tell it out.
e-cho from the islands of the sea, Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out,

# Let me Cling to Thee.

Rev Edwin H. Nevin, D.D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When the
2. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When my
3. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When my
4. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When I'm
winds are blowing, When the tears are flowing, O, let me cling to thee!
friends are leaving, When my heart is grieving, O, let me cling to thee!
sins are pressing, And my soul distress-ing, O, let me cling to thee!
weak and wea-ry, And my path is dreary, O, let me cling to thee!
REFRAIN.
Let me ev - er cling to thee, Let me ev - er cling to thee! Let me
my Saviour,
Let me
cling, Let me cling, O, Saviour, let me cling to thee!
cling with faith in pray'r, And with hope amid despair,
to thee.

5 O, let me cling to thee,
My Saviour,
Let me cling to thee!
When the cloud is o'er me,
And the storm before me,
*O, let me* cling to thee!

6 O, let me cling to thee,
My Saviour,
Let me cling to thee!
When I cross the river,
Which from earth doth sever,
O, let me cling to thee!

*From "Leaflet Gems," No. 2. by per.*

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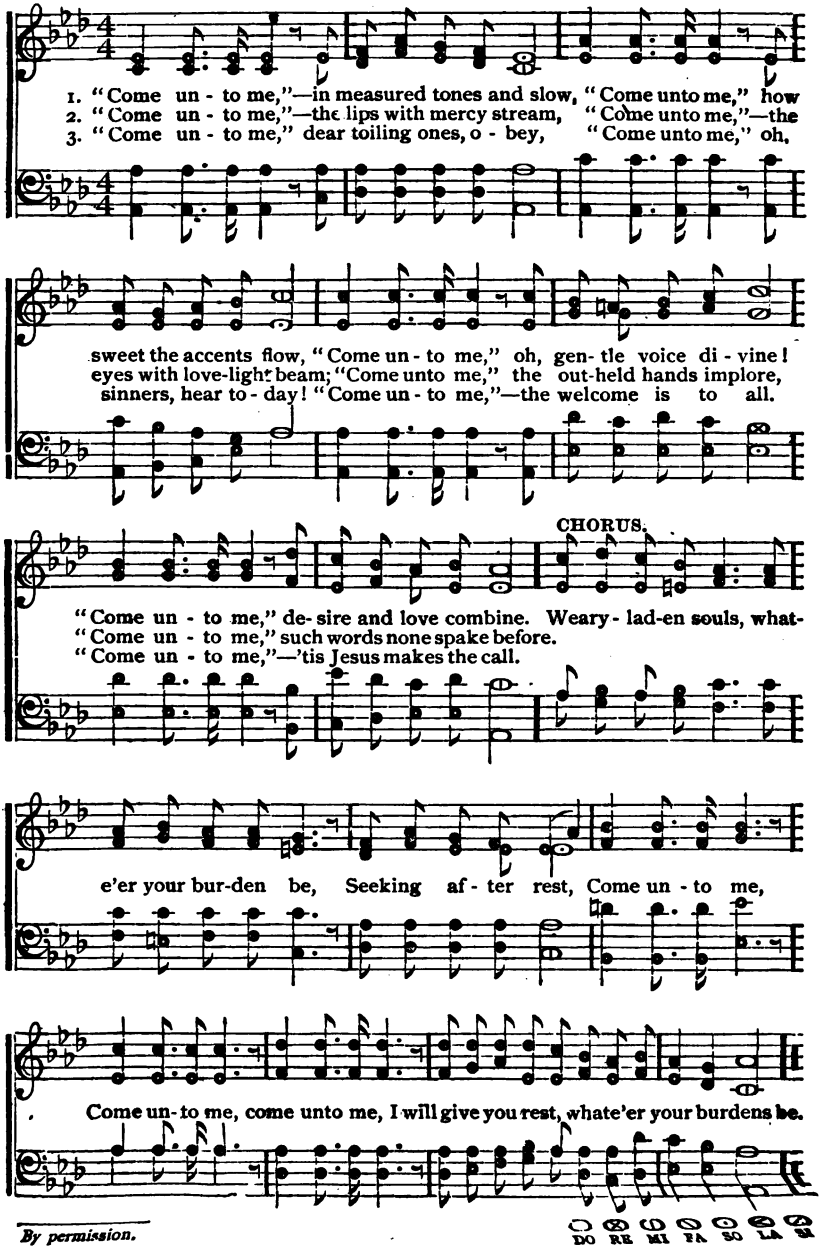
# Come unto Me.

J. P. Mills. T. C. O'Kane.

1. "Come un - to me,"—in measured tones and slow, "Come unto me," how
2. "Come un - to me,"—the lips with mercy stream, "Come unto me,"—the
3. "Come un - to me," dear toiling ones, o - bey, "Come unto me," oh,
sweet the accents flow, "Come un - to me," oh, gen- tle voice di - vine!
eyes with love-light beam; "Come unto me," the out-held hands implore,
sinners, hear to - day! "Come un - to me,"—the welcome is to all.
CHORUS.
"Come un - to me," de- sire and love combine. Weary - lad-en souls, what-
"Come un - to me," such words none spake before.
"Come un - to me,"—'tis Jesus makes the call.
e'er your bur-den be, Seeking af - ter rest, Come un - to me,
Come un-to me, come unto me, I will give you rest, whate'er your burdens be.
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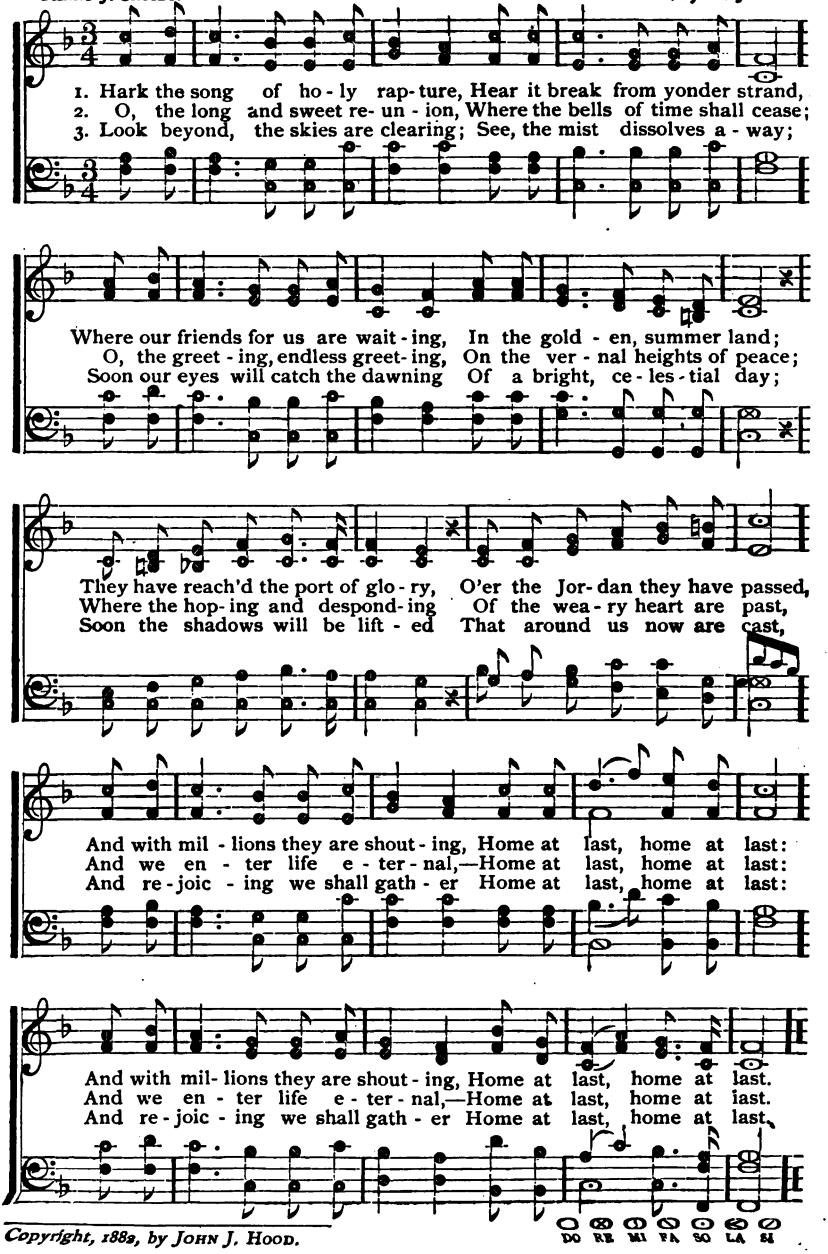
*By permission.*

# Home at Last.

Melody by M. Lindsay.
Arr. by W. J. K.

Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Hark the song of ho - ly rap- ture, Hear it break from yonder strand,
2. O, the long and sweet re- un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease;
3. Look beyond, the skies are clearing; See, the mist dissolves a - way;
Where our friends for us are wait - ing, In the gold - en, summer land;
O, the greet - ing, endless greet- ing, On the ver - nal heights of peace;
Soon our eyes will catch the dawning Of a bright, ce - les - tial day;
They have reach'd the port of glo - ry, O'er the Jor- dan they have passed,
Where the hop- ing and despond- ing Of the wea - ry heart are past,
Soon the shadows will be lift - ed That around us now are cast,
And with mil - lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last:
And we en - ter life e - ter - nal,—Home at last, home at last:
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last:
And with mil- lions they are shout - ing, Home at last, home at last.
And we en - ter life e - ter - nal,—Home at last, home at last.
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last.
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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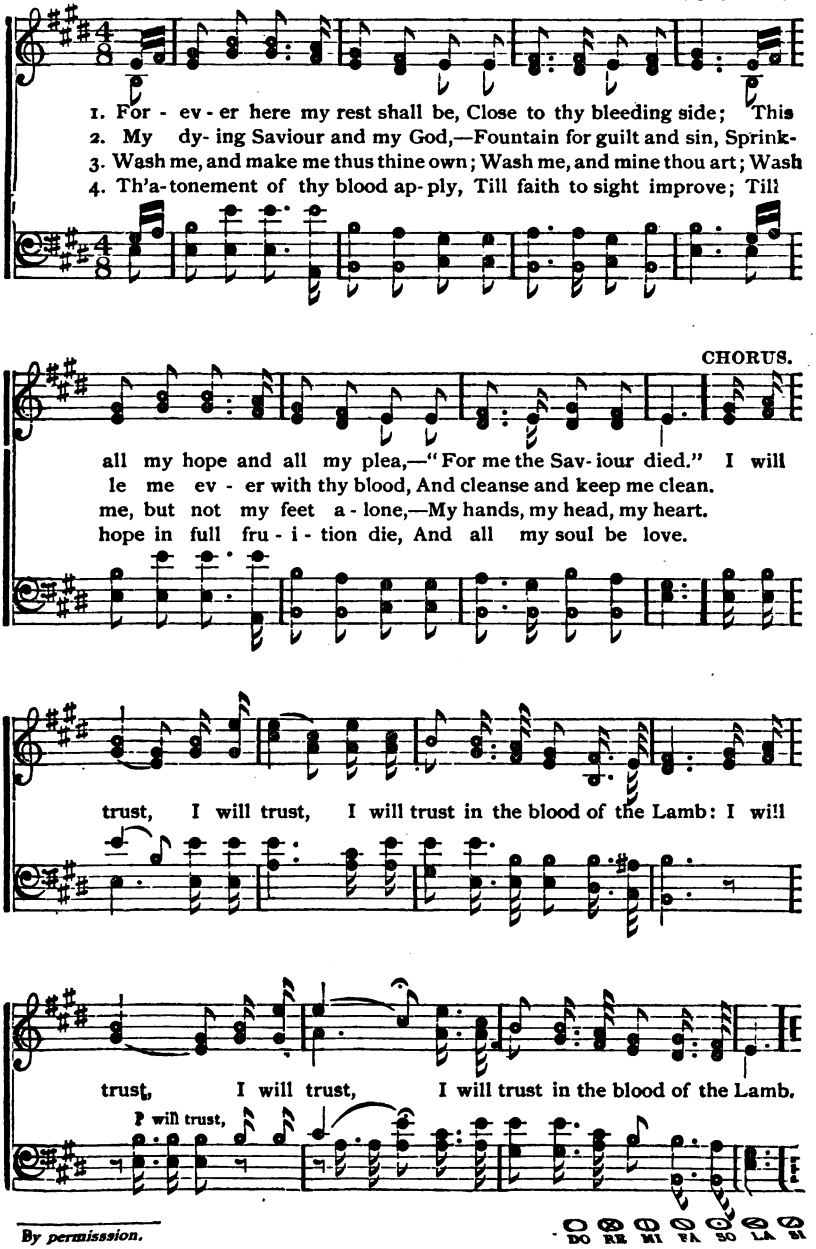
# I will Trust in the Blood.

C. Wesley. T. C. O'Kane.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; This
2. My dy- ing Saviour and my God,—Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprink-
3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash
4. Th'a-tonement of thy blood ap- ply, Till faith to sight improve; Till
CHORUS.
all my hope and all my plea,—"For me the Sav- iour died." I will
le me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
me, but not my feet a - lone,—My hands, my head, my heart.
hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.
trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb: I will
trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.
I will trust,

By permission.

# Arise and Shine.

H. Bonar. J. J. Hood.

1. Out of darkness in-to light Je-sus calls the sons of night,
2. From this world's alluring snares, From its per-ils and its cares,
3. From the van-i-ties of youth, In-to rest, and love, and truth,

Out of midnight in-to day Je-sus bids us come a-way.
From its van-i-ty and strife, Je-sus beckons us to life.
In-to joy that nev-er palls, Je-sus in his mer-cy calls.

CHORUS.

A-rise, a-rise, . . . . a-rise and shine; . . . A-rise, a-
A-rise, a-rise, a-rise and shine;
rise, . . . thy light is come; . . . Arise and shine, . . . thy light is
Arise, arise, thy light is come; Arise and shine,
come, . . . . The glo-ry of the Lord is risen up-on our gloom.
thy light is come,

*rit.*

*By permission.*

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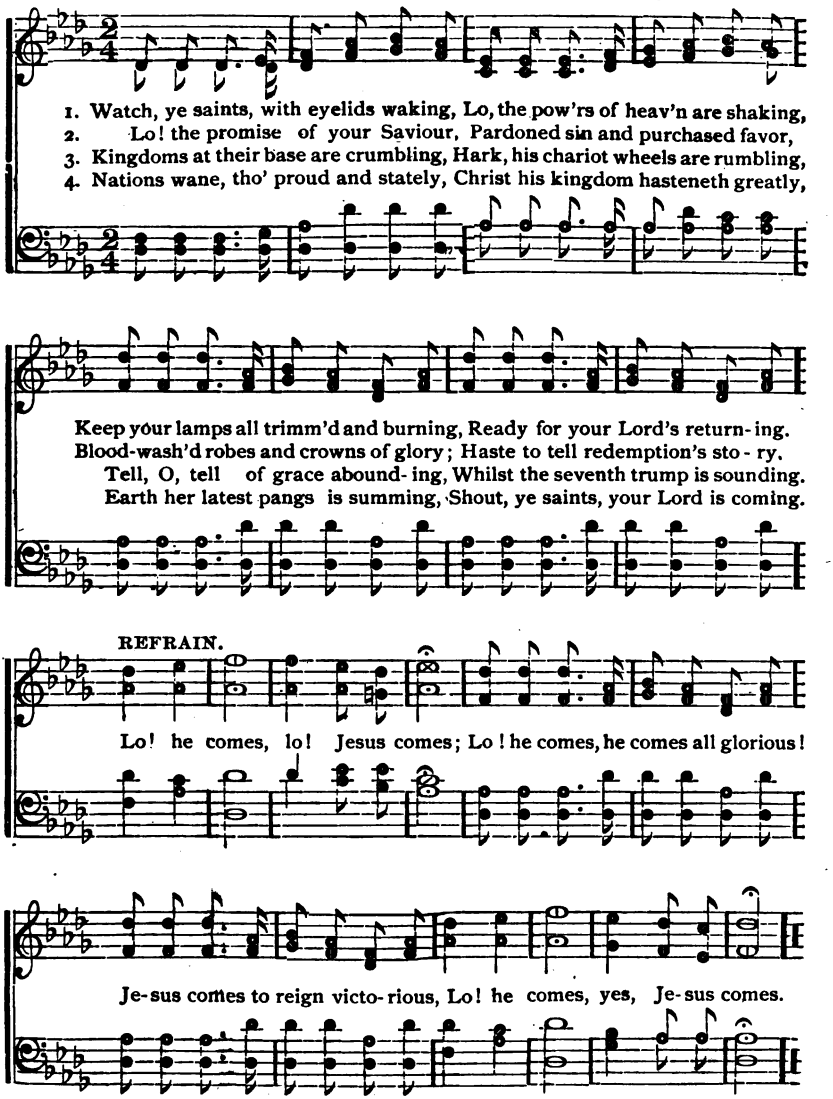
# Jesus Comes.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids waking, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking,
2. Lo! the promise of your Saviour, Pardoned sin and purchased favor,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, his chariot wheels are rumbling,
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ his kingdom hasteneth greatly,
Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Ready for your Lord's return-ing.
Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's sto-ry.
Tell, O, tell of grace abound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
Earth her latest pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.
REFRAIN.
Lo! he comes, lo! Jesus comes; Lo! he comes, he comes all glorious!
Je-sus comes to reign victo-rious, Lo! he comes, yes, Je-sus comes.

5 Lamb of God!—thou meek and lowly,
Judah's Lion!—high and holy,
Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet thee,
All in blood-washed robes to greet thee,

6 Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading,
Now for you he's interceding;
Haste, ere grace and time diminished
Shall proclaim the mystery finished.

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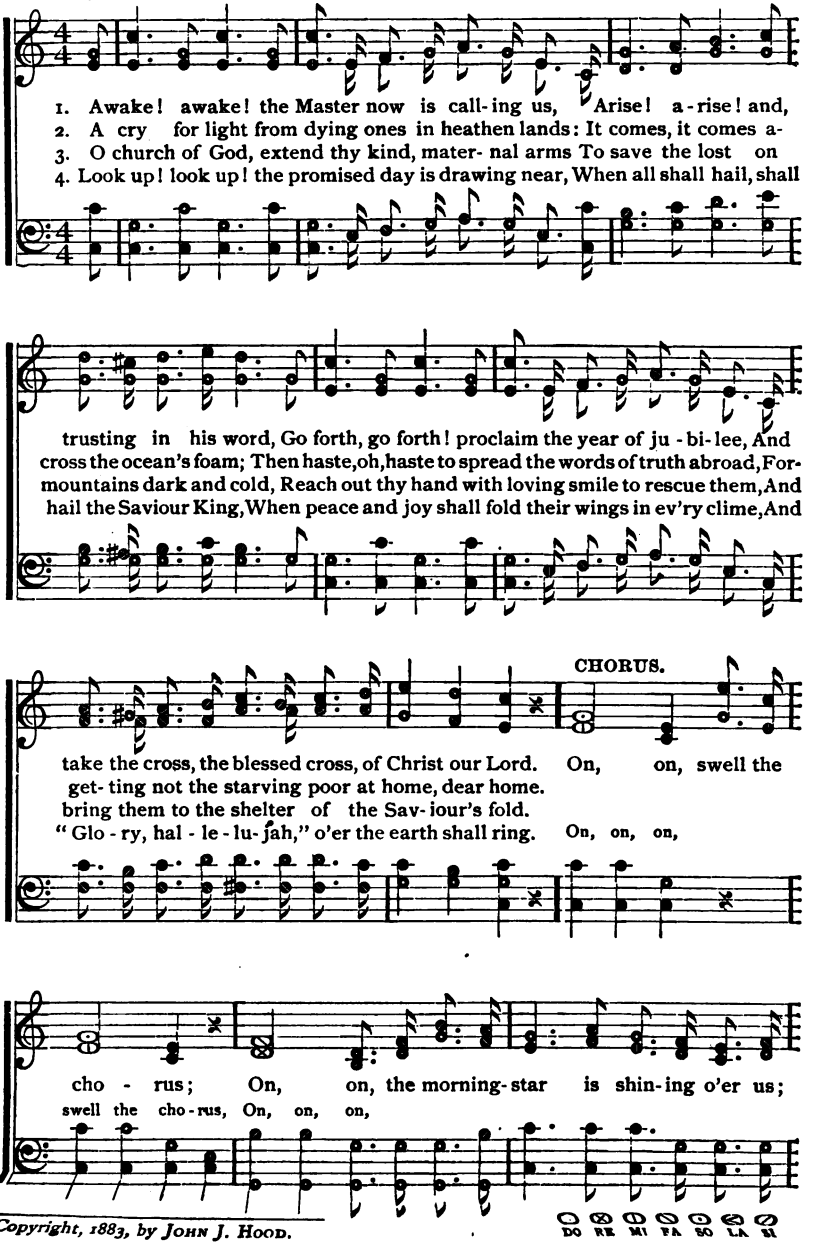
# Church Rallying Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Awake! awake! the Master now is call-ing us, Arise! a-rise! and,
2. A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands: It comes, it comes a-
3. O church of God, extend thy kind, mater- nal arms To save the lost on
4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall
trusting in his word, Go forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju-bi-lee, And
cross the ocean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad, For-
mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them, And
hail the Saviour King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime, And
CHORUS.
take the cross, the blessed cross, of Christ our Lord. On, on, swell the
get- ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
bring them to the shelter of the Sav-iour's fold.
" Glo - ry, hal - le - lu- jah," o'er the earth shall ring. On, on, on,
cho - rus; On, on, the morning-star is shin-ing o'er us;
swell the cho-rus, On, on, on,

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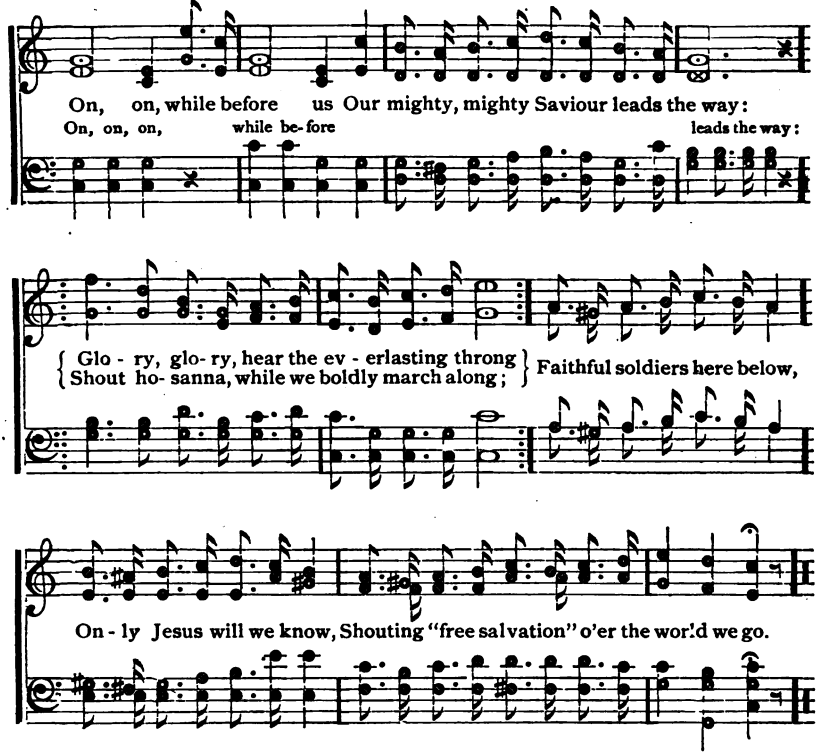

On, on, while before us Our mighty, mighty Saviour leads the way:
On, on, on, while be-fore leads the way:
{ Glo - ry, glo- ry, hear the ev - erlasting throng
{ Shout ho- sanna, while we boldly march along; } Faithful soldiers here below,
On - ly Jesus will we know, Shouting "free salvation" o'er the wor!d we go.

F. J. C. **Christmas Carol.—Awake! awake!** Tune above.

1 Awake! awake! our festive day is dawning now,
Awake! awake! and hail its golden light;
Rejoice! rejoice! behold the Sun of Righteousness
Arising in its beauty o'er a long, long night.

*Cho.*—Come, come, join the chorus,
Come, come, the angel hosts are bending o'er us;
Come, come, join the chorus,—
All glory be to God, to God above.
Oh, the rapture of the bright angelic form,
Oh, the rapture while the anthem rolls along.
Hark! the merry, merry bells,
Everywhere their music swells;
Hark! the merry chiming of the grand old bells.

3 Good news, good news resounding o'er the earth again,
Good news, good news: behold a Saviour born;
Make room, make room in every heart to welcome him,
And shout aloud, hosanna! on his birthday morn.

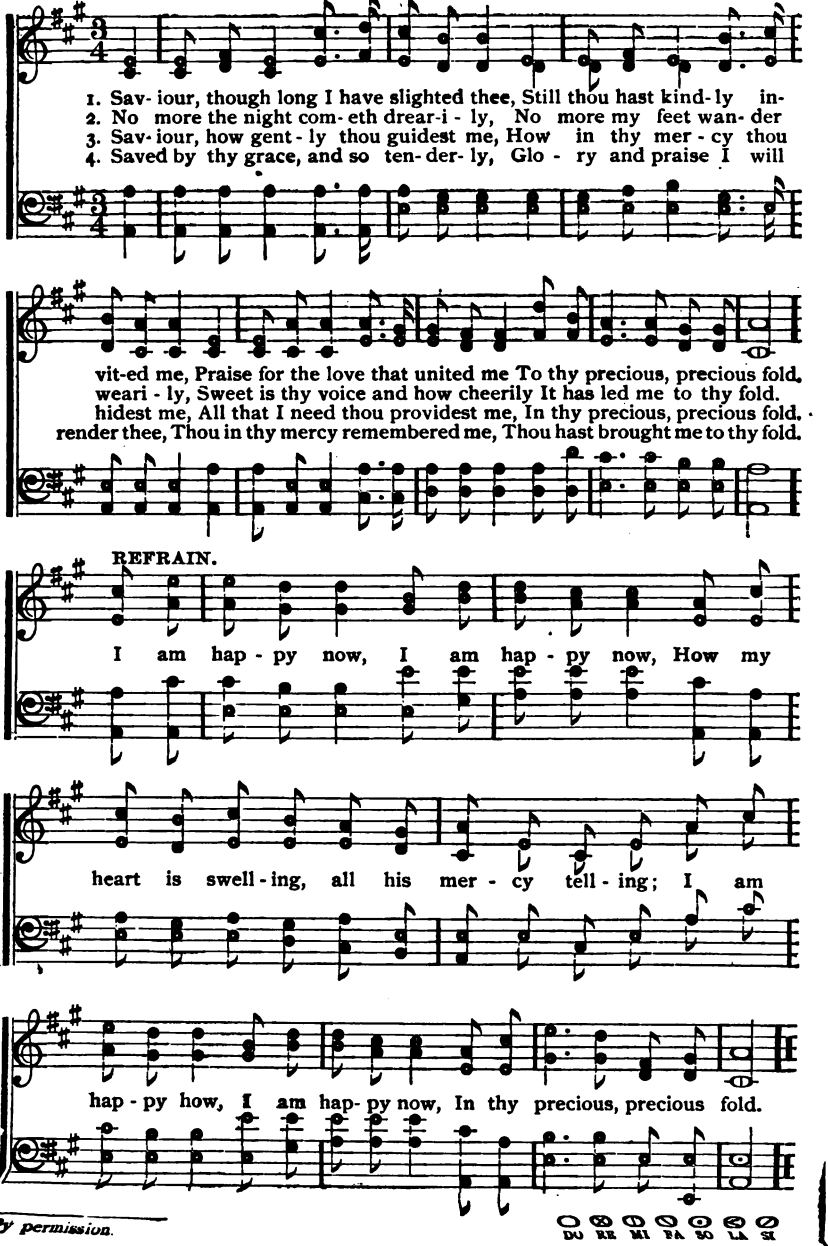
4 He comes, he comes, the captive's cruel chain to break,
He comes, he comes to give his people rest;
Break forth, break forth, his mighty, mighty love proclaim;
In him shall every nation, every clime, be blessed.

From "*Hood's Carols,*" *by per.*



DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Thy precious, precious Fold.

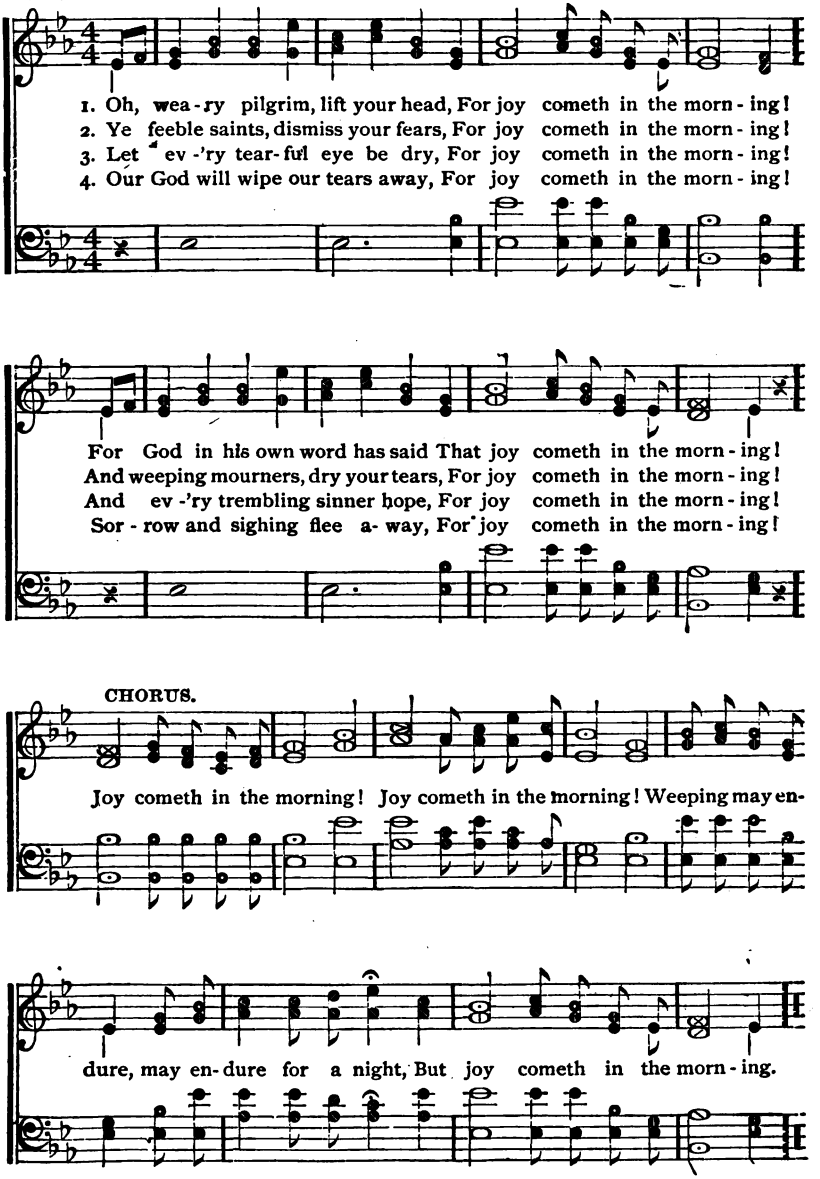
SALLIE SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sav- iour, though long I have slighted thee, Still thou hast kind- ly in-
2. No more the night com- eth drear-i - ly, No more my feet wan- der
3. Sav- iour, how gent - ly thou guidest me, How in thy mer - cy thou
4. Saved by thy grace, and so ten- der- ly, Glo - ry and praise I will
vit-ed me, Praise for the love that united me To thy precious, precious fold.
weari - ly, Sweet is thy voice and how cheerily It has led me to thy fold.
hidest me, All that I need thou providest me, In thy precious, precious fold.
render thee, Thou in thy mercy remembered me, Thou hast brought me to thy fold.
REFRAIN.
I am hap - py now, I am hap - py now, How my
heart is swell - ing, all his mer - cy tell - ing; I am
hap - py how, I am hap- py now, In thy precious, precious fold.

*By permission.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Joy cometh in the morning. 

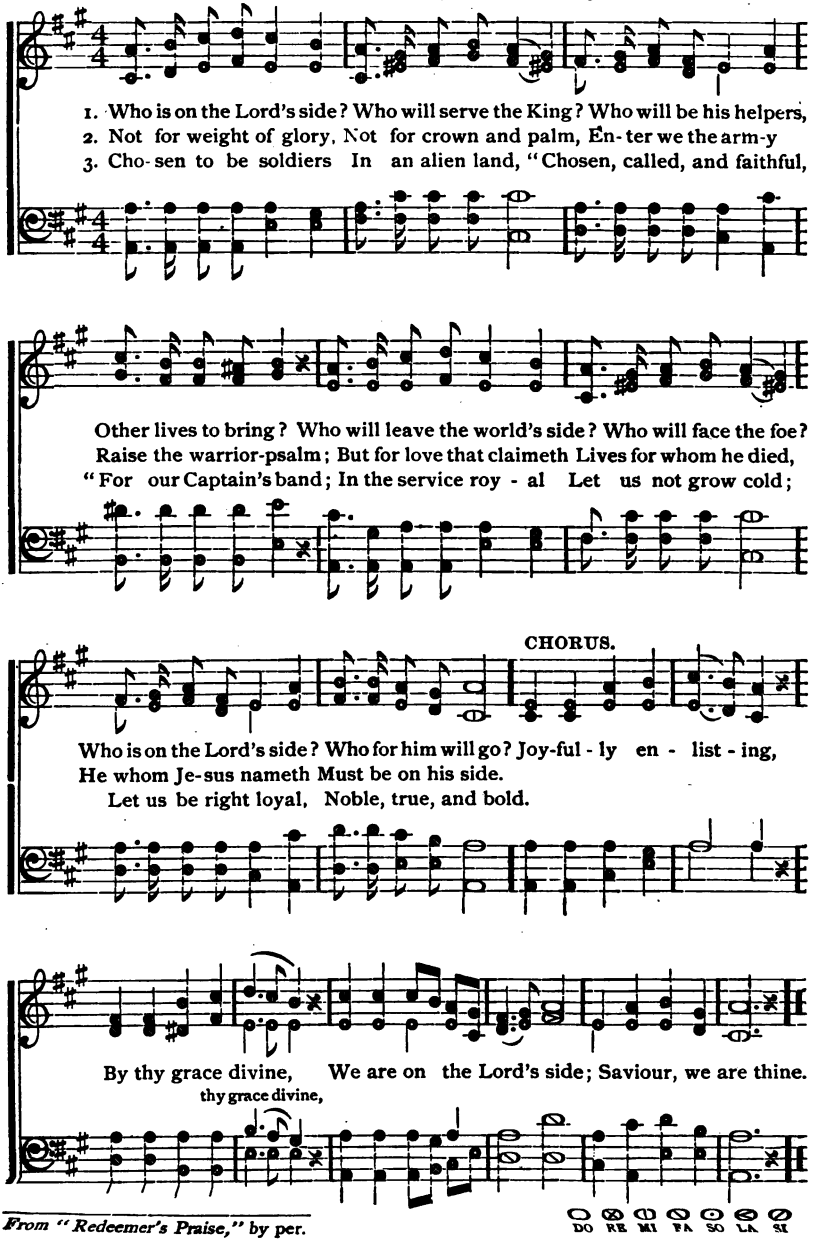
"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Psalm xxx. 5.

Mrs. M. M. Weinland. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Oh, wea-ry pilgrim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
2. Ye feeble saints, dismiss your fears, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
3. Let ev-'ry tear-ful eye be dry, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
4. Our God will wipe our tears away, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
For God in his own word has said That joy cometh in the morn-ing!
And weeping mourners, dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
And ev-'ry trembling sinner hope, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
Sor-row and sighing flee a-way, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
CHORUS.
Joy cometh in the morning! Joy cometh in the morning! Weeping may en-
dure, may en-dure for a night, But joy cometh in the morn-ing.

*From "Holy Voices," by per.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# On the Lord's Side.

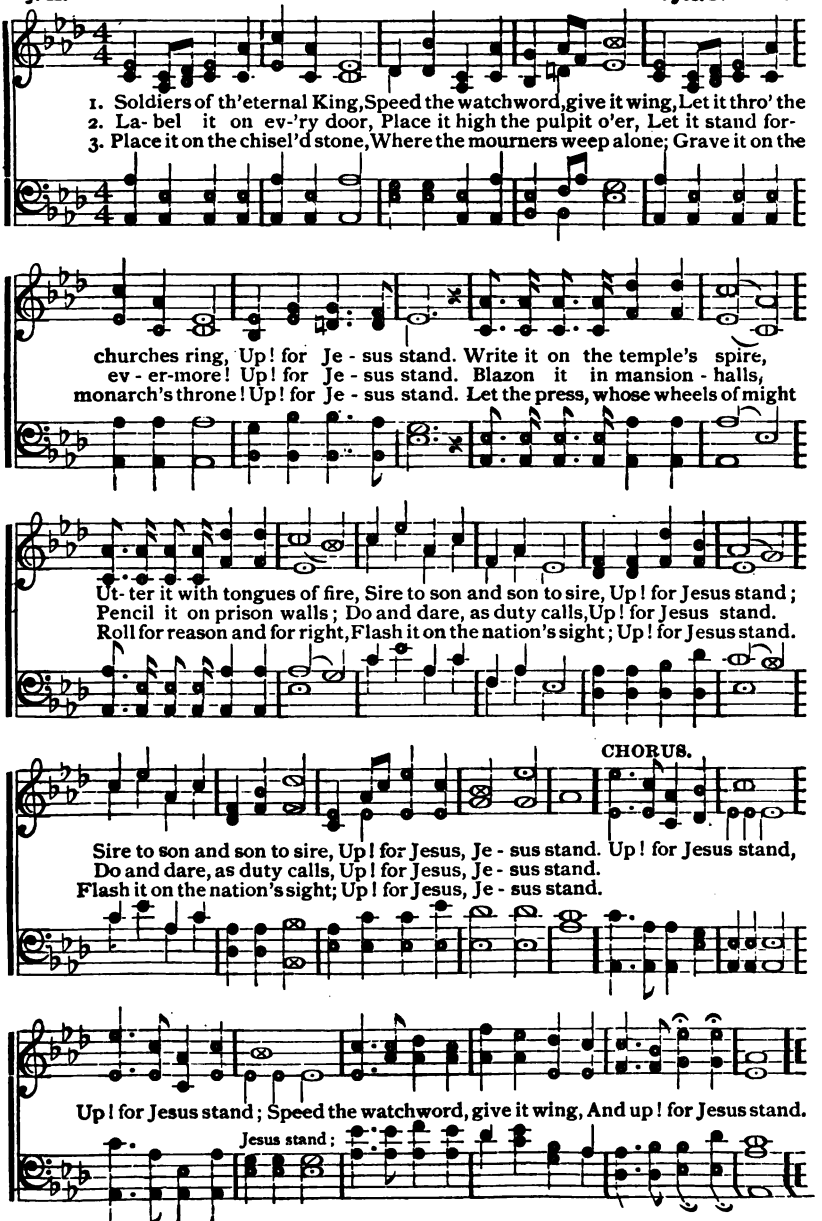
HAVERGAL. "Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse." T. C. O'KANE.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his helpers,
2. Not for weight of glory, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the arm-y
3. Cho-sen to be soldiers In an alien land, "Chosen, called, and faithful,
Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the warrior-psalm; But for love that claimeth Lives for whom he died,
"For our Captain's band; In the service roy - al Let us not grow cold;
CHORUS.
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go? Joy-ful - ly en - list - ing,
He whom Je-sus nameth Must be on his side.
Let us be right loyal, Noble, true, and bold.
By thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are thine.
thy grace divine,

*From "Redeemer's Praise," by per.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Soldiers of th' Eternal King.

J. H.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Soldiers of th'eternal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing, Let it thro' the
2. La- bel it on ev-'ry door, Place it high the pulpit o'er, Let it stand for-
3. Place it on the chisel'd stone, Where the mourners weep alone; Grave it on the
churches ring, Up! for Je - sus stand. Write it on the temple's spire,
ev - er-more! Up! for Je - sus stand. Blazon it in mansion - halls,
monarch's throne! Up! for Je - sus stand. Let the press, whose wheels of might
Ut- ter it with tongues of fire, Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Jesus stand;
Pencil it on prison walls; Do and dare, as duty calls, Up! for Jesus stand.
Roll for reason and for right, Flash it on the nation's sight; Up! for Jesus stand.
CHORUS.
Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand. Up! for Jesus stand,
Do and dare, as duty calls, Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand.
Flash it on the nation's sight; Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand.
Up! for Jesus stand; Speed the watchword, give it wing, And up! for Jesus stand.
Jesus stand;

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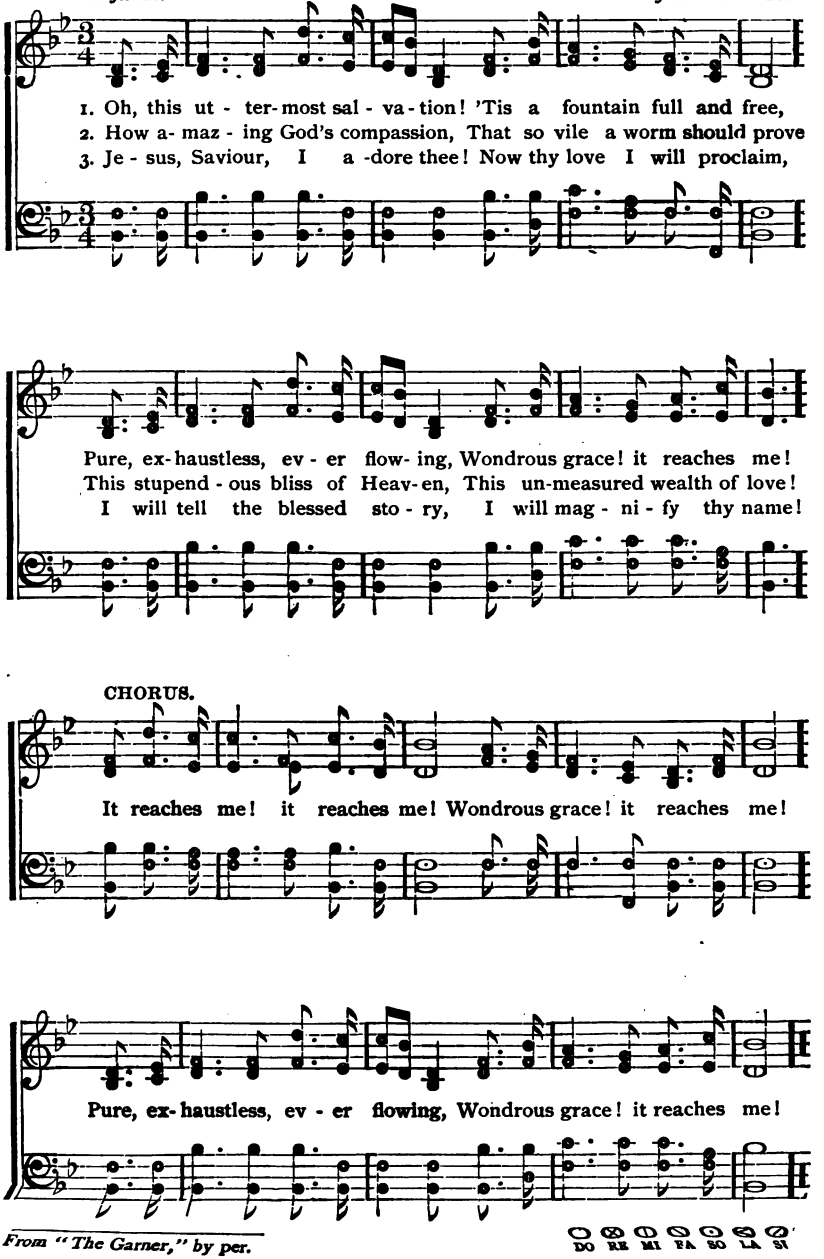
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# It Reaches Me.

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va-tion! 'Tis a fountain full and free,
2. How a- maz - ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Saviour, I a -dore thee! Now thy love I will proclaim,
Pure, ex-haustless, ev - er flow- ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
This stupend - ous bliss of Heav-en, This un-measured wealth of love!
I will tell the blessed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!
CHORUS.
It reaches me! it reaches me! Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
Pure, ex-haustless, ev - er flowing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!

*From "The Garner," by per.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Joy in Heaven.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Moderato.* *rit.*

There is joy, there is joy, There is joy in heaven:

*Andante.*

1. A ransomed soul re - turns, The paths of sin for - sak - ing,
2. A weep - ing sin - ner kneels, The chains of death are bro - ken,
3. No news of pain or care, The jas - per sea o'er-reach - ing,
4. O then to God re - turn,—Come back and be for - giv - en,

And while his sad heart mourns, The harps of God are wak - ing.
And soon his glad heart feels The Sav - iour's welcome spok - en.
But sweet is echoed there The con - trite heart's beseech - ing.
And soon thy heart shall learn To know the joy of heav - en.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

{All the gold-en bells are ring - ing,
{All the an-gel choirs are sing - ing,} All the lov - ing an - gels say,

"There is joy in heav'n to-day, There is joy, there is joy, joy, joy to-day."

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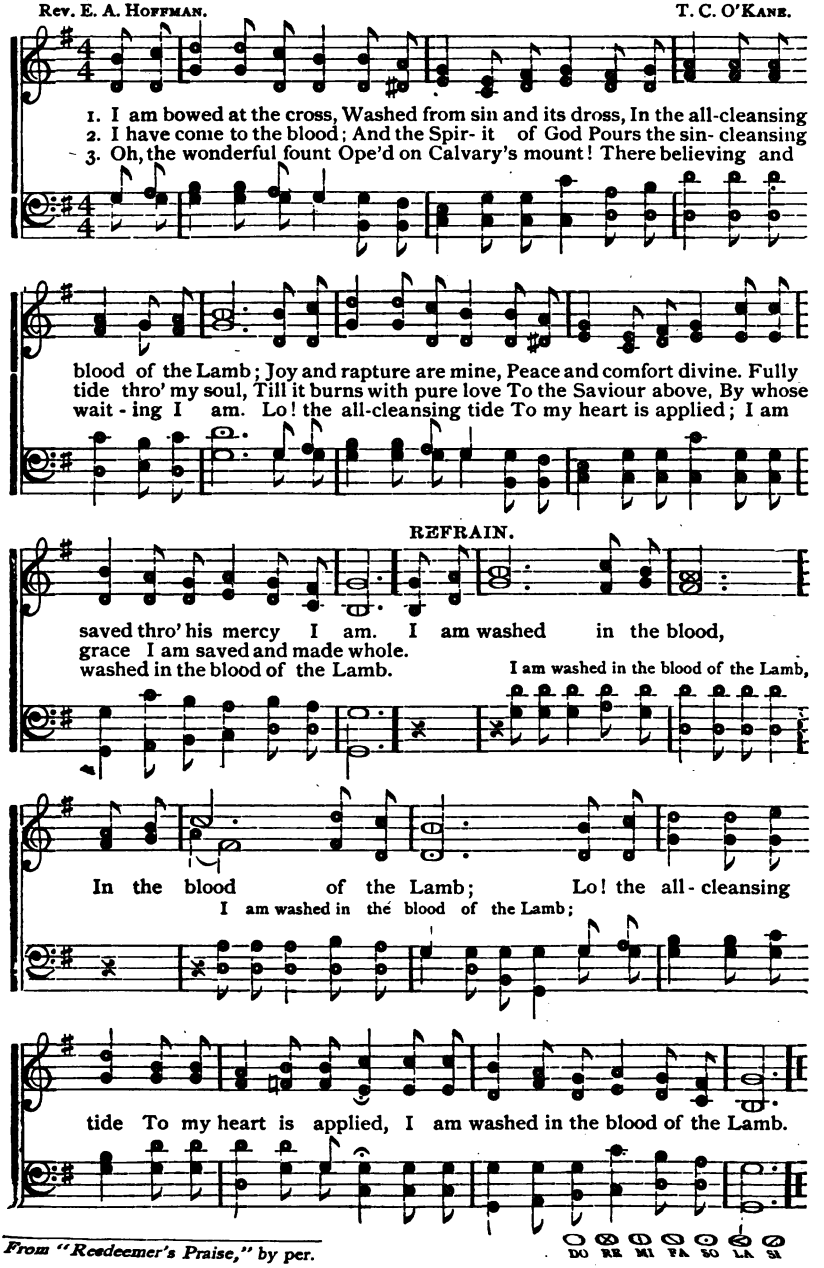
# Washed in the Blood.

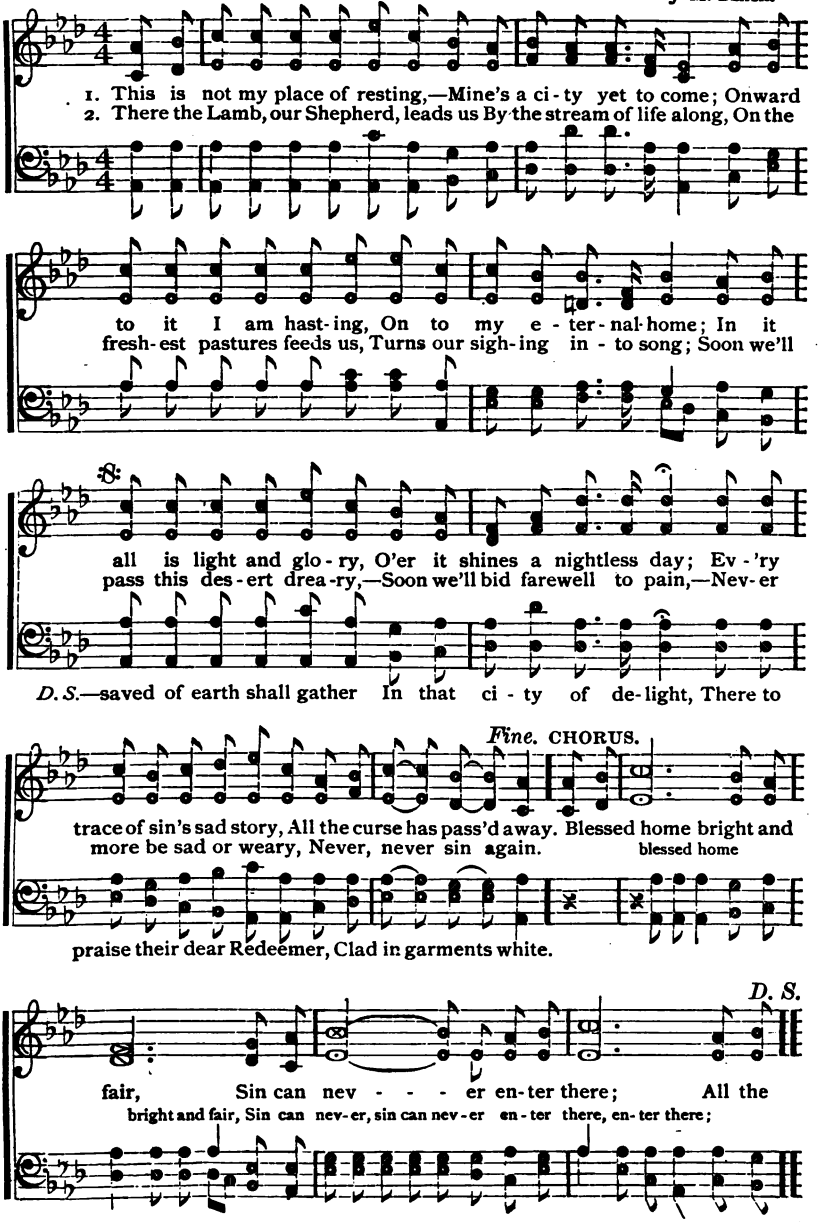
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. T. C. O'Kane.

1. I am bowed at the cross, Washed from sin and its dross, In the all-cleansing
2. I have come to the blood; And the Spir- it of God Pours the sin- cleansing
3. Oh, the wonderful fount Ope'd on Calvary's mount! There believing and
blood of the Lamb; Joy and rapture are mine, Peace and comfort divine. Fully
tide thro' my soul, Till it burns with pure love To the Saviour above, By whose
wait - ing I am. Lo! the all-cleansing tide To my heart is applied; I am
REFRAIN.
saved thro' his mercy I am. I am washed in the blood,
grace I am saved and made whole.
washed in the blood of the Lamb.
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb,
In the blood of the Lamb; Lo! the all - cleansing
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb;
tide To my heart is applied, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

*From "Redeemer's Praise," by per.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Rest Yonder. 105

H. Bonar. J M. Black.


1. This is not my place of resting,—Mine's a ci-ty yet to come; Onward
2. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the stream of life along, On the
to it I am hast-ing, On to my e-ter-nal home; In it
fresh-est pastures feeds us, Turns our sigh-ing in-to song; Soon we'll
all is light and glo-ry, O'er it shines a nightless day; Ev-'ry
pass this des-ert drea-ry,—Soon we'll bid farewell to pain,—Nev-er
D. S.—saved of earth shall gather In that ci-ty of de-light, There to
Fine. CHORUS.
trace of sin's sad story, All the curse has pass'd away. Blessed home bright and
more be sad or weary, Never, never sin again. blessed home
praise their dear Redeemer, Clad in garments white.
D. S.
fair, Sin can nev-er en-ter there; All the
bright and fair, Sin can nev-er, sin can nev-er en-ter there, en-ter there;

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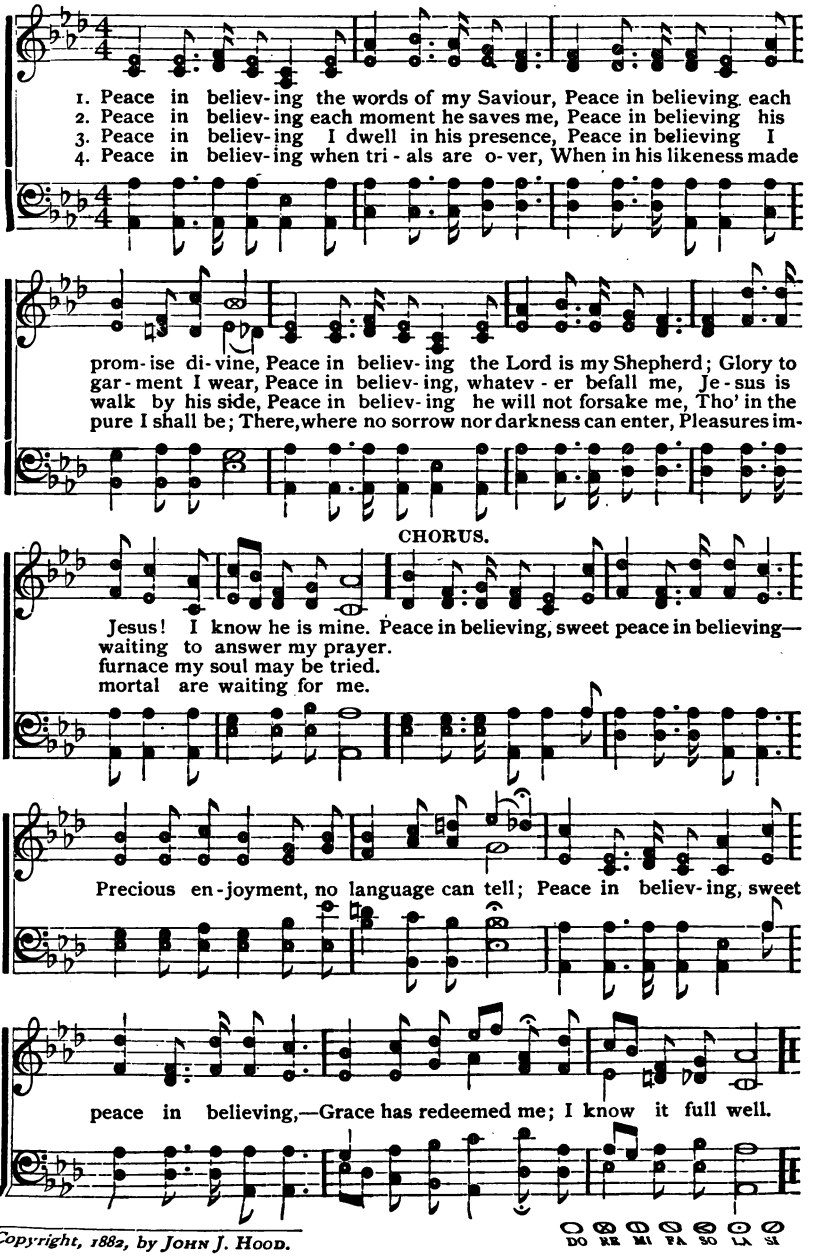
# Peace in Believing.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Peace in believ-ing the words of my Saviour, Peace in believing each
2. Peace in believ-ing each moment he saves me, Peace in believing his
3. Peace in believ-ing I dwell in his presence, Peace in believing I
4. Peace in believ-ing when tri-als are o-ver, When in his likeness made
prom-ise di-vine, Peace in believ-ing the Lord is my Shepherd; Glory to
gar-ment I wear, Peace in believ-ing, whatev-er befall me, Je-sus is
walk by his side, Peace in believ-ing he will not forsake me, Tho' in the
pure I shall be; There, where no sorrow nor darkness can enter, Pleasures im-
CHORUS.
Jesus! I know he is mine. Peace in believing, sweet peace in believing—
waiting to answer my prayer.
furnace my soul may be tried.
mortal are waiting for me.
Precious en-joyment, no language can tell; Peace in believ-ing, sweet
peace in believing,—Grace has redeemed me; I know it full well.

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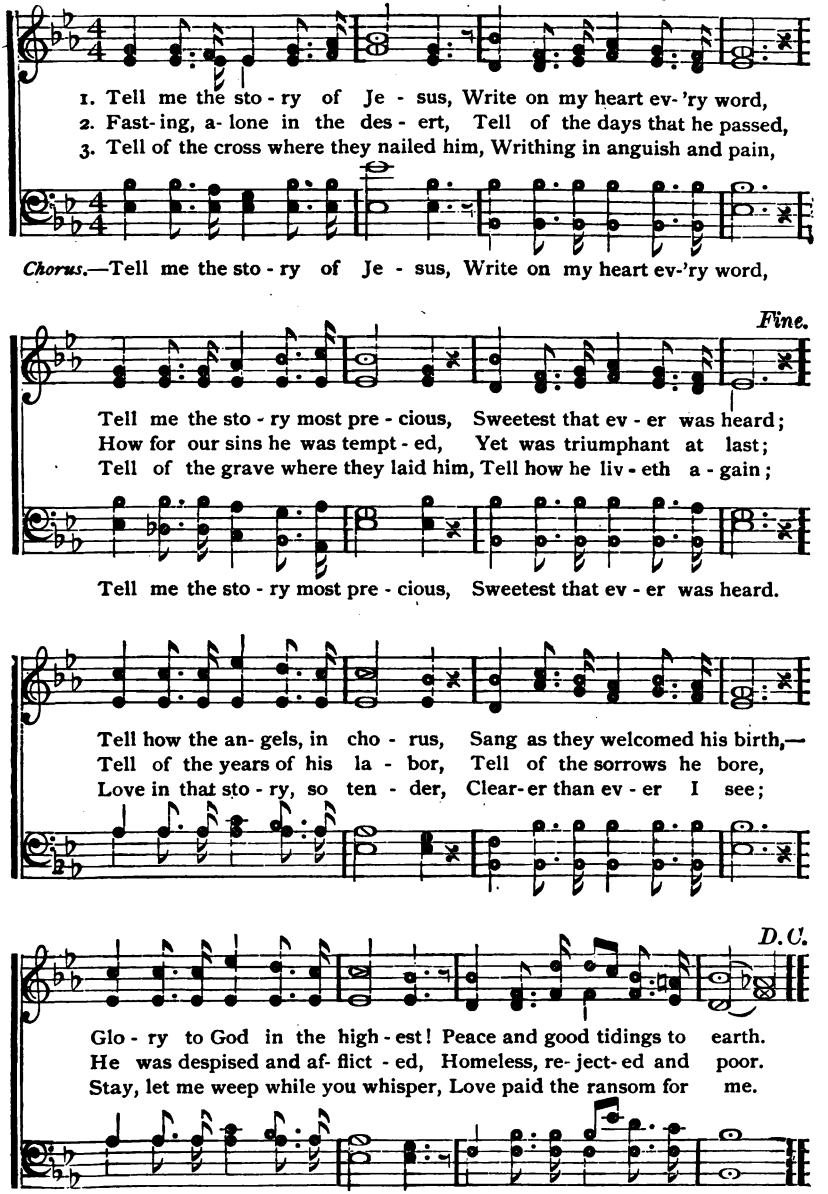
# Tell Me the Story of Jesus. 107

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,
2. Fast-ing, a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain,
Chorus.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,
Fine.
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins he was tempt - ed, Yet was triumphant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a - gain;
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.
Tell how the an- gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth,—
Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sorrows he bore,
Love in that sto - ry, so ten - der, Clear-er than ev - er I see;
D.C.
Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.
He was despised and af- flict - ed, Homeless, re- ject- ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

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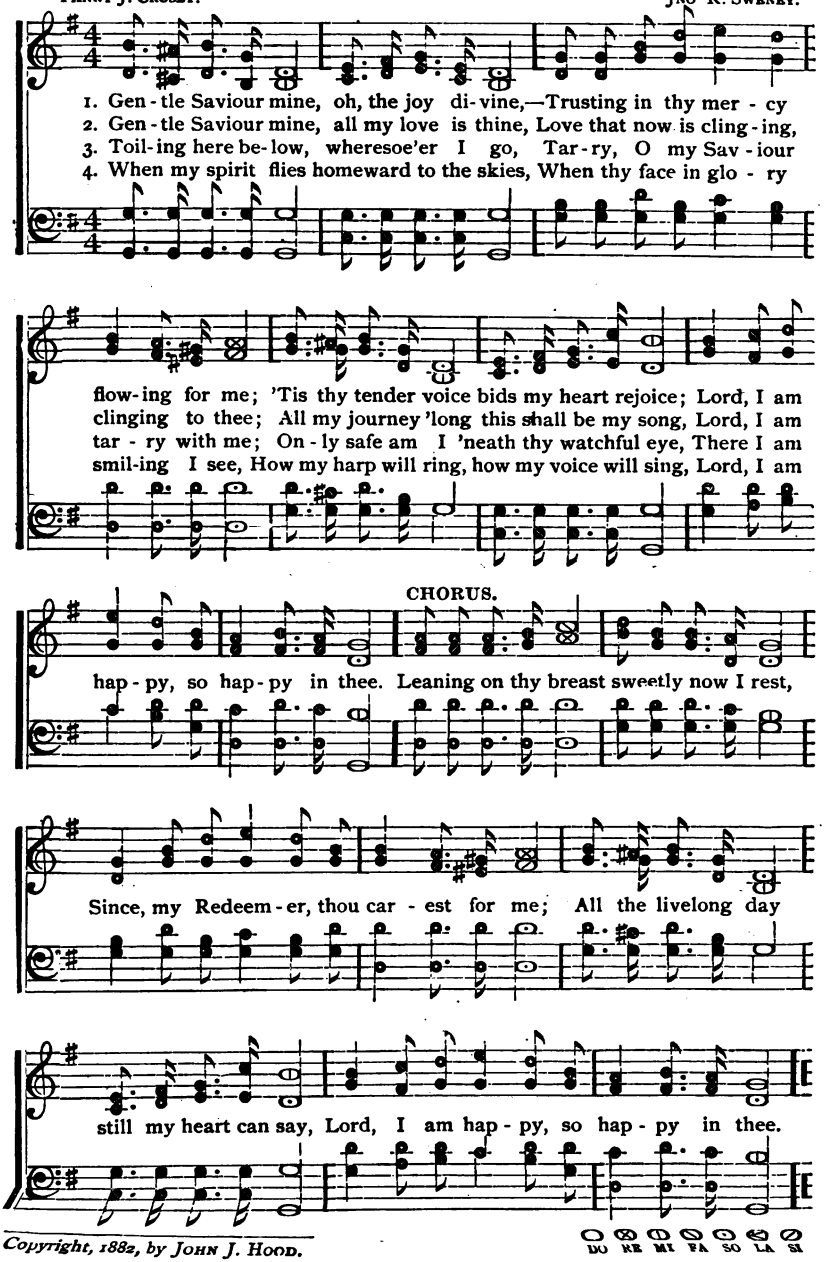
# Happy in Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Gen-tle Saviour mine, oh, the joy di-vine,—Trusting in thy mer-cy
2. Gen-tle Saviour mine, all my love is thine, Love that now is cling-ing,
3. Toil-ing here be-low, wheresoe'er I go, Tar-ry, O my Sav-iour
4. When my spirit flies homeward to the skies, When thy face in glo-ry
flow-ing for me; 'Tis thy tender voice bids my heart rejoice; Lord, I am
clinging to thee; All my journey 'long this shall be my song, Lord, I am
tar-ry with me; On-ly safe am I 'neath thy watchful eye, There I am
smil-ing I see, How my harp will ring, how my voice will sing, Lord, I am
CHORUS.
hap-py, so hap-py in thee. Leaning on thy breast sweetly now I rest,
Since, my Redeem-er, thou car-est for me; All the livelong day
still my heart can say, Lord, I am hap-py, so hap-py in thee.

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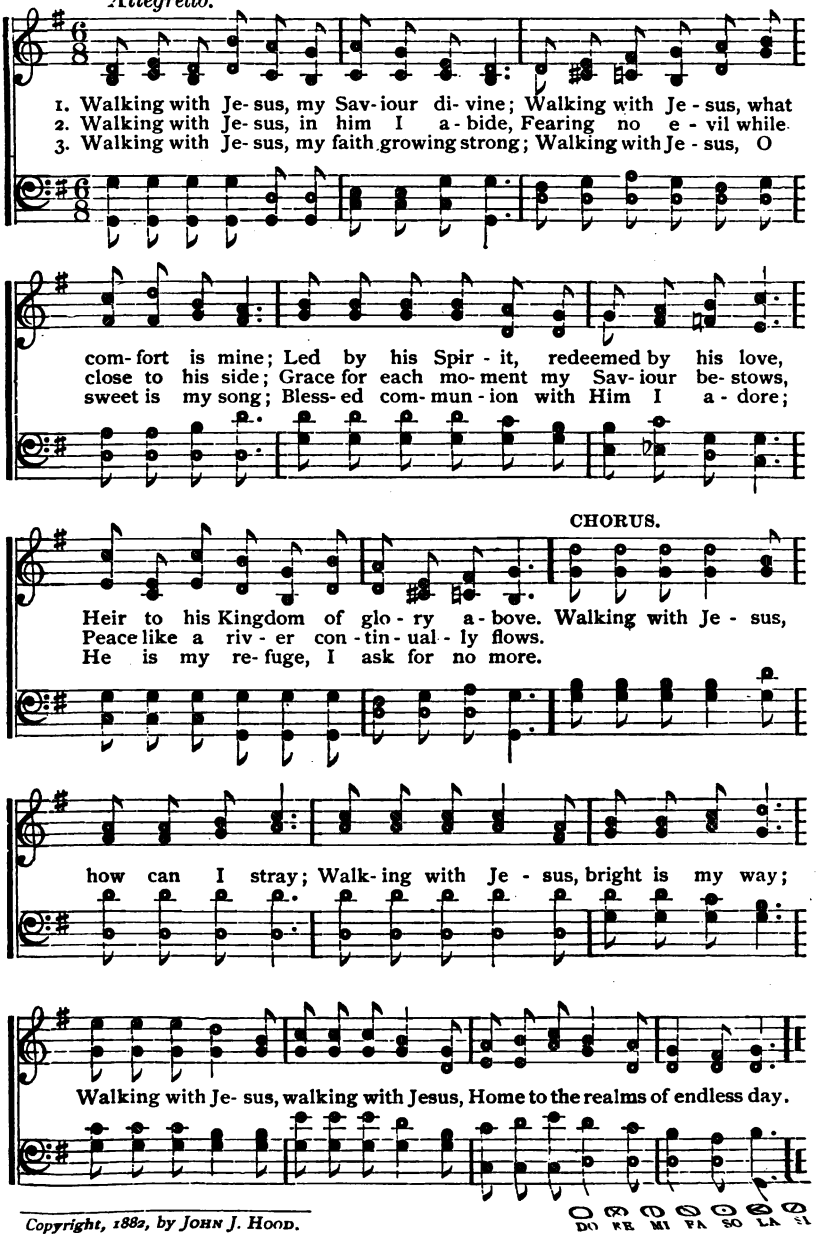
# Walking with Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Allegretto.*


1. Walking with Je- sus, my Sav- iour di- vine; Walking with Je - sus, what
2. Walking with Je- sus, in him I a - bide, Fearing no e - vil while
3. Walking with Je- sus, my faith growing strong; Walking with Je - sus, O
com- fort is mine; Led by his Spir - it, redeemed by his love,
close to his side; Grace for each mo- ment my Sav- iour be- stows,
sweet is my song; Bless- ed com- mun - ion with Him I a - dore;
CHORUS.
Heir to his Kingdom of glo - ry a - bove. Walking with Je - sus,
Peace like a riv - er con - tin - ual - ly flows.
He is my re- fuge, I ask for no more.
how can I stray; Walk- ing with Je - sus, bright is my way;
Walking with Je- sus, walking with Jesus, Home to the realms of endless day.

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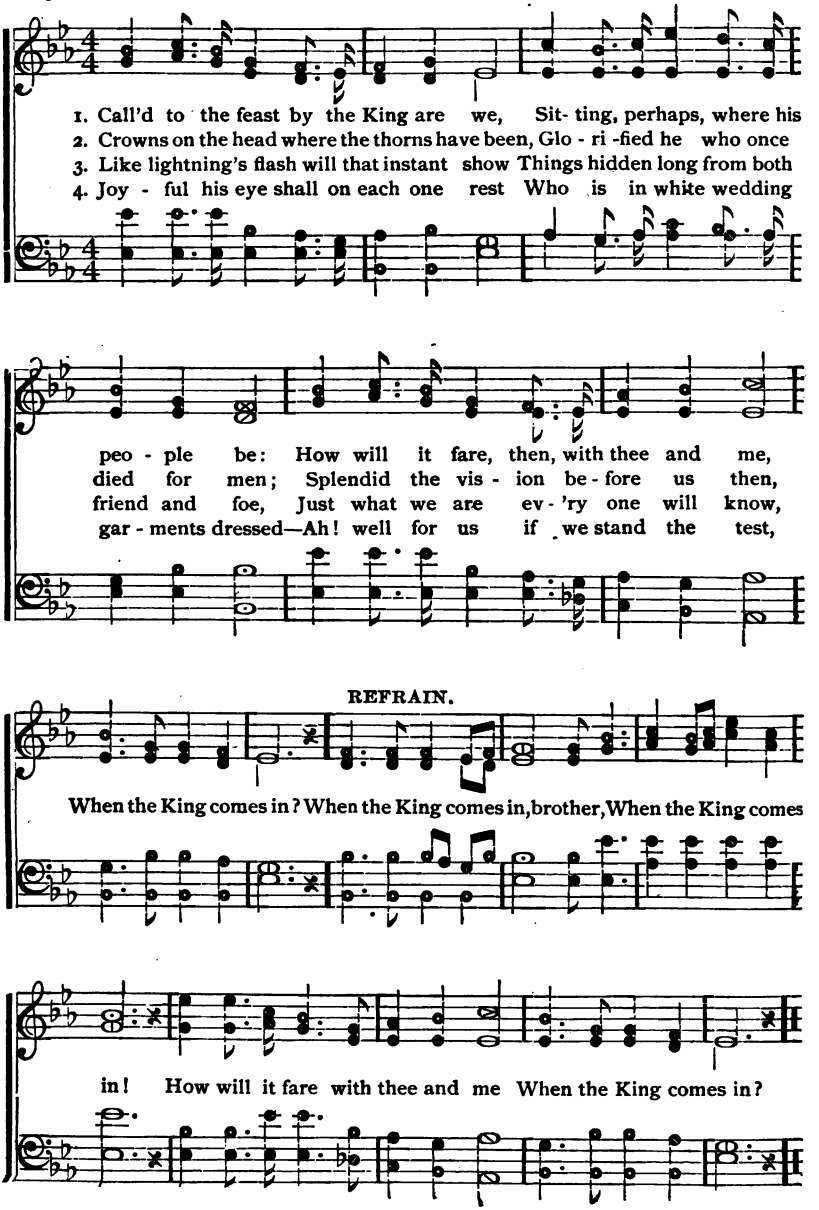
# When the King comes in.

J. E. Landor. Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit- ting, perhaps, where his
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri -fied he who once
3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding
peo - ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
died for men; Splendid the vis - ion be - fore us then,
friend and foe, Just what we are ev - 'ry one will know,
gar - ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,
REFRAIN.
When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes
in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

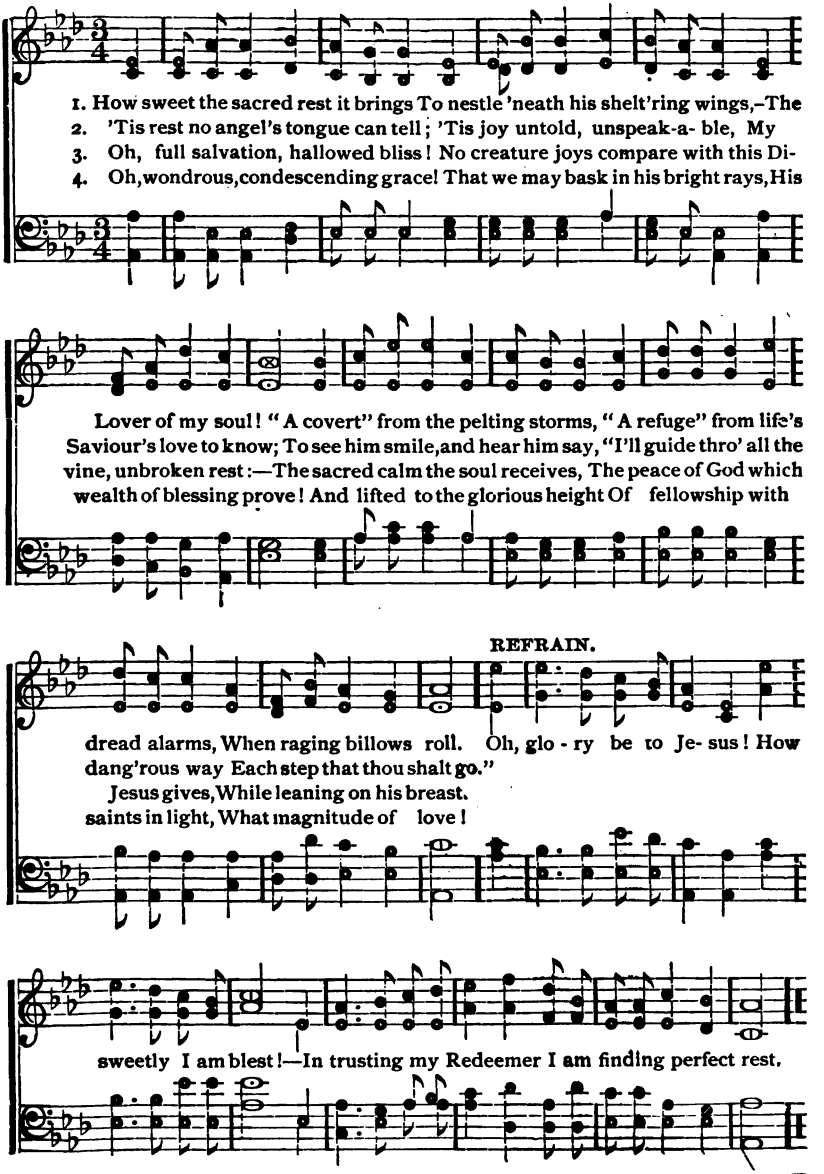
*From "Songs of Grace," by per.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Sacred Rest.

"For we who have believed do enter into rest."

Mrs. Mary D. James. Heb. iv. 3. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. How sweet the sacred rest it brings To nestle 'neath his shelt'ring wings,–The
2. 'Tis rest no angel's tongue can tell; 'Tis joy untold, unspeak-a- ble, My
3. Oh, full salvation, hallowed bliss! No creature joys compare with this Di-
4. Oh, wondrous, condescending grace! That we may bask in his bright rays, His
Lover of my soul! "A covert" from the pelting storms, "A refuge" from life's
Saviour's love to know; To see him smile, and hear him say, "I'll guide thro' all the
vine, unbroken rest:—The sacred calm the soul receives, The peace of God which
wealth of blessing prove! And lifted to the glorious height Of fellowship with
REFRAIN.
dread alarms, When raging billows roll. Oh, glo - ry be to Je- sus! How
dang'rous way Each step that thou shalt go."
Jesus gives, While leaning on his breast.
saints in light, What magnitude of love!
sweetly I am blest!—In trusting my Redeemer I am finding perfect rest.

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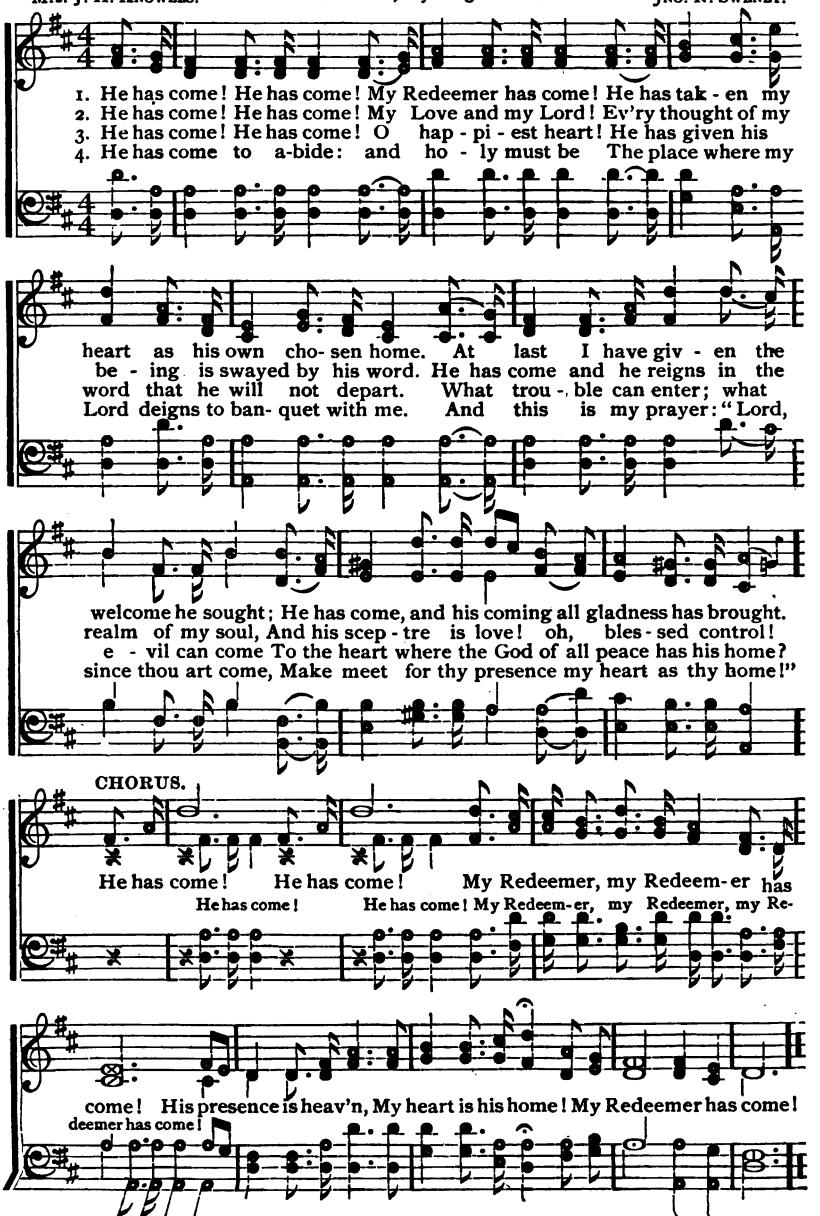
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# He has Come.

[Written after hearing a sermon from Chaplain McCabe, from the text, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Behold, thy King cometh!"

Mrs. J. H. Knowles. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. He has come! He has come! My Redeemer has come! He has tak - en my heart as his own cho- sen home. At last I have giv - en the welcome he sought; He has come, and his coming all gladness has brought.
2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord! Ev'ry thought of my be - ing is swayed by his word. He has come and he reigns in the realm of my soul, And his scep - tre is love! oh, bles - sed control!
3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart! He has given his word that he will not depart. What trou - ble can enter; what e - vil can come To the heart where the God of all peace has his home?
4. He has come to a-bide: and ho - ly must be The place where my Lord deigns to ban- quet with me. And this is my prayer: "Lord, since thou art come, Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home!"
CHORUS.
He has come! He has come! My Redeemer, my Redeem-er has come! His presence is heav'n, My heart is his home! My Redeemer has come!
He has come! He has come! My Redeem-er, my Redeemer, my Re-deemer has come!

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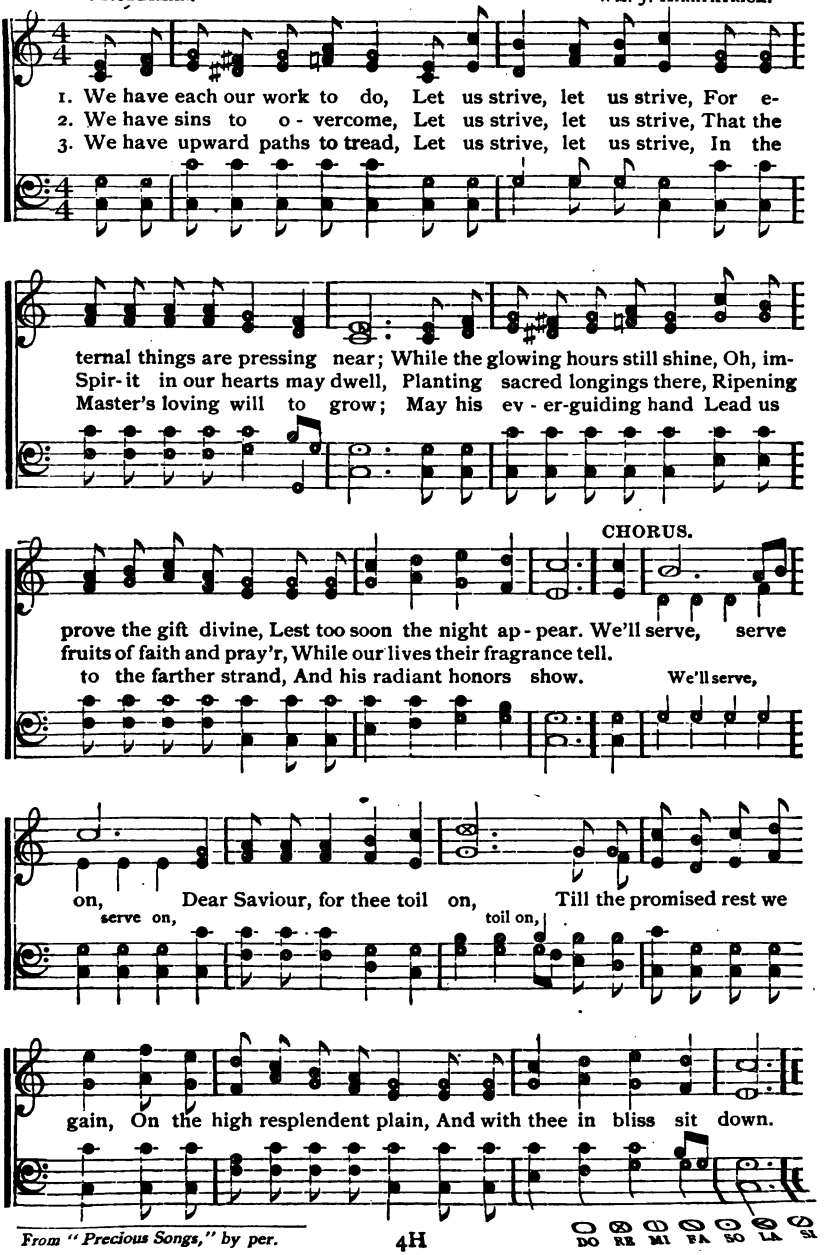
# Our Way of Duty.

Wm. H. Ruddiman. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have each our work to do, Let us strive, let us strive, For e-
2. We have sins to o - vercome, Let us strive, let us strive, That the
3. We have upward paths to tread, Let us strive, let us strive, In the
ternal things are pressing near; While the glowing hours still shine, Oh, im-
Spir-it in our hearts may dwell, Planting sacred longings there, Ripening
Master's loving will to grow; May his ev - er-guiding hand Lead us
CHORUS.
prove the gift divine, Lest too soon the night ap - pear. We'll serve, serve
fruits of faith and pray'r, While our lives their fragrance tell.
to the farther strand, And his radiant honors show.
We'll serve,
on, Dear Saviour, for thee toil on, Till the promised rest we
serve on,
toil on,
gain, On the high resplendent plain, And with thee in bliss sit down.

From "Precious Songs," by per.

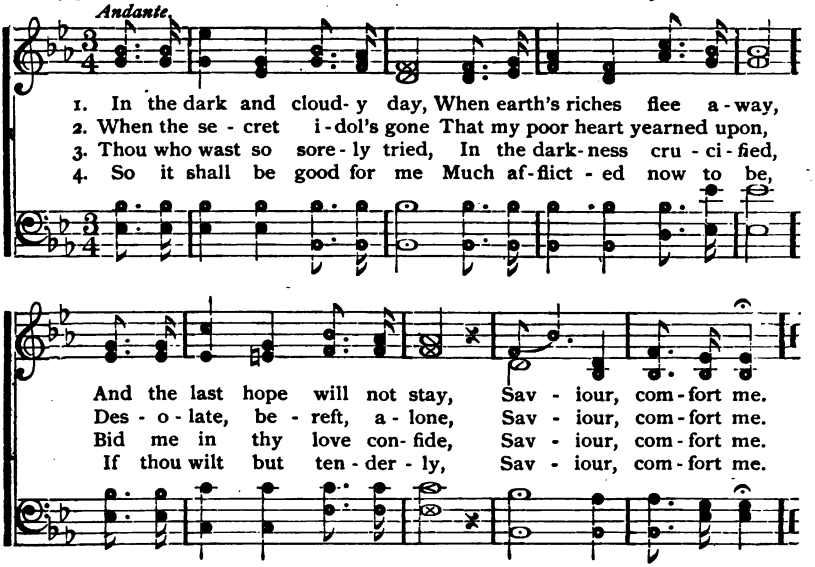


DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Saviour, Comfort Me.

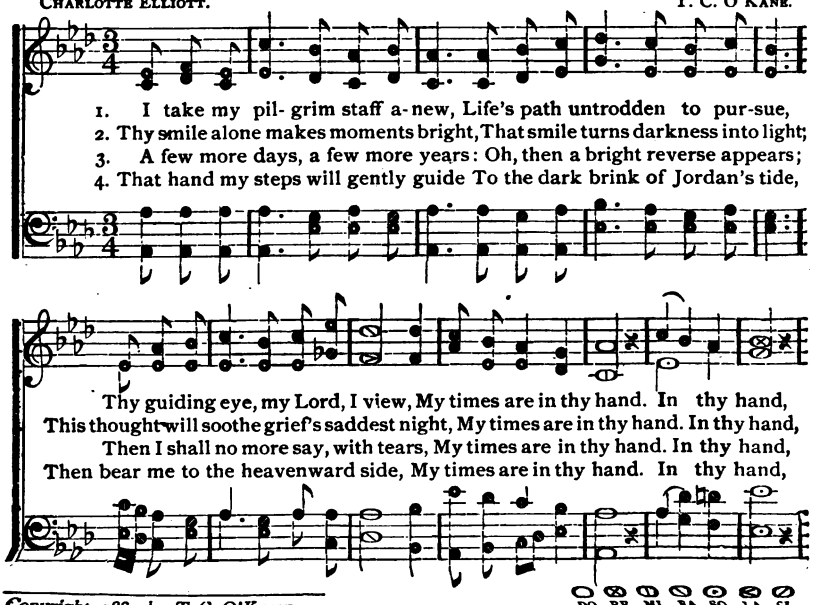
By per. JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Andante.*

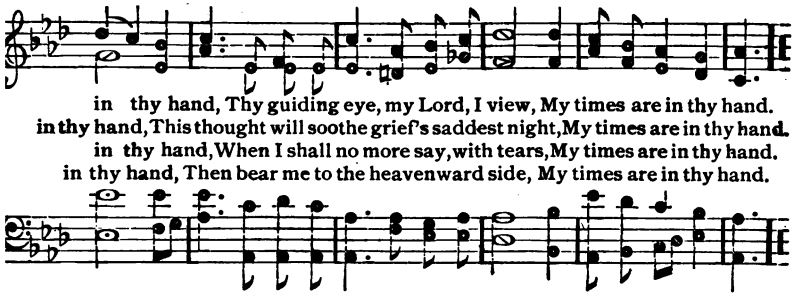

1. In the dark and cloud- y day, When earth's riches flee a - way,
2. When the se - cret i - dol's gone That my poor heart yearned upon,
3. Thou who wast so sore - ly tried, In the dark - ness cru - ci - fied,
4. So it shall be good for me Much af - flict - ed now to be,
And the last hope will not stay, Sav - iour, com - fort me.
Des - o - late, be - reft, a - lone, Sav - iour, com - fort me.
Bid me in thy love con - fide, Sav - iour, com - fort me.
If thou wilt but ten - der - ly, Sav - iour, com - fort me.

# In Thy Hand.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. T. C. O'KANE.

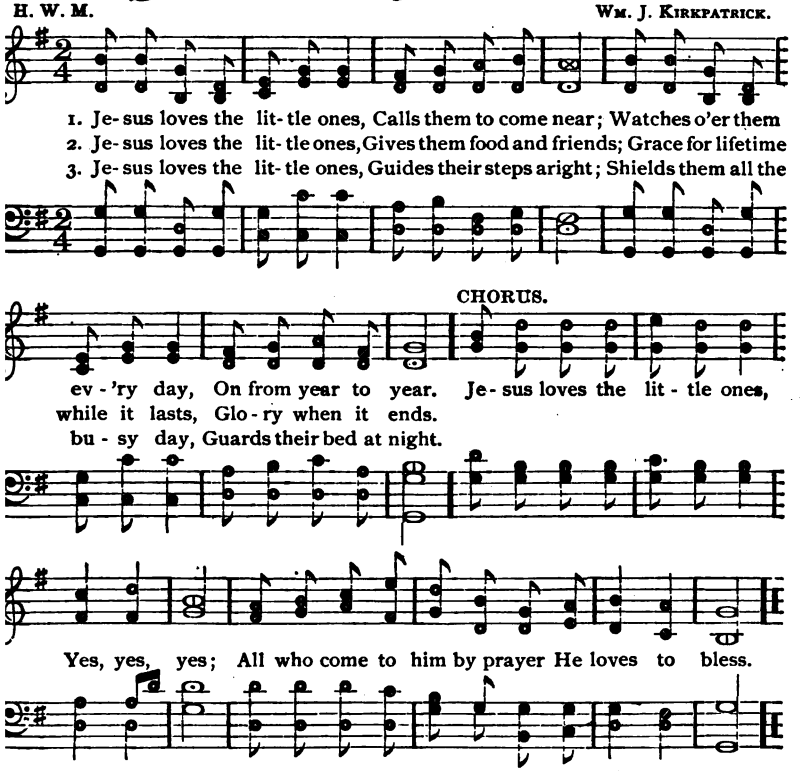

1. I take my pil - grim staff a - new, Life's path untrodden to pur - sue,
2. Thy smile alone makes moments bright, That smile turns darkness into light;
3. A few more days, a few more years: Oh, then a bright reverse appears;
4. That hand my steps will gently guide To the dark brink of Jordan's tide,
Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
This thought will soothe grief's saddest night, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
Then I shall no more say, with tears, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
Then bear me to the heavenward side, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

*Copyright, 1883, by T. C. O'KANE.*


in thy hand, Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view, My times are in thy hand.
in thy hand, This thought will soothe grief's saddest night, My times are in thy hand.
in thy hand, When I shall no more say, with tears, My times are in thy hand.
in thy hand, Then bear me to the heavenward side, My times are in thy hand.

## Jesus Loves the Little Ones.

H. W. M. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones, Calls them to come near; Watches o'er them
2. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones, Gives them food and friends; Grace for lifetime
3. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones, Guides their steps aright; Shields them all the
CHORUS.
ev-'ry day, On from year to year. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones,
while it lasts, Glo-ry when it ends.
bu-sy day, Guards their bed at night.
Yes, yes, yes; All who come to him by prayer He loves to bless.

4 Jesus loves the little ones,
Bears their sin and care;
Loves to hear them lisp his name
In his praise or prayer.

5 Jesus loves the little ones,
Wheresoe'er they roam;
Then he takes them when they die
To his heavenly home.

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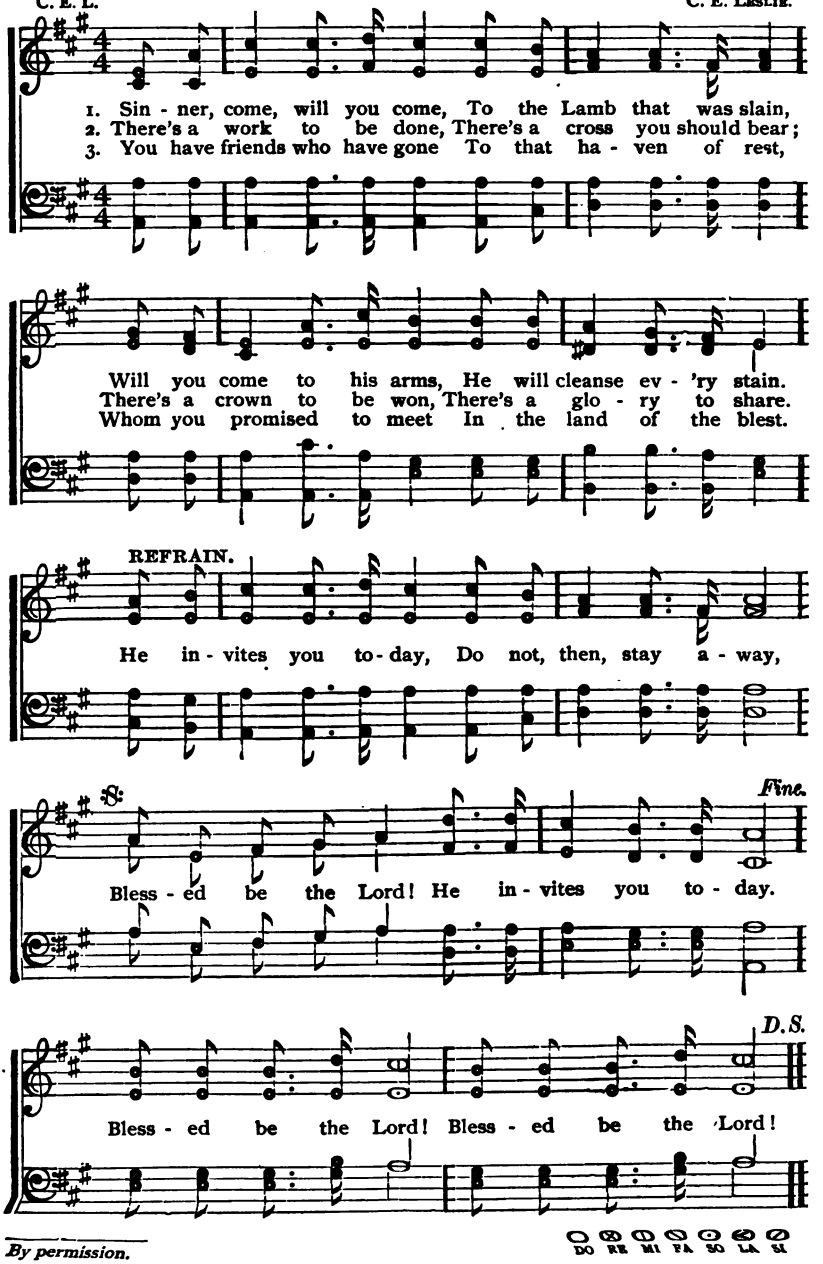
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

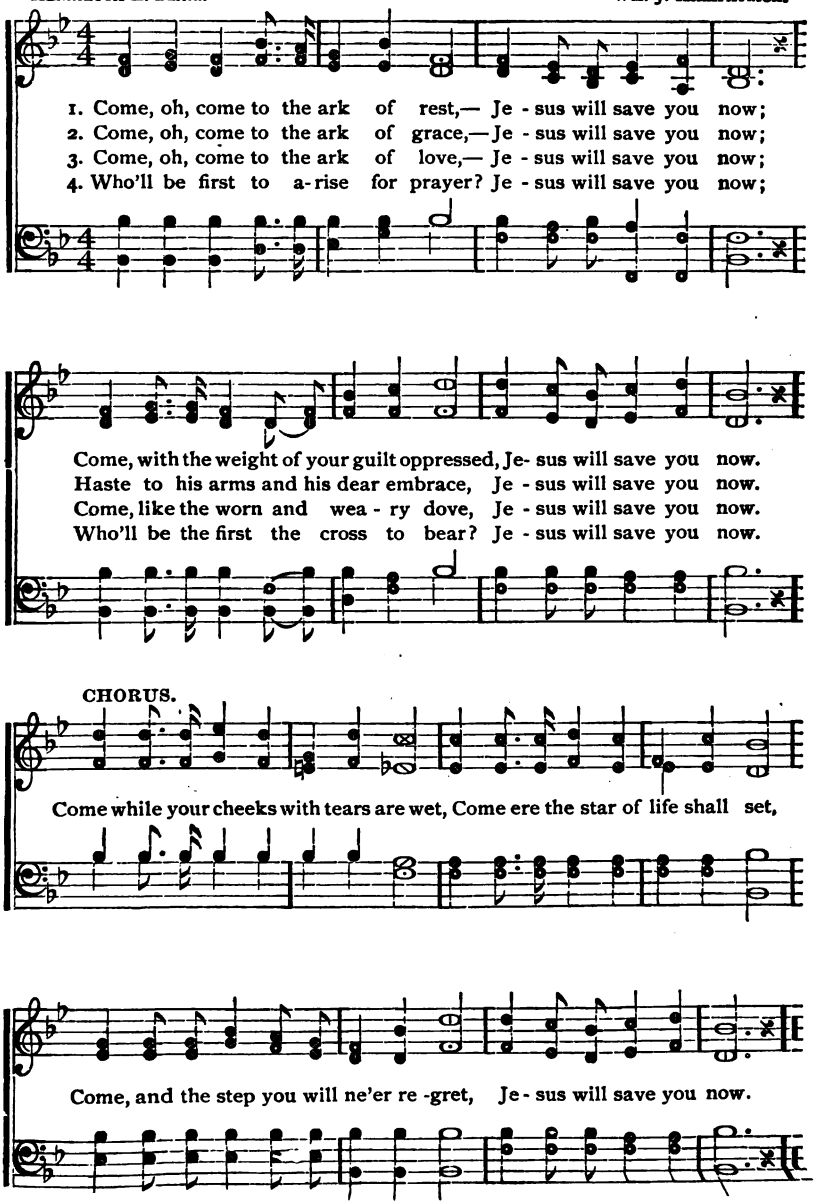
# He invites You to-day.

C. E. L. C. E. Leslie.

1. Sin - ner, come, will you come, To the Lamb that was slain,
2. There's a work to be done, There's a cross you should bear;
3. You have friends who have gone To that ha - ven of rest,
Will you come to his arms, He will cleanse ev - 'ry stain.
There's a crown to be won, There's a glo - ry to share.
Whom you promised to meet In the land of the blest.
REFRAIN.
He in - vites you to - day, Do not, then, stay a - way,
S:
Fine.
Bless - ed be the Lord! He in - vites you to - day.
D.S.
Bless - ed be the Lord! Bless - ed be the Lord!

*By permission.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Jesus will Save You now. 117

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, oh, come to the ark of rest,— Je - sus will save you now;
2. Come, oh, come to the ark of grace,— Je - sus will save you now;
3. Come, oh, come to the ark of love,— Je - sus will save you now;
4. Who'll be first to a-rise for prayer? Je - sus will save you now;
Come, with the weight of your guilt oppressed, Je- sus will save you now.
Haste to his arms and his dear embrace, Je - sus will save you now.
Come, like the worn and wea - ry dove, Je - sus will save you now.
Who'll be the first the cross to bear? Je - sus will save you now.
CHORUS.
Come while your cheeks with tears are wet, Come ere the star of life shall set,
Come, and the step you will ne'er re -gret, Je - sus will save you now.

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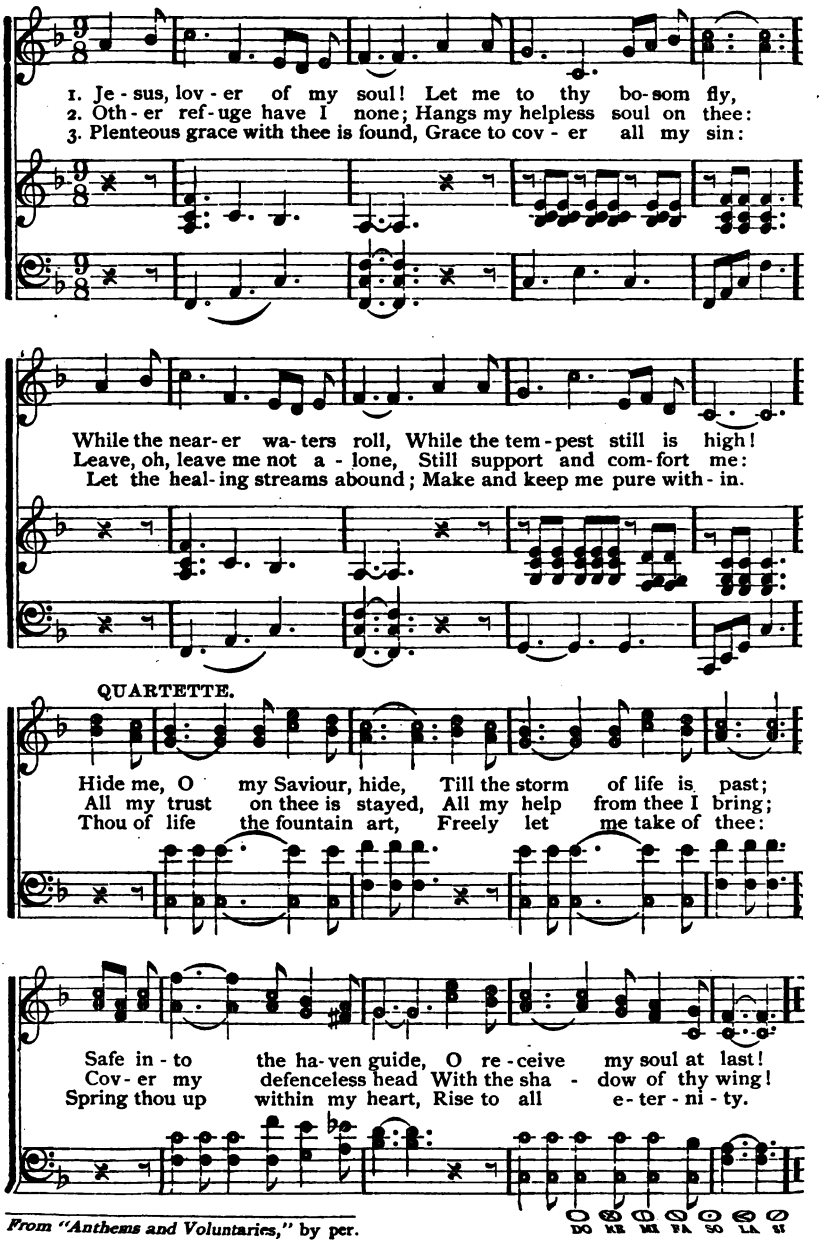
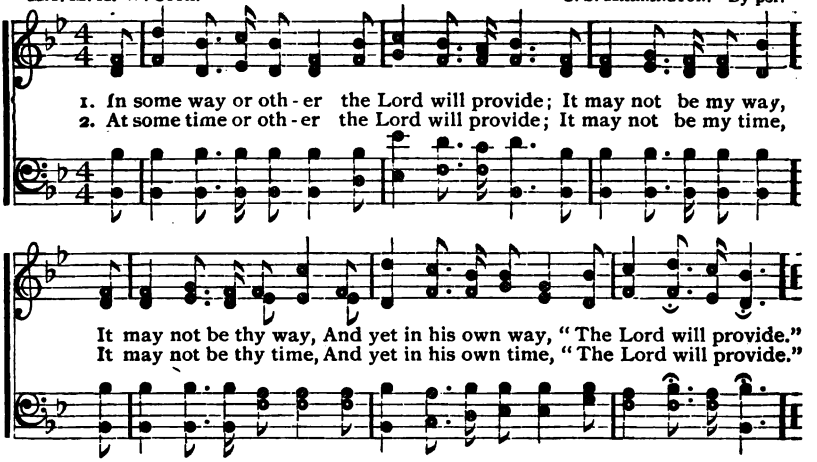
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul! Let me to thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me:
Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.
QUARTETTE.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee:
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my defenceless head With the sha - dow of thy wing!
Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

*From "Anthems and Voluntaries," by per.*

## 119 The Lord will Provide.

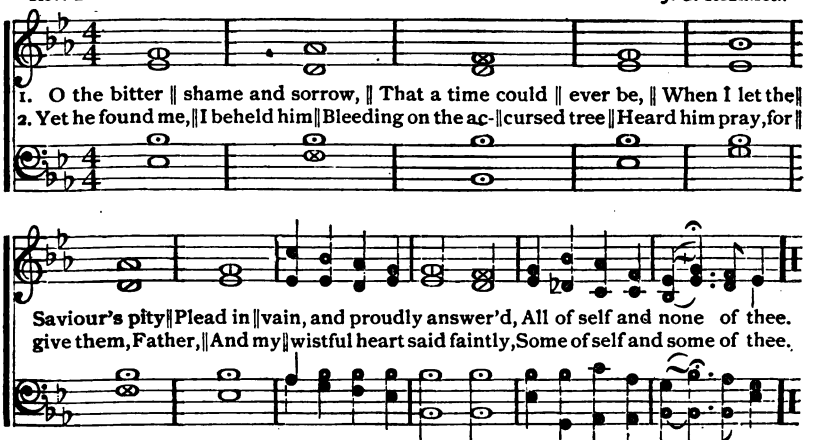
Mrs. M. A. W. Cook. C. S. Harrington. By per.

1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will provide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will provide; It may not be my time,
It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, "The Lord will provide."
It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, "The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer,
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

## 120 The Altered Motto.

Rev. Theo. Monod. J. G. Robinson.


1. O the bitter ‖ shame and sorrow, ‖ That a time could ‖ ever be, ‖ When I let the‖
2. Yet he found me, ‖ I beheld him ‖ Bleeding on the ac-‖cursed tree ‖ Heard him pray, for ‖
Saviour's pity ‖ Plead in ‖ vain, and proudly answer'd, All of self and none of thee.
give them, Father, ‖ And my ‖ wistful heart said faintly, Some of self and some of thee.

3 Day by day his ‖ tender mercy, ‖
Healing, helping, ‖ full and free, ‖
Sweet, and strong, ‖ and, oh, so patient, ‖
Brought me ‖ lower while I whispered,
Less of self and more of thee.

4 Higher than the ‖ highest heaven, ‖
Deeper than the ‖ deepest sea. ‖
Lord, thy love ‖ at last has conquer'd, ‖
Grant me ‖ now my soul's desire,
None of self and all of thee.

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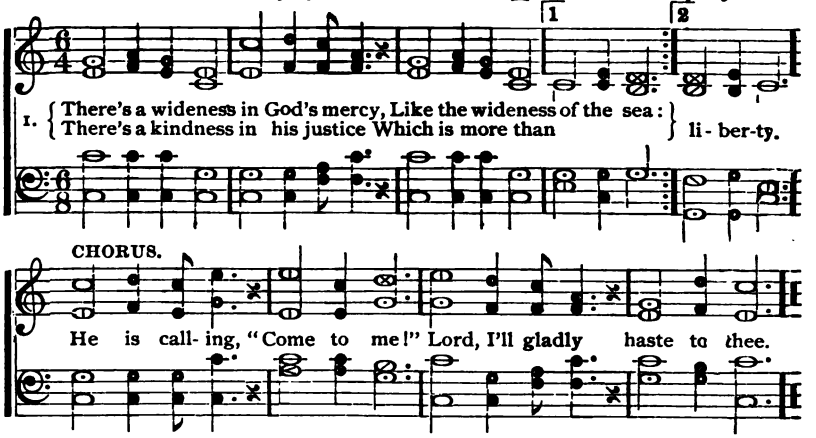
## 121 He is Calling.

FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1
2
1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than li-ber-ty.
CHORUS.
He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

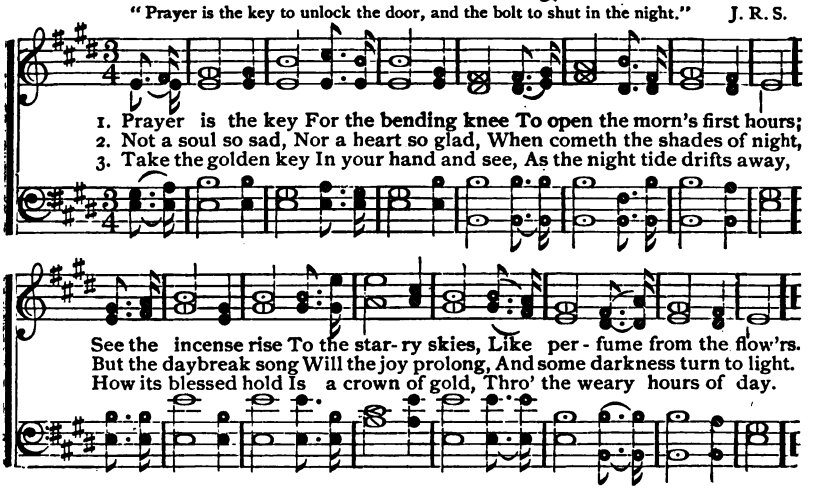
2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

## 122 The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night." J. R. S.


1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,
See the incense rise To the star-ry skies, Like per-fume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil dent feet,
*And an antidote* for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathe for aye.

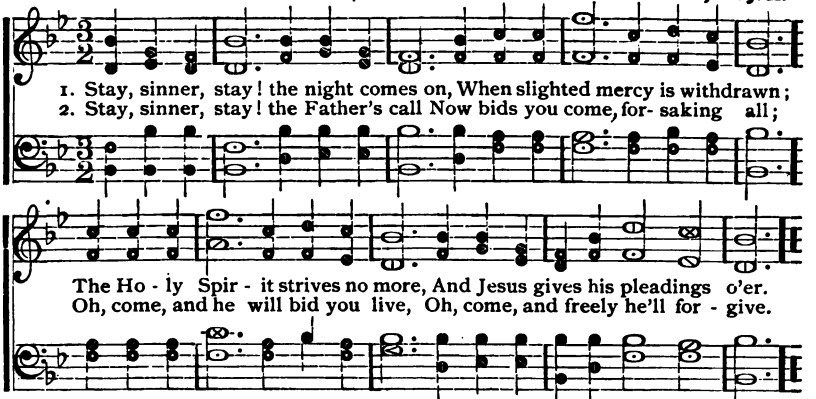
*From "Goodly Pearls," by per.*



DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

## 123 Stay, Sinner, stay!

W. KENNEY. Arr. by W. J. K.


1. Stay, sinner, stay! the night comes on, When slighted mercy is withdrawn;
2. Stay, sinner, stay! the Father's call Now bids you come, for- saking all;
The Ho - ly Spir - it strives no more, And Jesus gives his pleadings o'er.
Oh, come, and he will bid you live, Oh, come, and freely he'll for - give.

3 Stay, sinner, stay! 'tis Jesus pleads,
For you he weeps, for you he bleeds;
Oh, let his love your heart constrain,
Nor let him weep and bleed in vain.

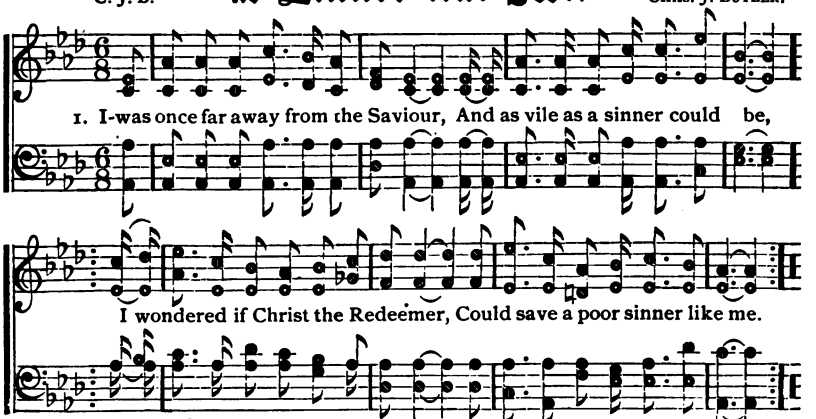
4 Stay, sinner, stay! the Spirit cries,
Awake, and from the dead arise;
Arise and plead for mercy now,
And at the cross repenting bow.

5 Come, sinner, come! though guilty now,
At Jesus' feet submissive bow,
And freely all shall be forgiven;—
Oh, come, and taste the joys of heaven.

6 See, sinner, see! where loved ones stand,
All saved in heaven—a happy band;
Oh, come, and join them on that shore,
Where death and parting are no more.

## 124 C. J. B. A Sinner like Me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.


1. I-was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be,
I wondered if Christ the Redeemer, Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the thought filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

5 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

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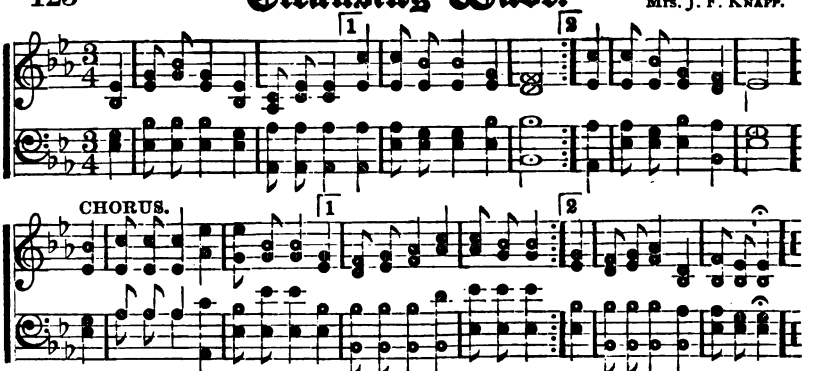
## 125 Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1 Oh, now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deed and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

*Cho.*—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

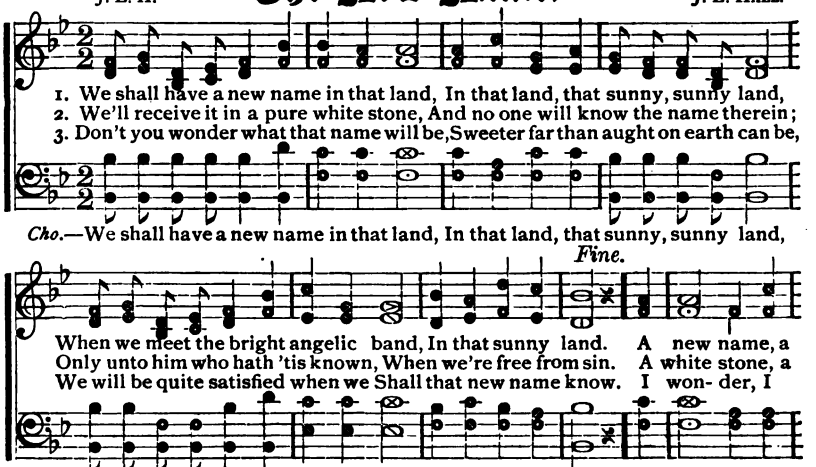
1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

## 126 J. E. H. The New Name.

J. E. Hall.

1. We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
2. We'll receive it in a pure white stone, And no one will know the name therein;
3. Don't you wonder what that name will be, Sweeter far than aught on earth can be,
Cho.—We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
Fine.
When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land. A new name, a
Only unto him who hath 'tis known, When we're free from sin. A white stone, a
We will be quite satisfied when we Shall that new name know. I won- der, I
When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land.

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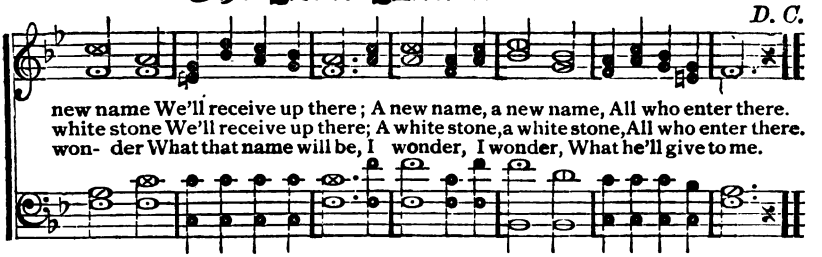
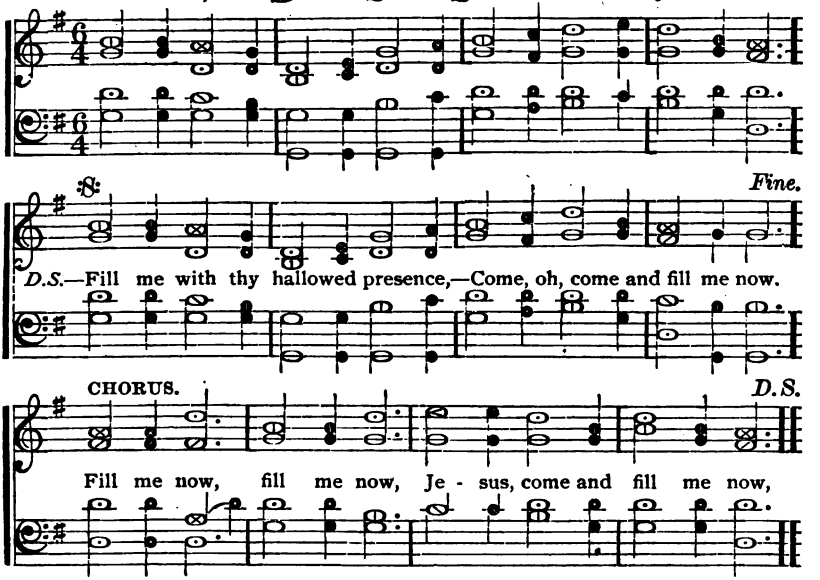
## The New Name.—CONCLUDED.


D. C.
new name We'll receive up there; A new name, a new name, All who enter there.
white stone We'll receive up there; A white stone, a white stone, All who enter there.
won- der What that name will be, I wonder, I wonder, What he'll give to me.

## 127 Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes, D.D.

Jno. R. Sweney.


Fine.
D.S.—Fill me with thy hallowed presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now,

1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly *filling* now.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home,

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

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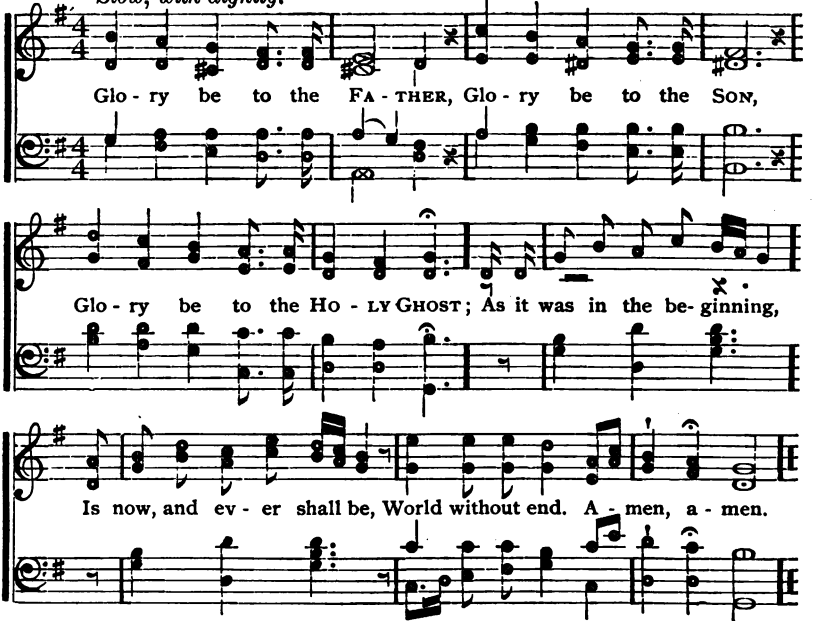
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

## 128 Doxology.

Words arr. by B. M. A. Melody by J. R. S. Harmony by W. J. K.

*Slow, with dignity.*

Glo - ry be to the FA - THER, Glo - ry be to the SON,
Glo - ry be to the HO - LY GHOST; As it was in the be- ginning,
Is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men, a - men.

**129** 1 I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love!
I love to tell the Story!
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

*Cho.*—I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
*That I have* loved so long.

**130** HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

*Ref.*—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

---

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

# 52

# HYMNS OF THE HEART

SELECTED BY

## C. C. McCABE,

WITH AN APPENDIX OF

## FAVORITE SOLOS AND CHORUSES.

*Profits on all personal sales consecrated to Church Extension and other Benevolent Objects.*

*PHILADELPHIA:*

JOHN J. HOOD,

No. 1018 ARCH STREET.

*Price, 25 cents per copy; $20.00 per 100.*

# PREFACE.

HOW shall our church music be improved? This is an unsettled question. From the meaningless chords played by the organist at the beginning of the service till the congregation rises to sing the doxology the music is unsatisfactory, almost everywhere. Why? Because it lacks heart. It lacks enthusiasm. It lacks volume. It lacks the joyful spirit of praise. Try an experiment,—Give out from the Church Hymnal, as part of the Sabbath-school lesson, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord." Let every member of the Sabbath-school learn it *by heart*. Let the pastor announce it as one of his hymns on Sabbath morning. Request the organist to omit all flourishes,—all *preludes* and *interludes*. Let not the leader be over anxious about the time. The people will sing much better with *heart* beat than with *hand* beat or *baton* beat. One blast on the organ to get the pitch. Then let choir, congregation, and Sabbath-school "sing unto the Lord." The question is answered at last. The music is majestic. The holy tide of song bears the congregation heavenward. Watch the old saints. Long ago they hung their harps on the willows. They are all singing now. Such music will attract sinners. It will help to fill up the empty pews. It will help you to preach. Try another hymn in the same way, till you have packed fifty-two of the grand old hymns of Zion into the memories of the children,—and after while you will have a singing church.

C. C. McCABE.

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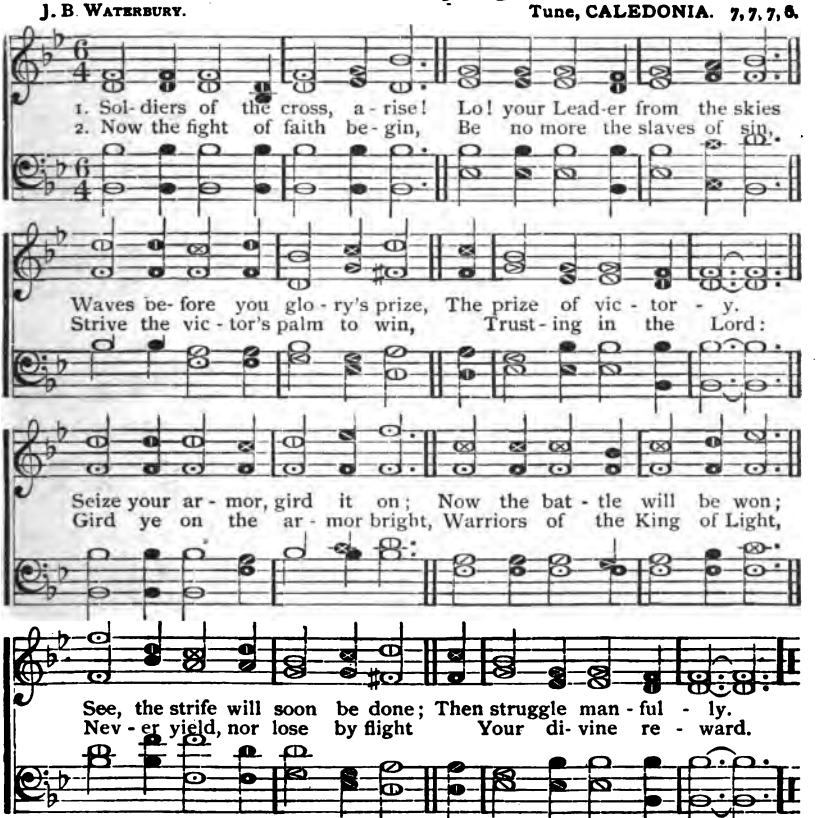
Hood's Notation Copyright 1882.

# 52

# HYMNS OF THE HEART.

## 131–1 Soldiers of the Cross.

J. B. WATERBURY. Tune, CALEDONIA. 7, 7, 7, 6.

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Lo! your Lead-er from the skies
2. Now the fight of faith be-gin, Be no more the slaves of sin.
Waves be-fore you glo-ry's prize, The prize of vic-tor-y.
Strive the vic-tor's palm to win, Trust-ing in the Lord:
Seize your ar-mor, gird it on; Now the bat-tle will be won;
Gird ye on the ar-mor bright, Warriors of the King of Light,
See, the strife will soon be done; Then struggle man-ful-ly.
Nev-er yield, nor lose by flight Your di-vine re-ward.

3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain,
Soon you'll join that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

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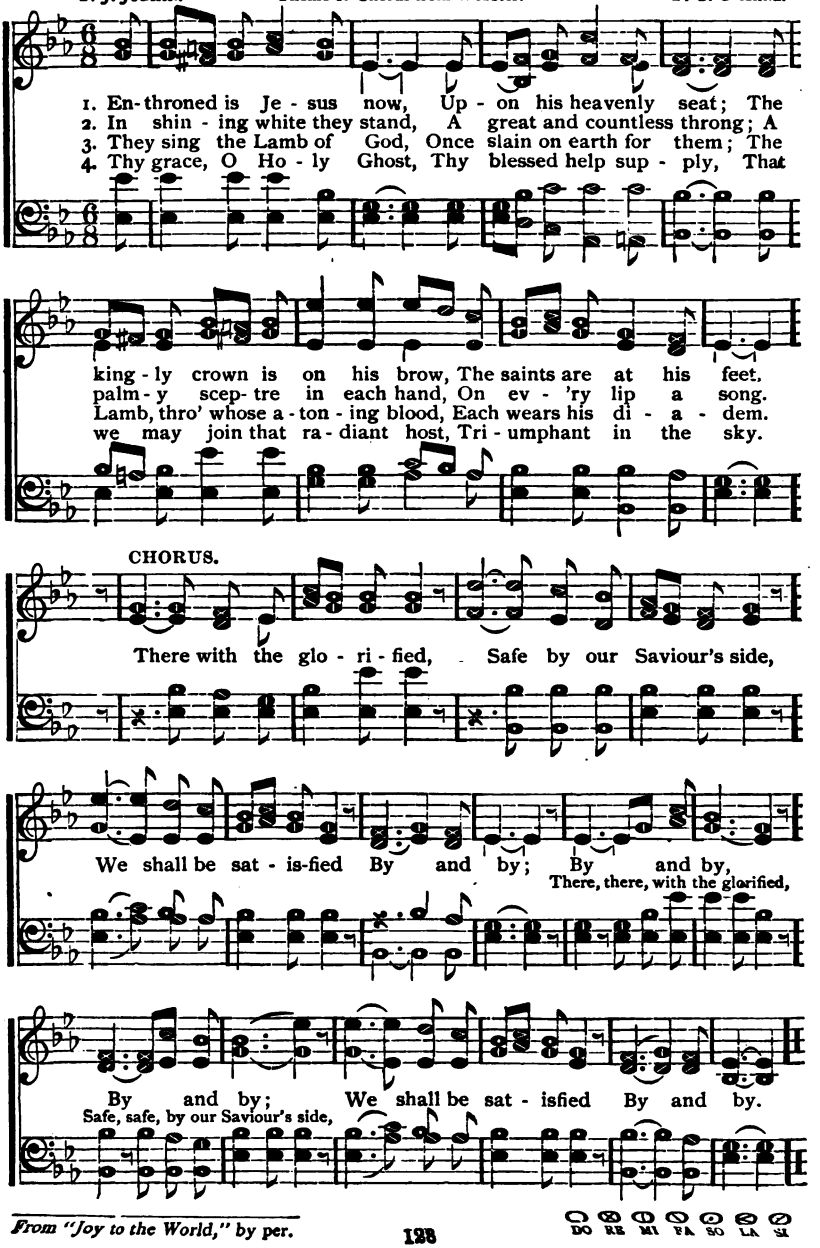
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

132-2

# Enthroned is Jesus Now.

T. J. JUDKIN. Theme of Chorus from Webster. T. C. O'KANE.

1. En-throned is Je - sus now, Up - on his heavenly seat; The
2. In shin - ing white they stand, A great and countless throng; A
3. They sing the Lamb of God, Once slain on earth for them; The
4. Thy grace, O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy blessed help sup - ply, That
king - ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet.
palm - y scep- tre in each hand, On ev - 'ry lip a song.
Lamb, thro' whose a - ton - ing blood, Each wears his di - a - dem.
we may join that ra - diant host, Tri - umphant in the sky.
CHORUS.
There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Saviour's side,
We shall be sat - is-fied By and by; By and by,
There, there, with the glorified,
By and by; We shall be sat - isfied By and by.
Safe, safe, by our Saviour's side,

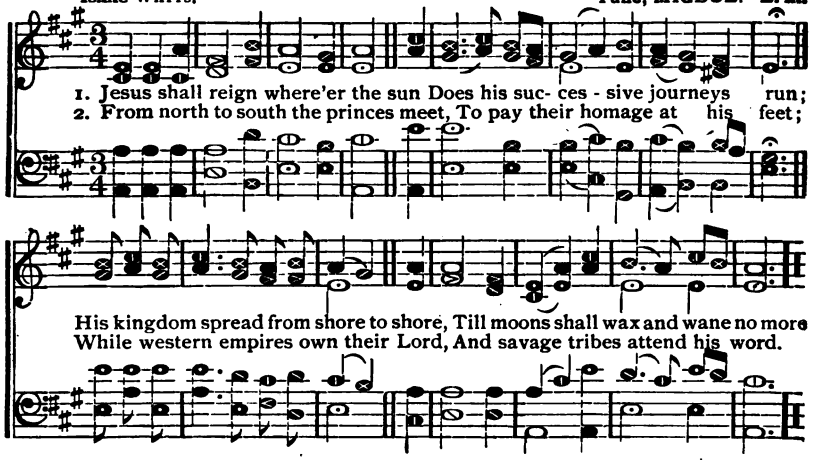
*From "Joy to the World," by per.*



DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

## 133–3 Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, MIGDOL. L. M.

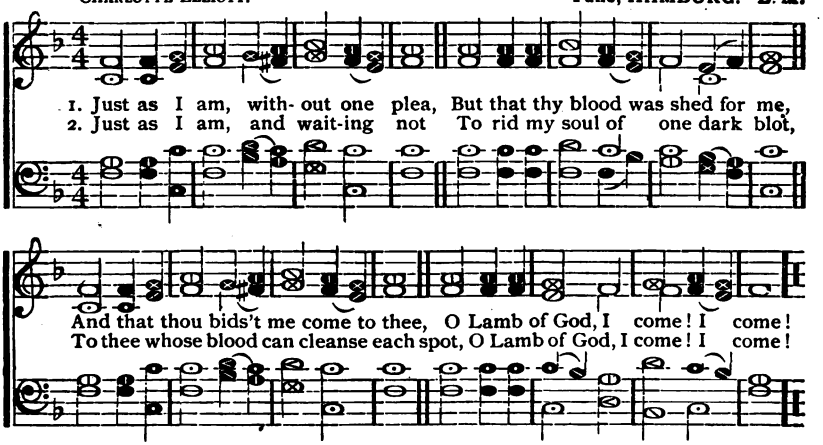

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc- ces - sive journeys run;
2. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

## 134–4 Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Tune, HAMBURG. L. M.


1. Just as I am, with- out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
And that thou bids't me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

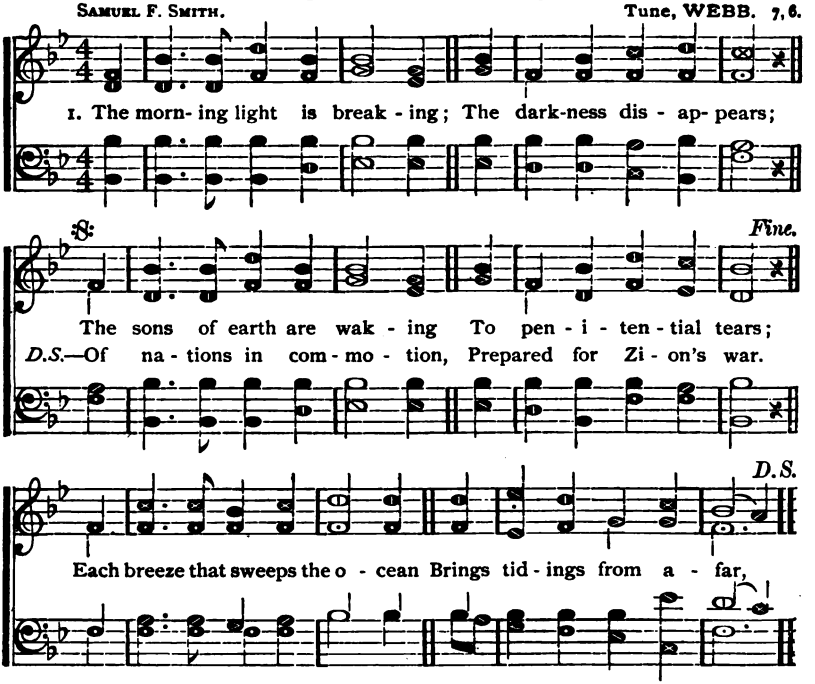
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## 135–5 The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.

1. The morn- ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - ap- pears;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
D.S.—Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.
Fine.
D.S.
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far,

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!'

## 136–6 STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7, 6

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

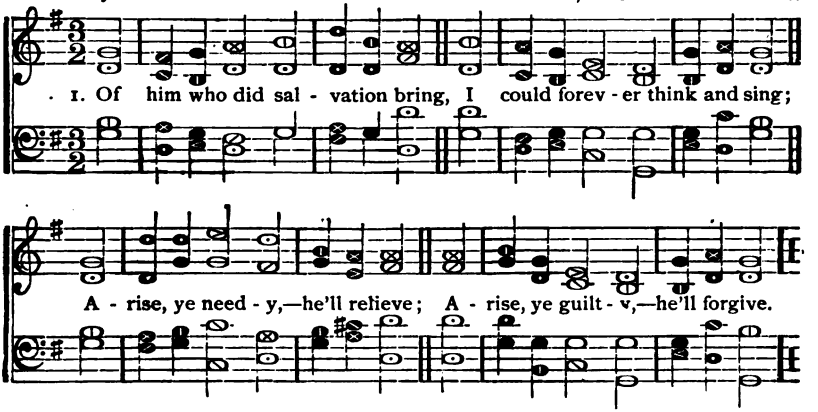
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
*Your courage rise* with danger,
*And strength to* strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer:
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

## 137–7 Of Him who did Salvation.

Tr. by A. W. Boehm. Tune, ROCKINGHAM. L. M.




2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

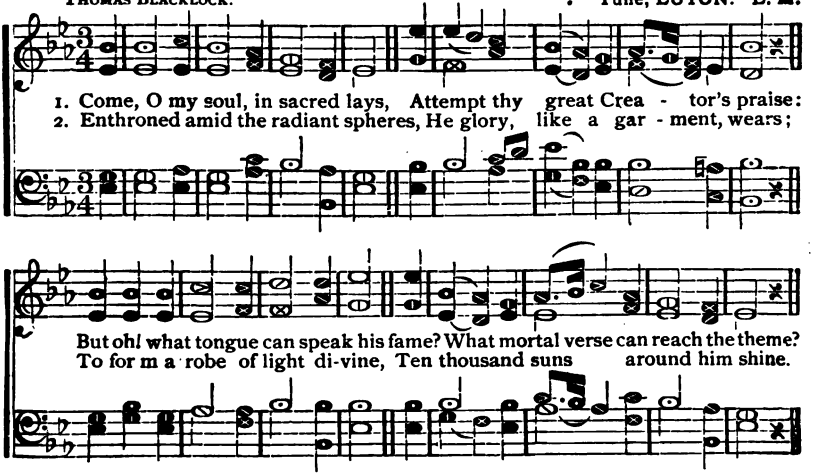
3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

## 138–8 Come, O my Soul.

Thomas Blacklock. Tune, LUTON. L. M.

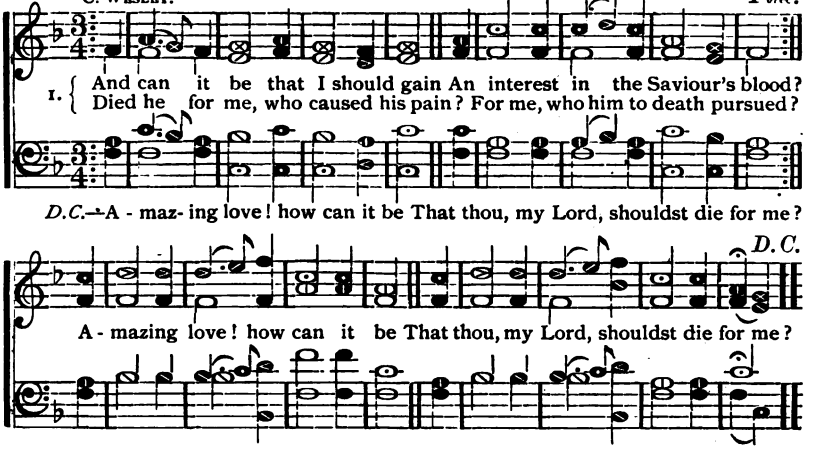

1. Come, O my soul, in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Crea - tor's praise:
2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory, like a gar - ment, wears;
But oh! what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?
To for m a robe of light di-vine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

139–9 **And can it Be?** Tune, FILLMORE. L. M.

C. WESLEY. *Fine.*


1. { And can it be that I should gain An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pursued?
D.C.—A - maz- ing love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?
D.C.
A - mazing love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! the immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

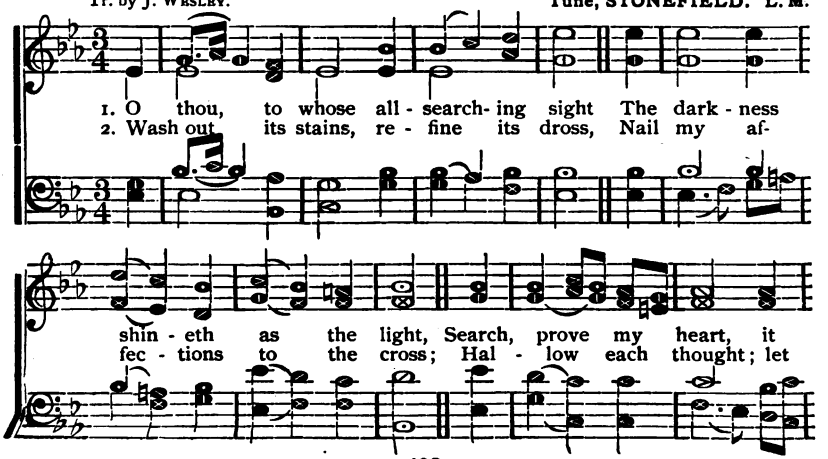
3 He left his Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite his grace!—
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

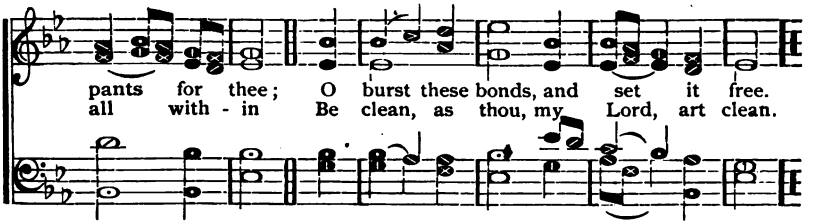
5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne, [own.
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my

140–10 **O Thou to whose.**

Tr. by J. WESLEY. Tune, STONEFIELD. L. M.


1. O thou, to whose all - search- ing sight The dark - ness
2. Wash out its stains, re - fine its dross, Nail my af-
shin - eth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it
fec - tions to the cross; Hal - low each thought; let

## O Thou to whose.—CONCLUDED.



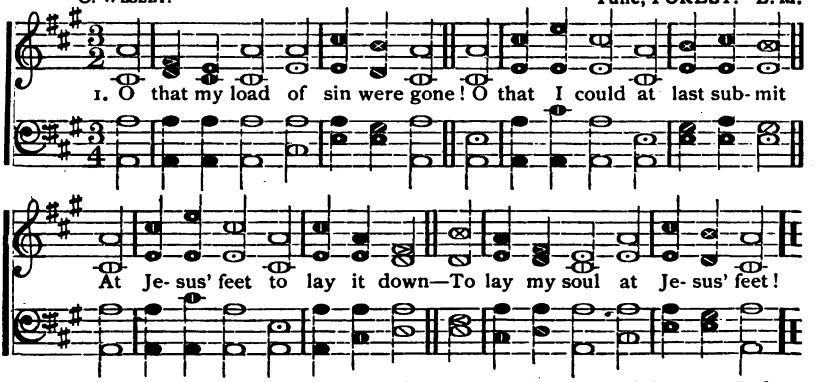

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

## 141–11 O that My Load.

C. WESLEY. Tune, FOREST. L. M.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

## 142–12 O LORD, THY HEAVENLY GRACE. L. M.

1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

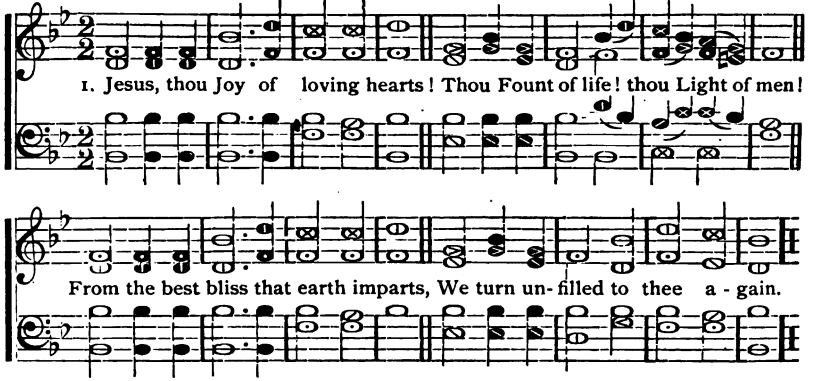
2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

## 143–13 Jesus, Thou Joy.

Tr. by R. PALMER. Tune, WELTON. L. M.


1. Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts! Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un-filled to thee a-gain.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.

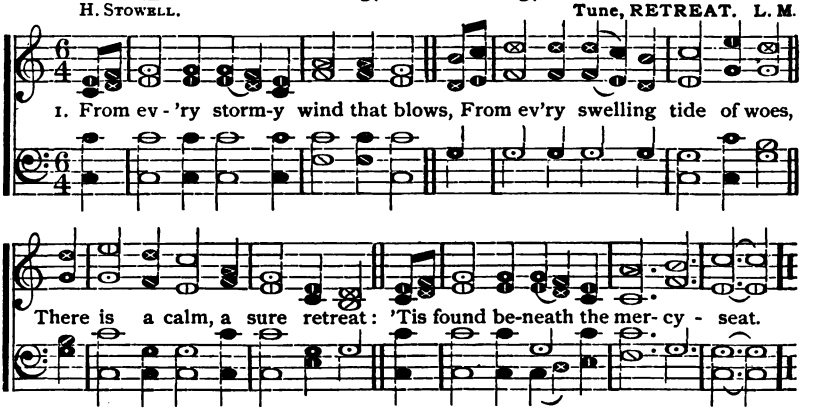
3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

## 144–14 From Every Stormy Wind.

H. STOWELL. Tune, RETREAT. L. M.


1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.

2 There is a scene where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

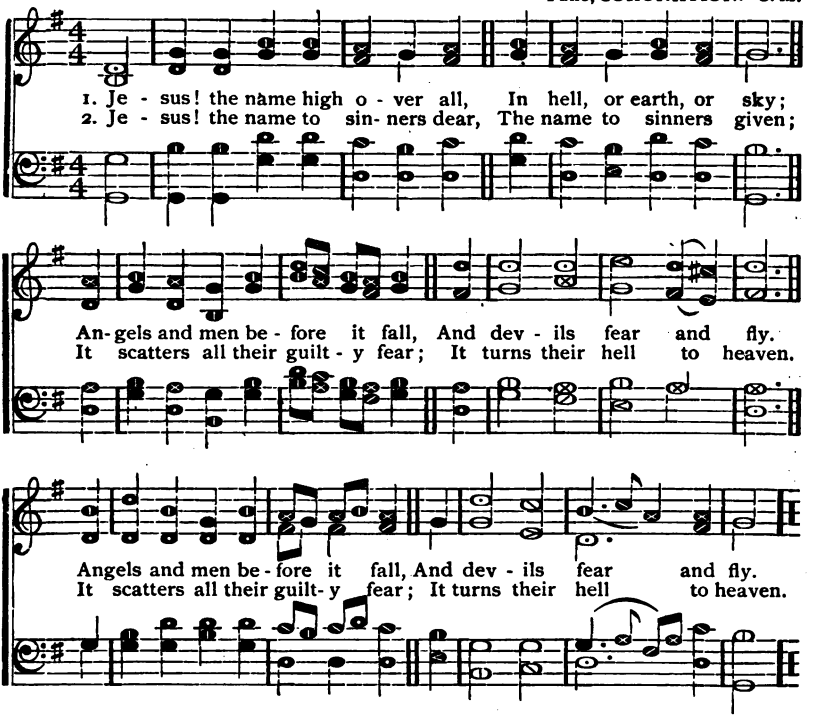
3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
*Though sundered far,* by faith they meet
*Around one common* mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

145–15

## Jesus, the Name.

C. WESLEY. Tune, CORONATION. C. M.

1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus! the name to sin- ners dear, The name to sinners given;
An- gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scatters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.
Angels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scatters all their guilt- y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

146–16

### CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL. C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

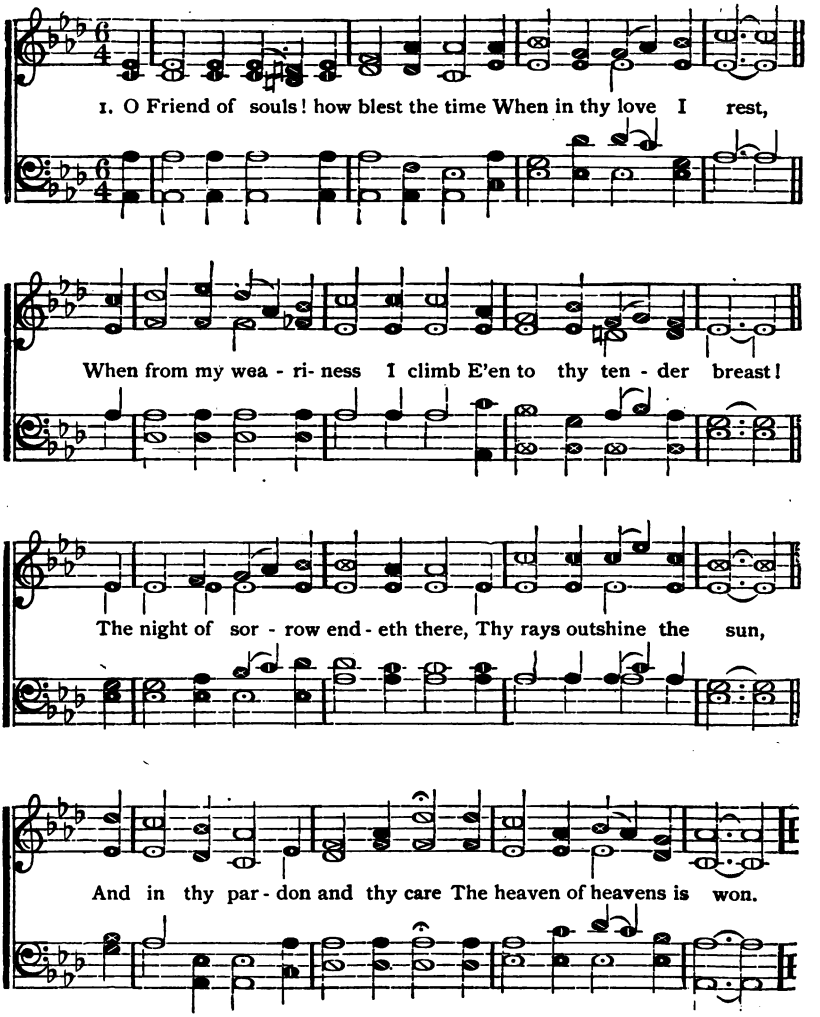
4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

147–17

# O Friend of Souls.

W. C. Dessler. [Music by J. R. S.] Tune, ROCKWELL. C. M.

1. O Friend of souls! how blest the time When in thy love I rest,
When from my wea - ri- ness I climb E'en to thy ten - der breast!
The night of sor - row end - eth there, Thy rays outshine the sun,
And in thy par - don and thy care The heaven of heavens is won.

2 The world may call itself my foe,
Or flatter and allure:
I care not for the world; I go
To this tried Friend and sure.
And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident,
*Because it holdeth* thee.

3 To others death seems dark and grim,
But not, O Lord, to me:
I know thou ne'er forsakest him
Who puts his trust in thee.
Nay, rather, with a joyful heart
I welcome the release
From this dark desert, and depart
To thy eternal peace.

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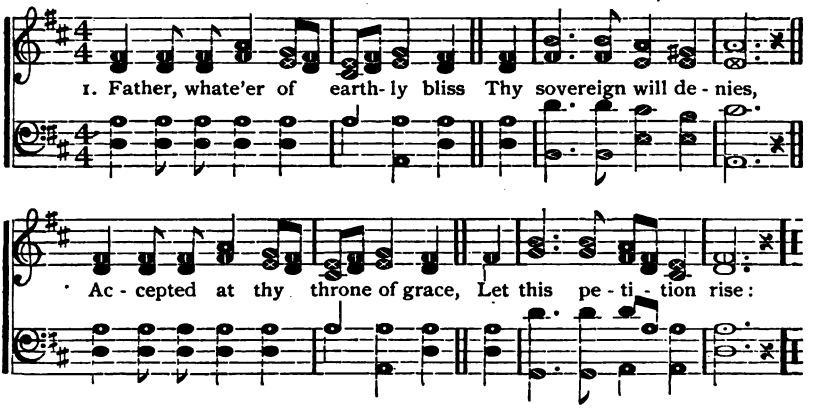
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

## 148–18 Father, whate'er.

ANNE STEELE. Tune, NAOMI. C. M.

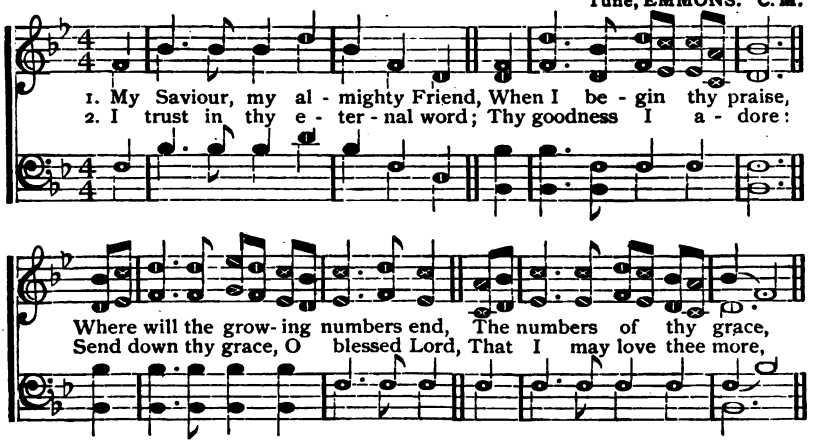


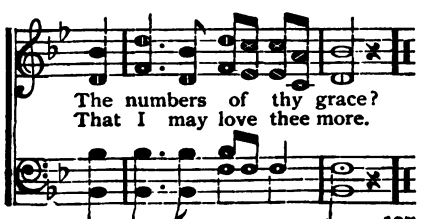

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

## 149–19 My Saviour, my almighty Friend.

Tune, EMMONS. C. M.


1. My Saviour, my al-mighty Friend, When I be-gin thy praise,
2. I trust in thy e-ter-nal word; Thy goodness I a-dore:
Where will the grow-ing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace,
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord, That I may love thee more,

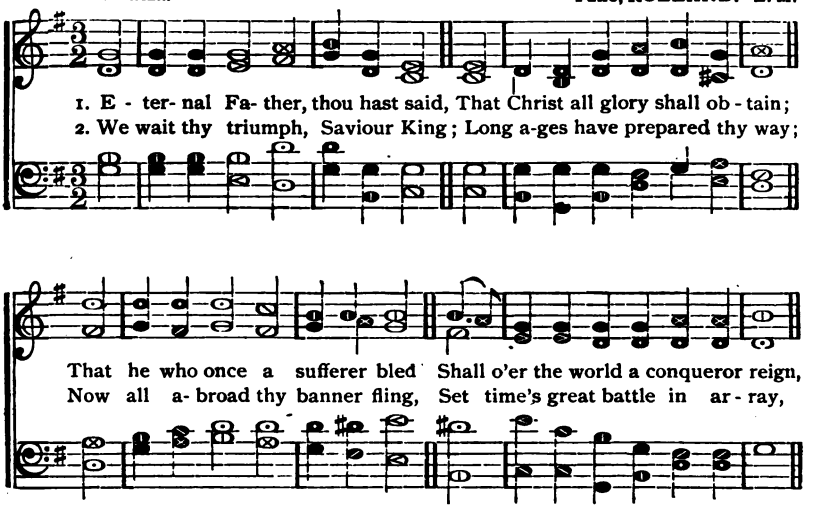



3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

## 150–20 Eternal Father, Thou.

R. PALMER. Tune, ROLLAND. L. M.


1. E - ter- nal Fa- ther, thou hast said, That Christ all glory shall ob - tain;
2. We wait thy triumph, Saviour King; Long a-ges have prepared thy way;
That he who once a sufferer bled Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign,
Now all a- broad thy banner fling, Set time's great battle in ar - ray,
Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.
Set time's great battle in ar-ray.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

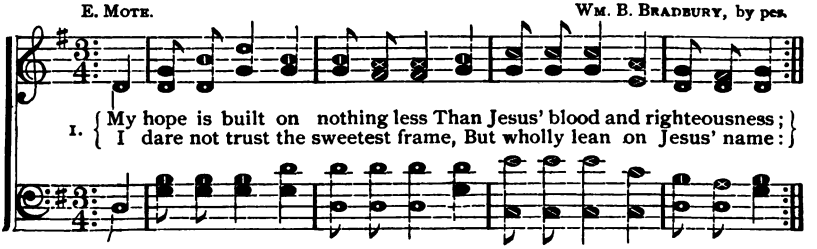
4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

5 O fill thy Church with faith and power,
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfil the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

## 151–21 The Solid Rock.

E. MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.


1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name: }

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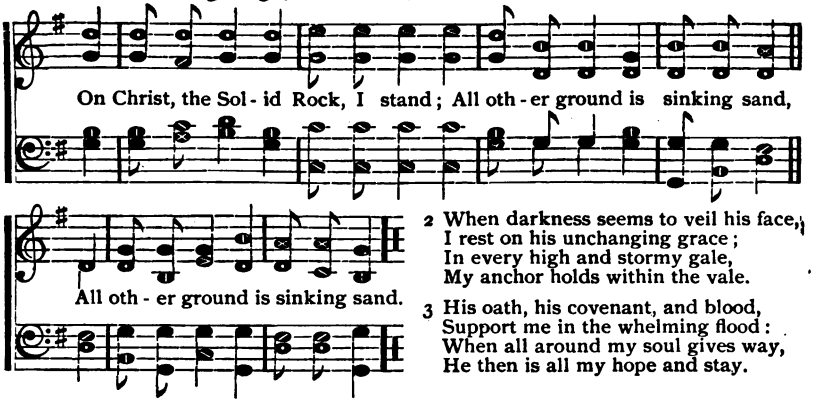
## The Solid Rock.—CONCLUDED.

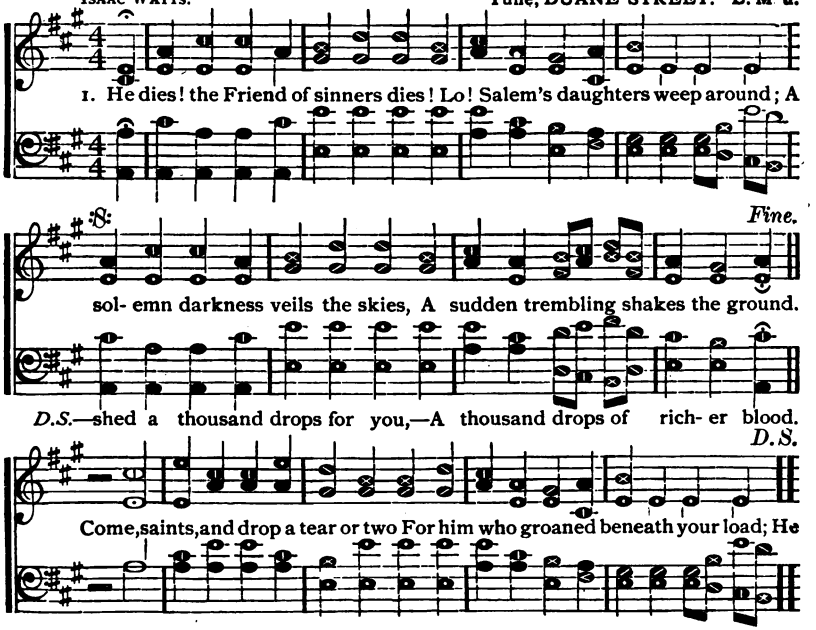



2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vale.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

## 152–22 He Dies! the Friend.

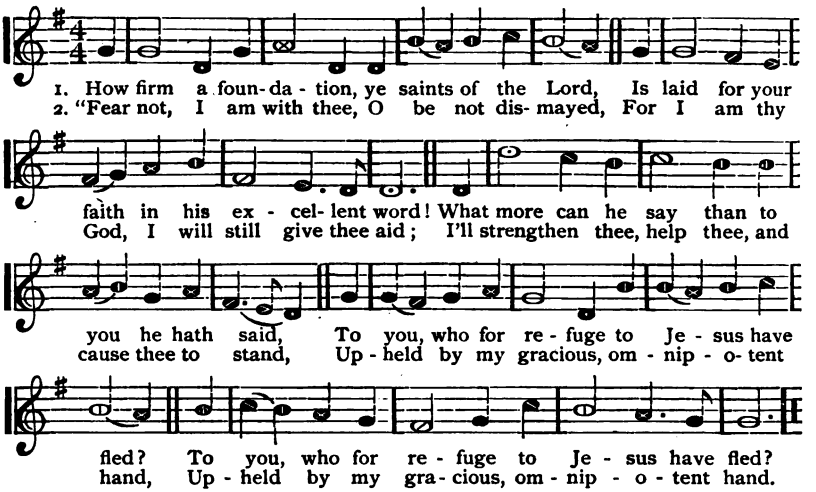
ISAAC WATTS. Tune, DUANE STREET. L. M d.


1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A
sol- emn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
Fine.
D.S.—shed a thousand drops for you,—A thousand drops of rich- er blood.
D.S.
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For him who groaned beneath your load; He

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him *welcome to the* skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell
And led the monster Death in chains:
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

## 153–23 How Firm a Foundation.

Tune, PORTUGUESE.

1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis- mayed, For I am thy
faith in his ex - cel- lent word! What more can he say than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
you he hath said, To you, who for re - fuge to Je - sus have
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gracious, om - nip - o- tent
fled? To you, who for re - fuge to Je - sus have fled?
hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

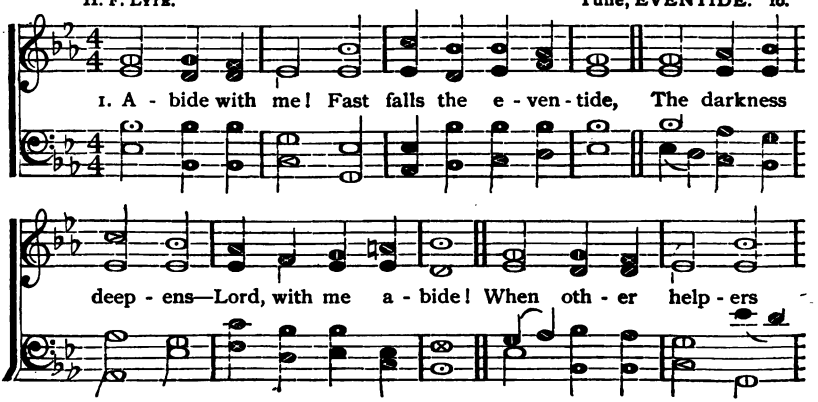
4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

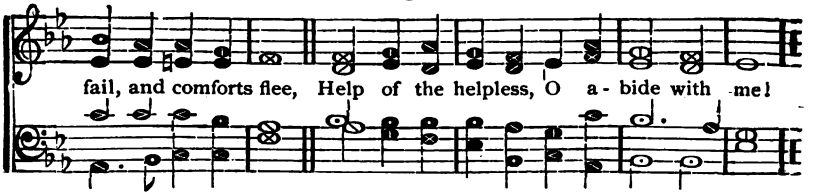
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

## 154–24 Abide with Me.

H. F. Lyte. Tune, EVENTIDE. 10.



## Abide with Me.—CONCLUDED.



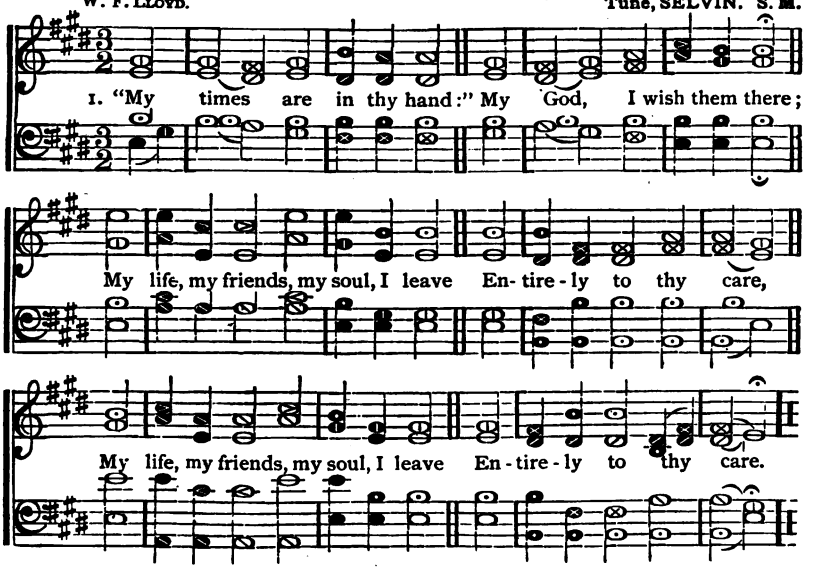

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

## 155–25 My Times are in Thy Hand.

W. F. Lloyd. Tune, SELVIN. S. M.

1. "My times are in thy hand:" My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En- tire - ly to thy care,
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En - tire - ly to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

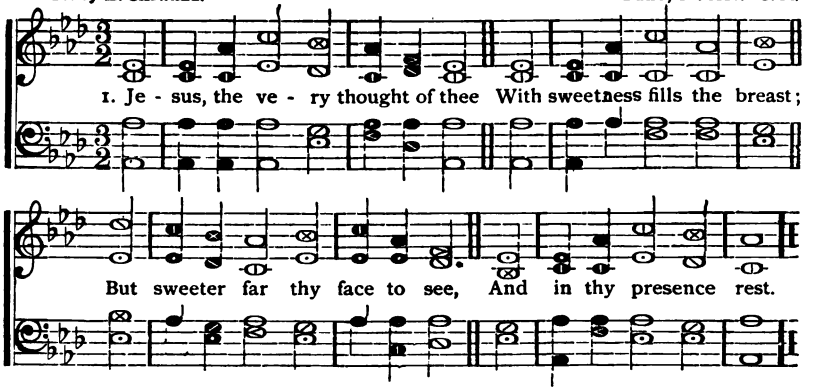
3 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be

## 156–26 Jesus, the Very Thought.

Tr. by E. CASWALL. Tune, EVAN. C. M.




2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

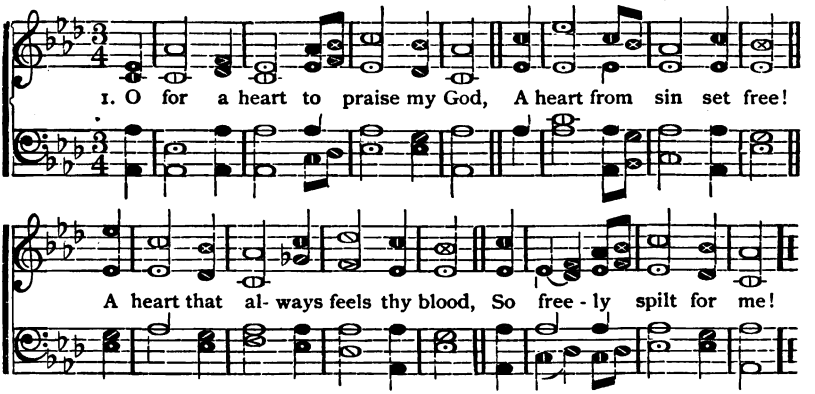
3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

## 157–27 O for a Heart.

C. WESLEY. Tune, AVON. C. M.




2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

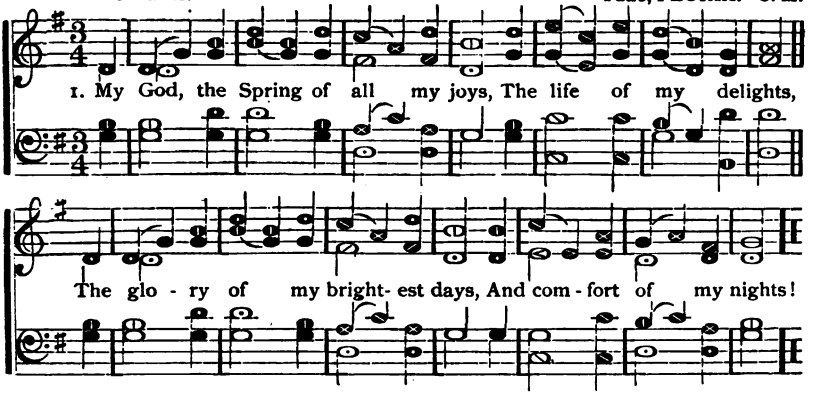
3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
*From him* that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

## 158–28 My God, the Spring.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, PEORIA. C. M.



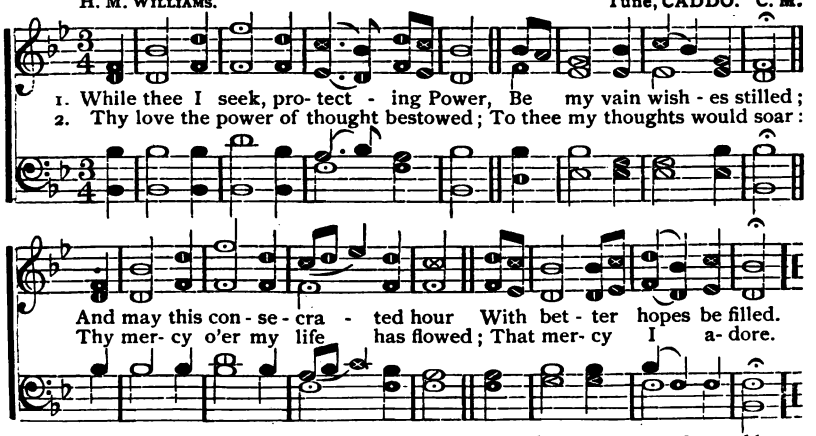

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

## 159–29 While Thee I Seek.

H. M. WILLIAMS. Tune, CADDO. C. M.

1. While thee I seek, pro- tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;
2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my thoughts would soar:
And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
Thy mer- cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer- cy I a- dore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart will rest on thee.

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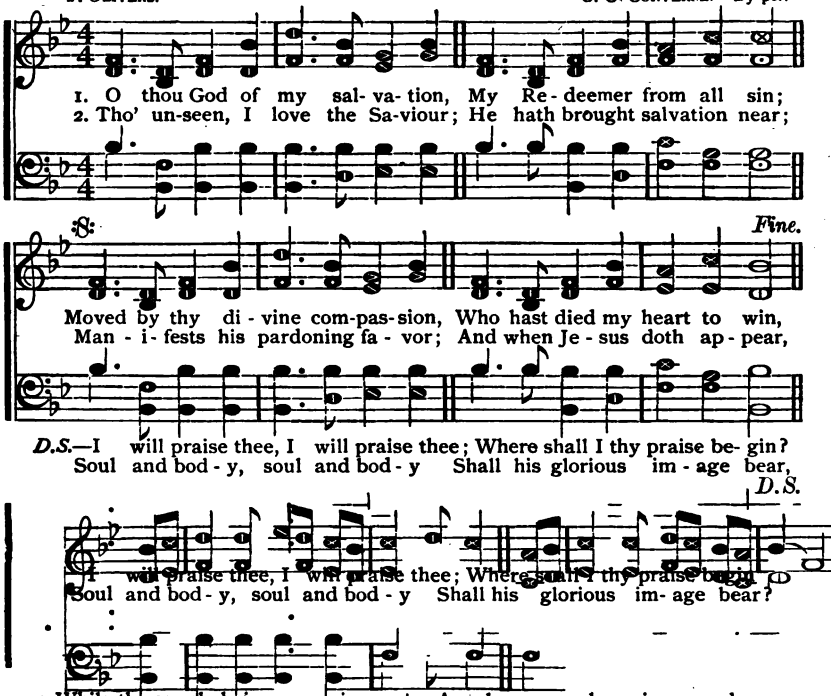
## 160–30 I Will Praise Thee.

T. Olivers. C. C. Converse. By per.


1. O thou God of my sal- va- tion, My Re- deemer from all sin;
2. Tho' un-seen, I love the Sa-viour; He hath brought salvation near;
Fine.
Moved by thy di - vine com-pas-sion, Who hast died my heart to win,
Man - i- fests his pardoning fa - vor; And when Je - sus doth ap - pear,
D.S.—I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise be- gin?
Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y Shall his glorious im - age bear,
D.S.
I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise begin?
Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y Shall his glorious im- age bear?

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

## 161–31 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE! 6, 4, 6

1 Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

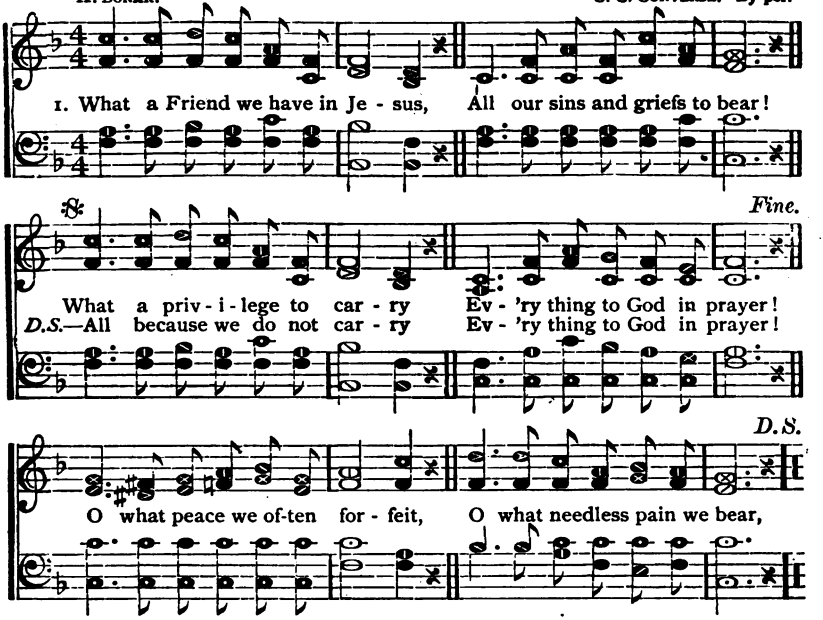
2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
*In mercy given;*
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

## 162–32 What a Friend.

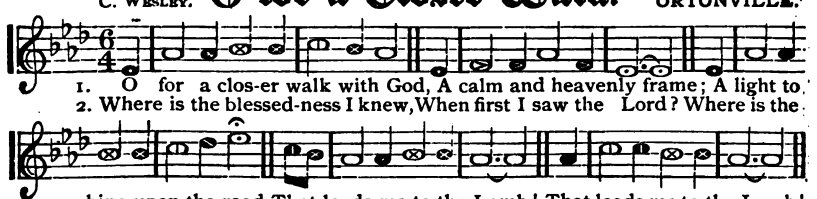
H. Bonar. C. C. Converse. By per.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
Fine.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
D.S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
D.S.
O what peace we of-ten for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

## 163–33 O for a Closer Walk.

C. Wesley. Tune, ORTONVILLE.


1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to
2. Where is the blessed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the
shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
soul refreshing view Of Jesus and his word? Of Jesus and his word?

1 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

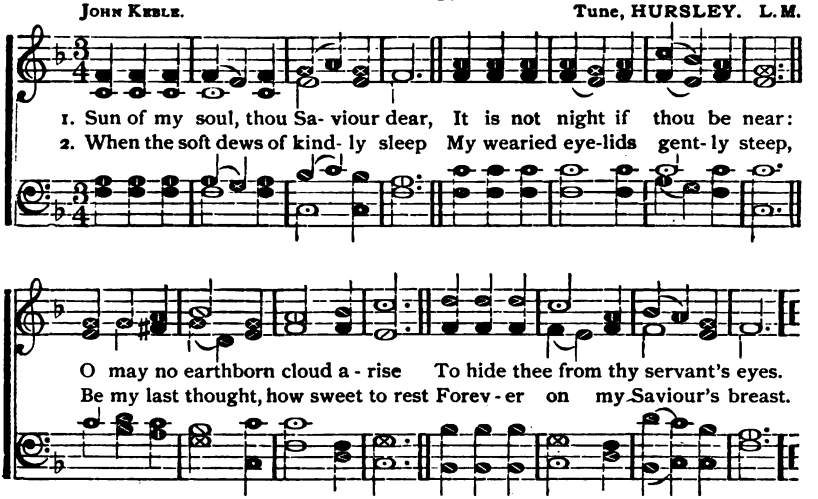
4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee *from my* breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

## 164-34 Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. Tune, HURSLEY. L.M.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sa- viour dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind- ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent- ly steep,
O may no earthborn cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forev - er on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

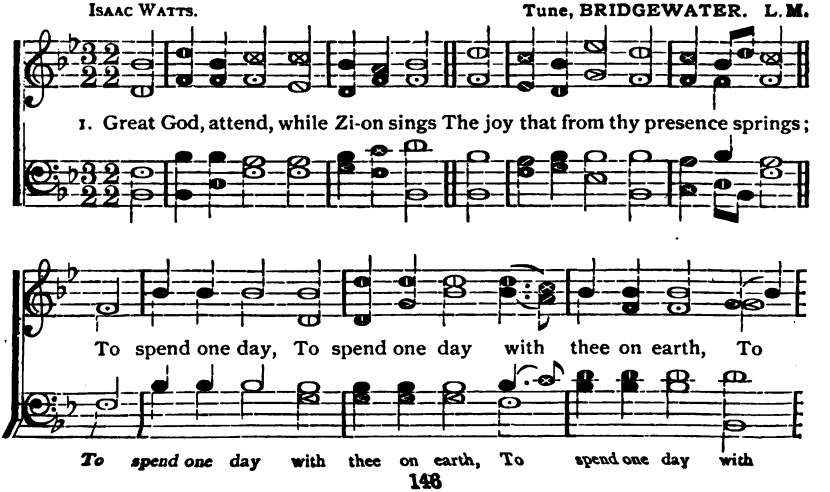
4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

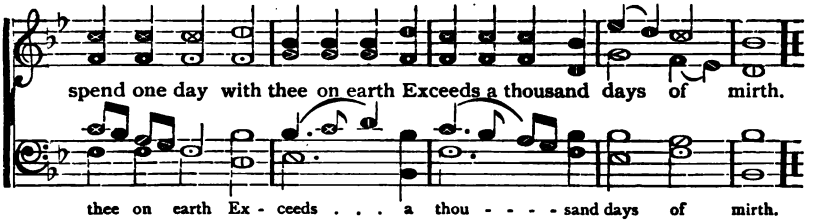
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

## 165-35 Great God, Attend.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, BRIDGEWATER. L.M.


1. Great God, attend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day, To spend one day with thee on earth, To
To spend one day with thee on earth, To spend one day with

## Great God, Attend.—CONCLUDED.




2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

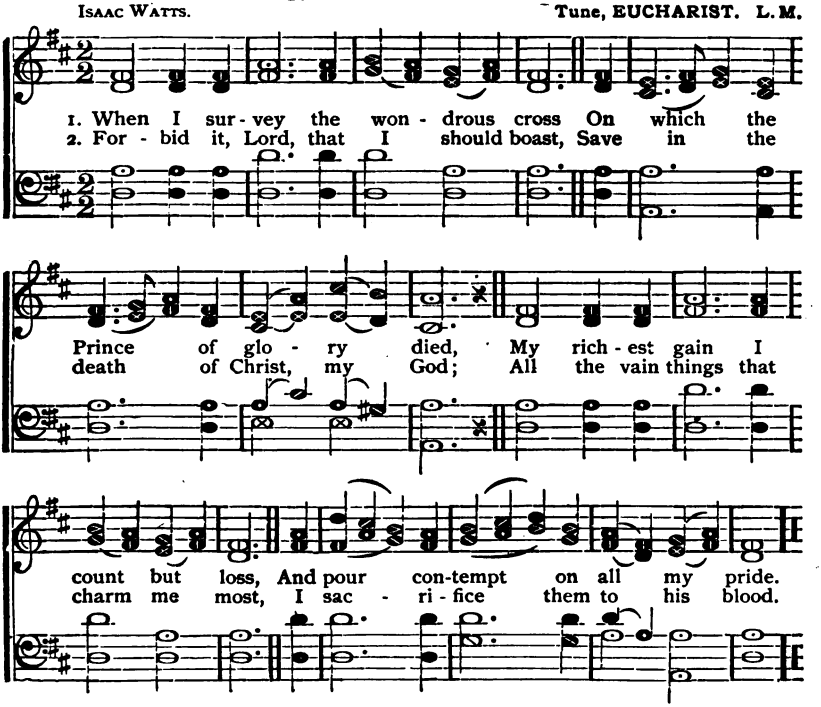
3 God is our sun, he makes our day,
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

## 166–36 Glorying in the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. Tune, EUCHARIST. L.M.

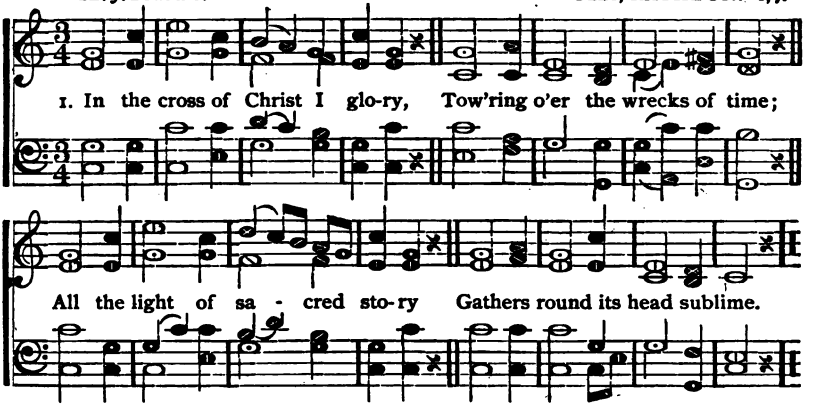

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns *compose so rich* a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## 167–37 In the Cross of Christ.

Sir. J. Bowring. Tune, RATHBUN. 8,7.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

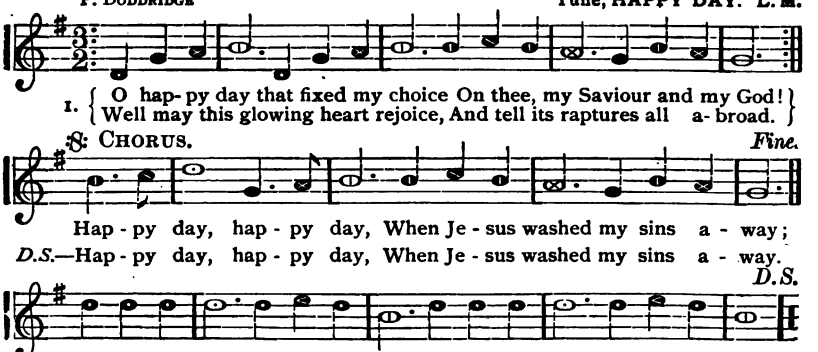
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

## 168–38 O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge Tune, HAPPY DAY. L. M.

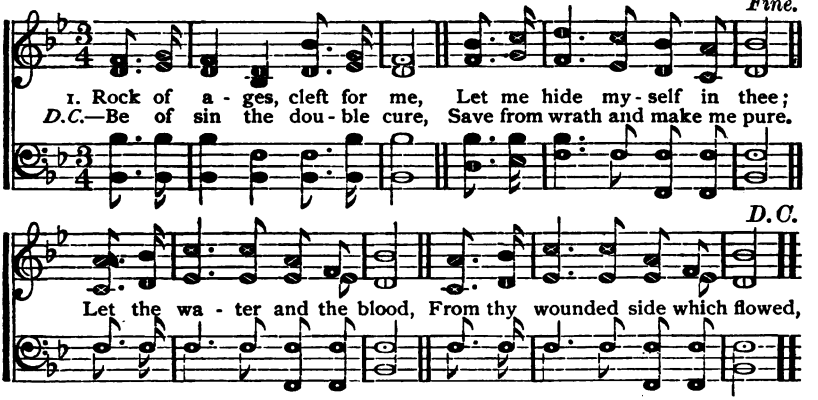

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! }
{ Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }
𝄋: Chorus.
Fine.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
D.S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.
D.S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoic - ing ev - 'ry day;

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
*Charmed to* confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

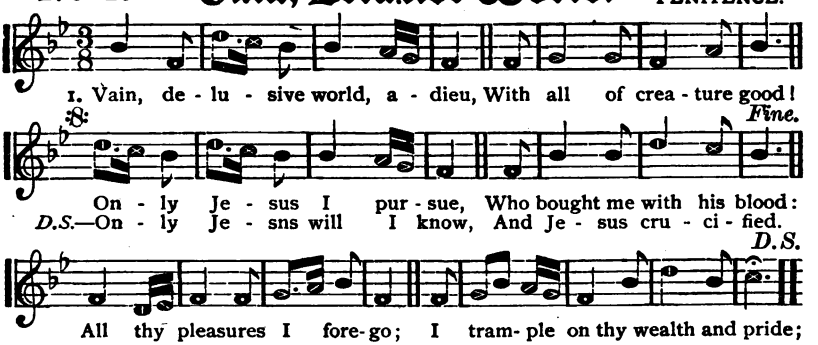
5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

169–39 **Rock of Ages** Tune, TOPLADY. 7.

Fine.
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

170–40 **Vain, Delusive World.** Tune, PENITENCE.


1. Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea - ture good!
Fine.
On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood:
D.S.—On - ly Je - sns will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
D.S.
All thy pleasures I fore - go; I tram - ple on thy wealth and pride;

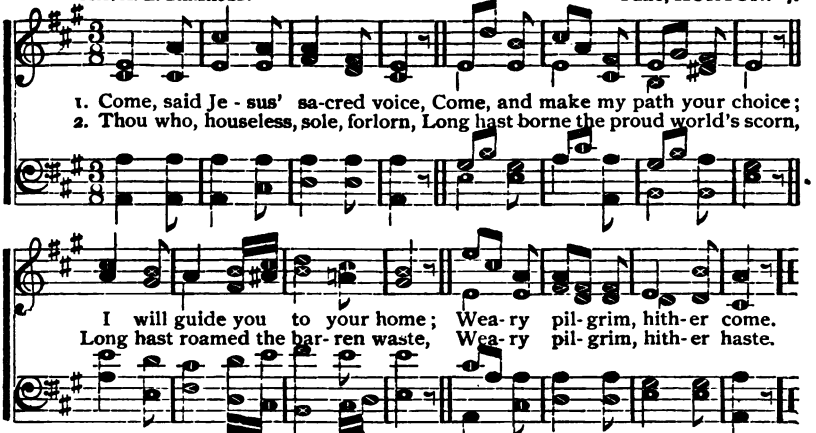
2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

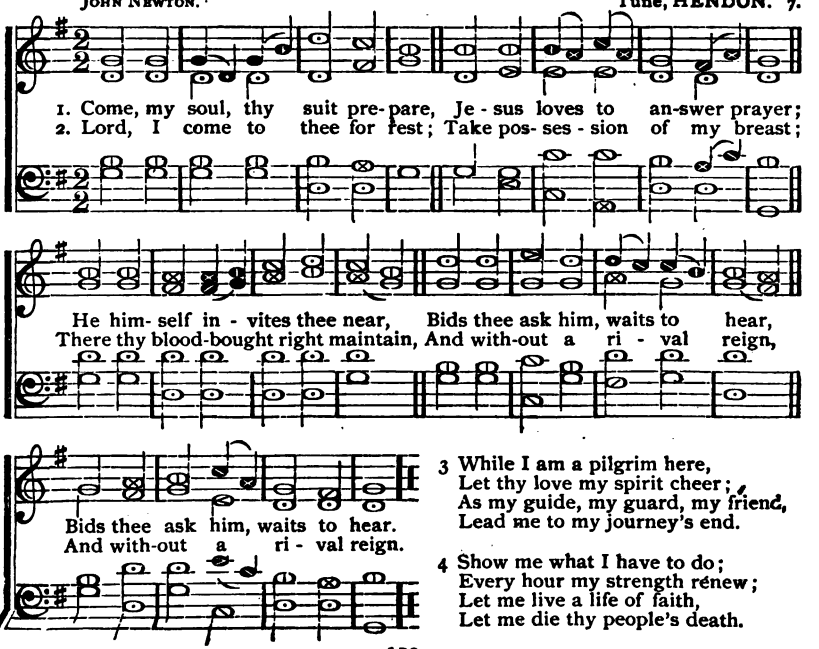
## 171–41 Come, Said Jesus.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld. Tune, HORTON. 7.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa-cred voice, Come, and make my path your choice;
2. Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er come.
Long hast roamed the bar-ren waste, Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

## 172–42 Come, My Soul.

John Newton. Tune, HENDON. 7.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je - sus loves to an-swer prayer;
2. Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos-ses - sion of my breast;
He him-self in - vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear,
There thy blood-bought right maintain, And with-out a ri - val reign,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
And with-out a ri - val reign.

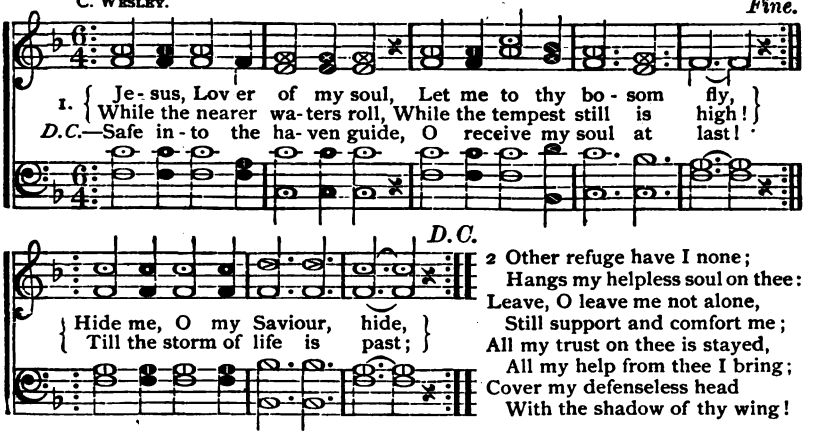
3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

## 173–43 Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

Tune, MARTYN. 7.

C. WESLEY.


Fine.
1. { Je-sus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly,
While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high!
D.C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last!
D.C.
{ Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past; }

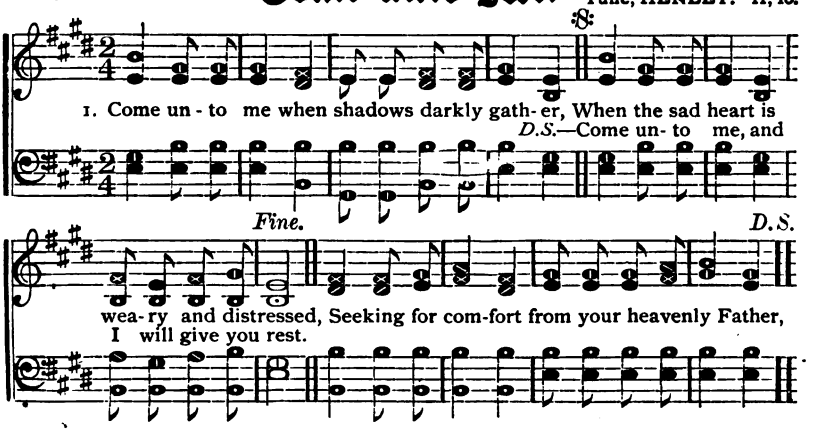
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

## 174–44 Come unto Me.

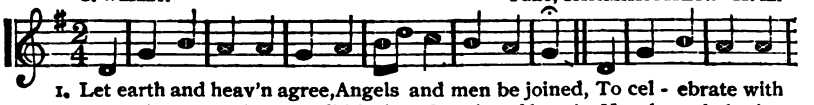
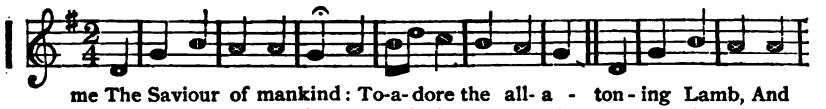
Tune, HENLEY. 11, 10.

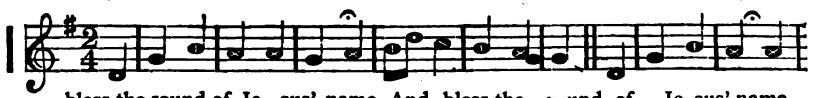

1. Come un-to me when shadows darkly gath-er, When the sad heart is
D.S.—Come un-to me, and
Fine.
D.S.
wea-ry and distressed, Seeking for com-fort from your heavenly Father,
I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never [dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heav- [enly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rude- [ly pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

## 175–45 Let Earth and Heaven Agree.

C. Wesley. Tune, CARMARTHEN. H. M.

1. Let earth and heav'n agree, Angels and men be joined, To cel - ebrate with
2. Jesus! transporting sound! The joy of earth and heav'n; No oth-er help is

me The Saviour of mankind: To-a-dore the all-a - ton-ing Lamb, And
found, No oth-er name is given, By which we can sal - va - tion have; But



bless the sound of Je - sus' name, And bless the sound of Je-sus' name.
Je - sus came the world to save, But Je - sus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

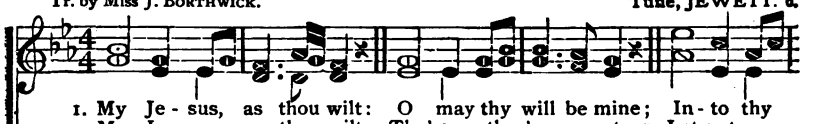
4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart with joy.

5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

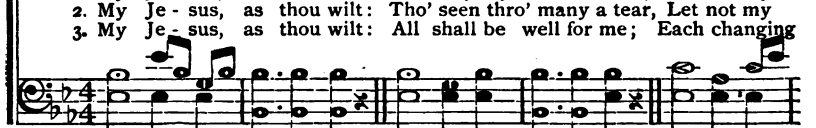
6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

## 176–46 My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

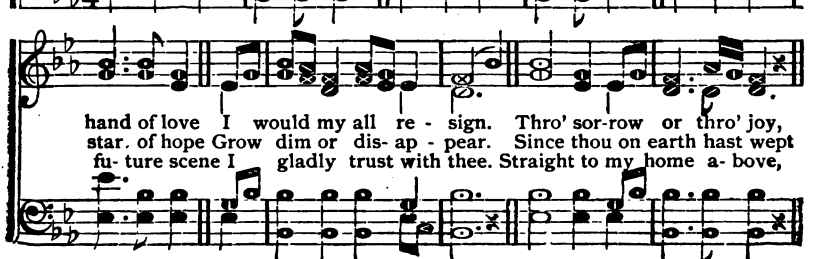
Tr. by Miss J. Borthwick. Tune, JEWETT. 6.



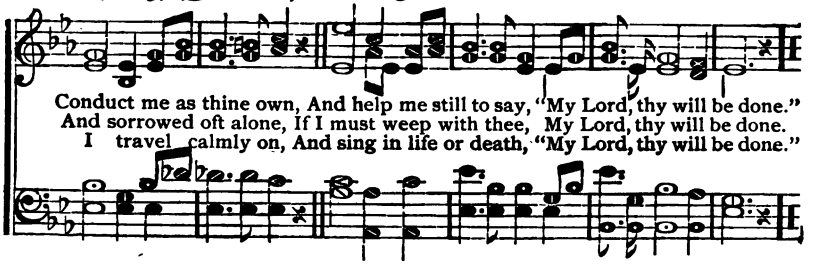
1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing



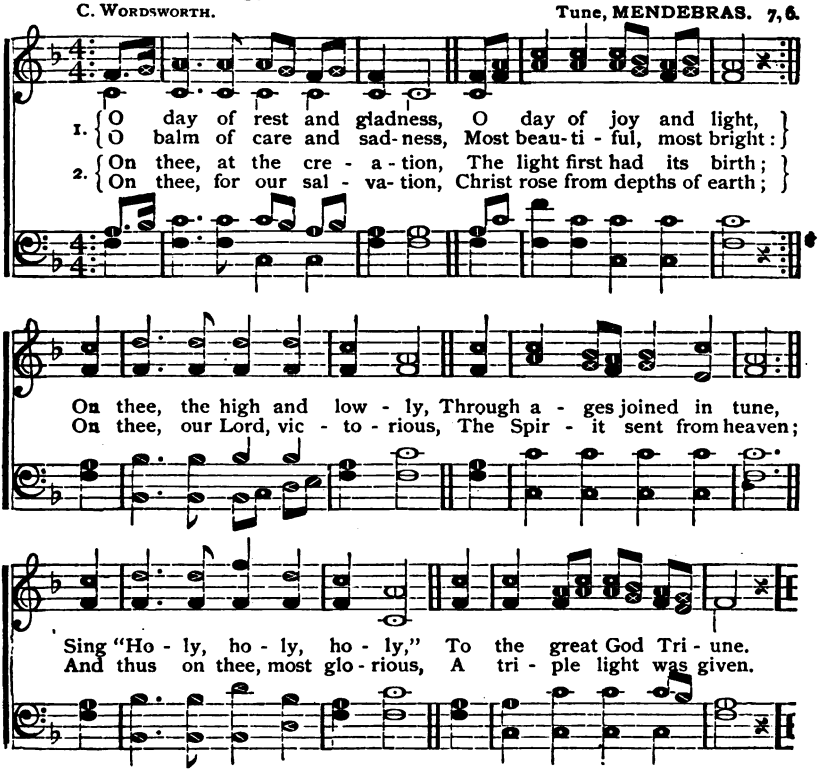
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis- ap - pear. Since thou on earth hast wept
fu- ture scene I gladly trust with thee. Straight to my home a- bove,



## My Jesus, as Thou wilt.—CONCLUDED.


Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done.
I travel calmly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

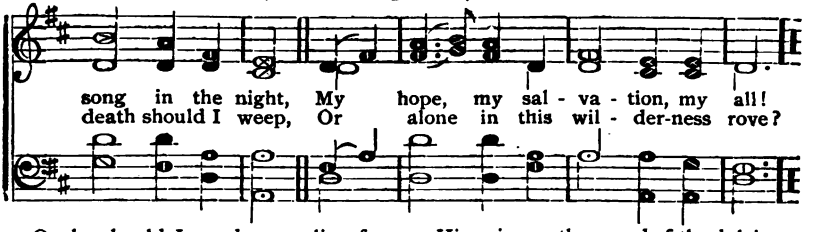
## 177–47 O Day of Rest and Gladness

C. WORDSWORTH. Tune, MENDEBRAS. 7, 6.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright:
2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune,
On thee, our Lord, vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from heaven;
Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.
And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A tri-ple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
*With soul-refreshing streams.*

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

## O Thou, in Whose, etc.—CONCLUDED.




3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread? [thee,
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

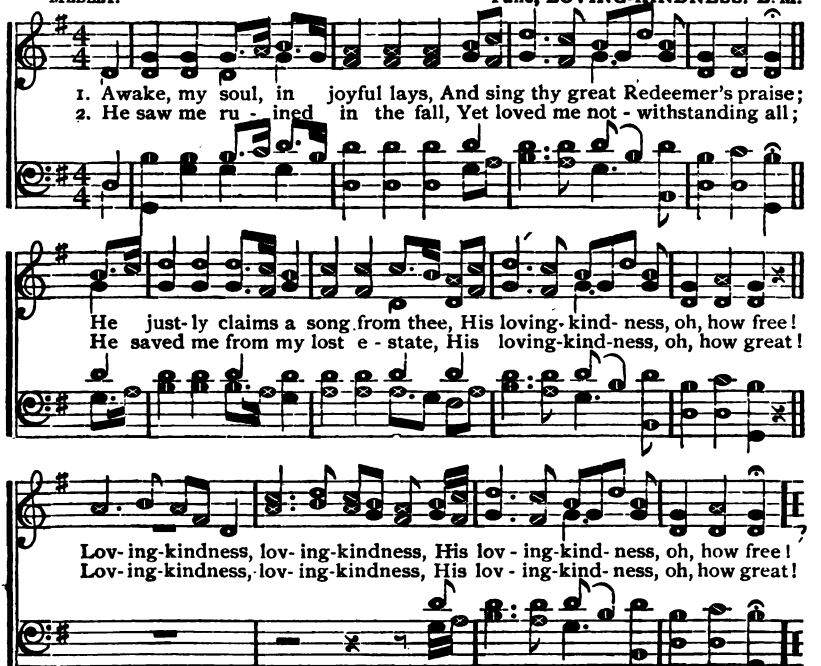
4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone? [seen
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.

5 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard 'mid the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet;
The air is perfumed with his breath.

6 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word: [rejoice,
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord. [voice,

## 180–50 Awake, My Soul.

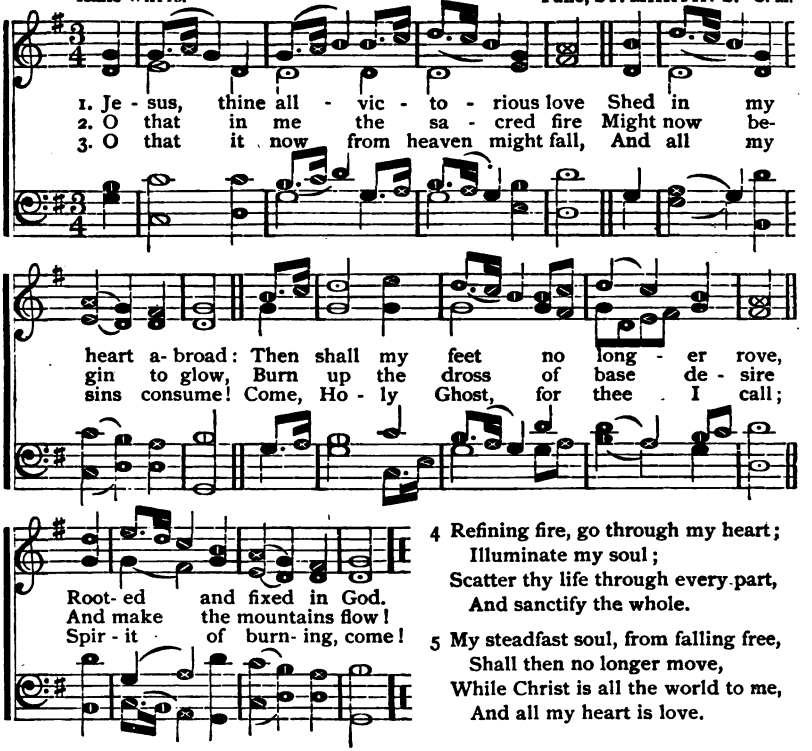
MEDLEY. Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.


1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all;
He just-ly claims a song from thee, His loving-kind- ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost e - state, His loving-kind-ness, oh, how great!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kind- ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov - ing-kind- ness, oh, how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

## 181–51 All-victorious Love.

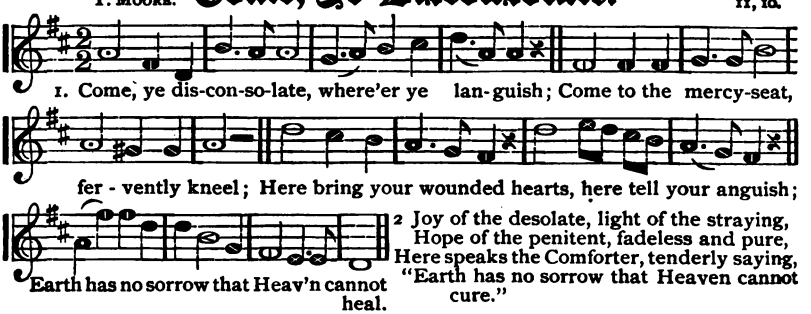
ISAAC WATTS. Tune, ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

1. Je - sus, thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my
2. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be-
3. O that it now from heaven might fall, And all my
heart a- broad: Then shall my feet no long - er rove,
gin to glow, Burn up the dross of base de - sire
sins consume! Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call;
Root- ed and fixed in God.
And make the mountains flow!
Spir - it of burn- ing, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

## 182–52 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

T. MOORE. 11, 10.


1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish; Come to the mercy-seat,
fer - vently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

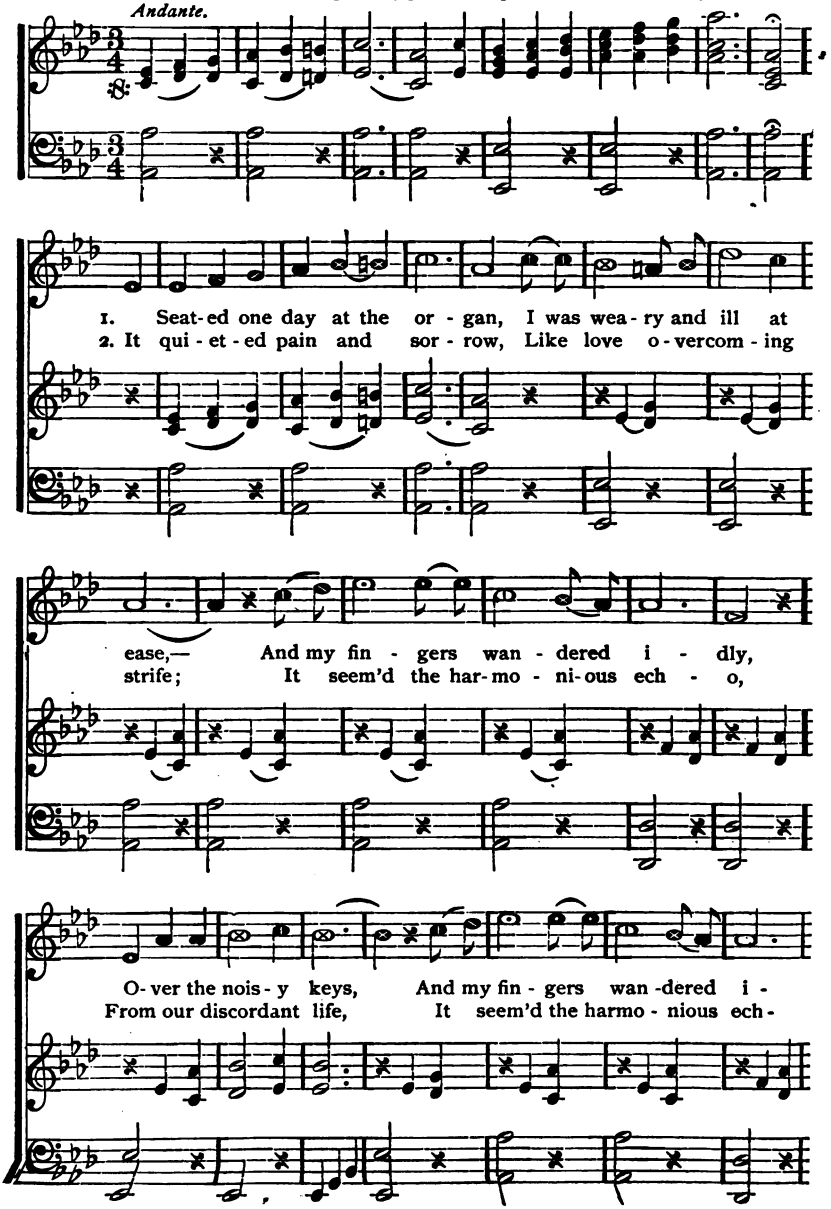
# FAVORITE SOLOS AND CHORUSES.

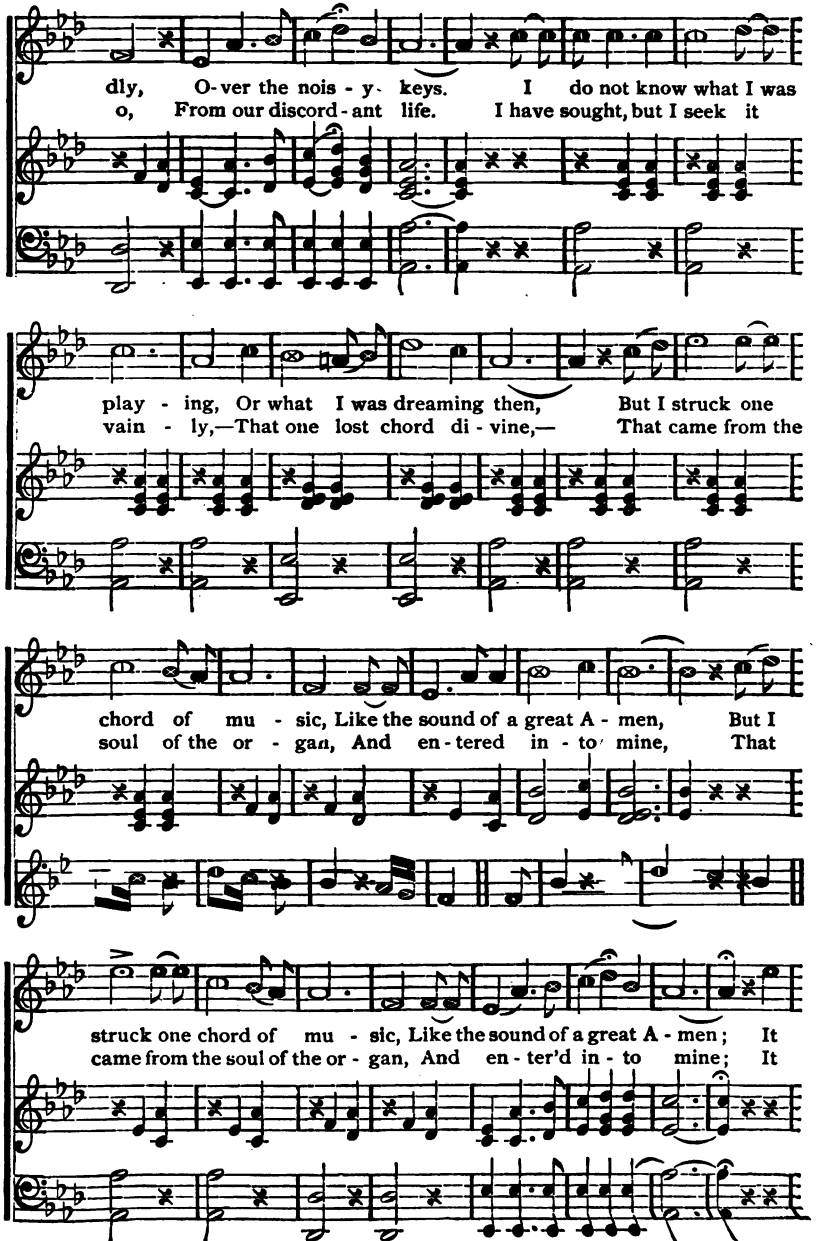
183

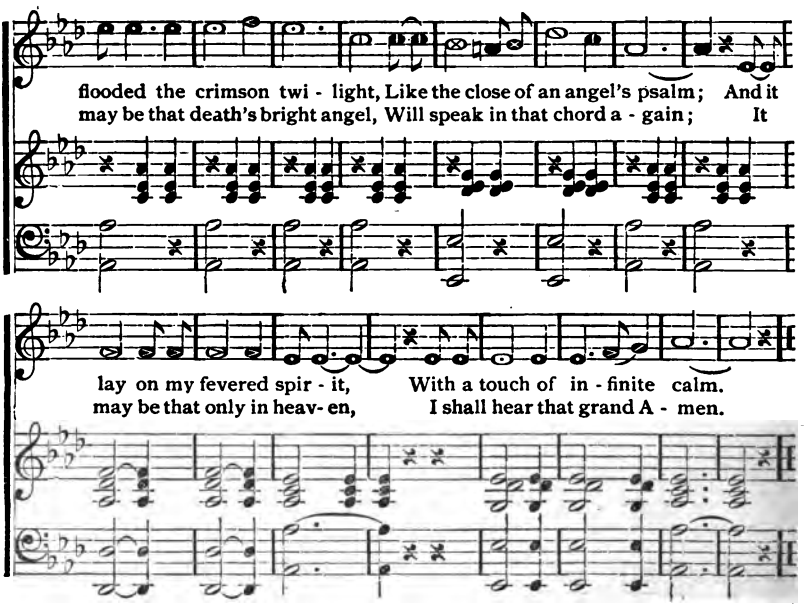
# The Lost Chord.

As sung by Chaplain C. C. M'CABE.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR. [Used by permission.] ELLA J. BARROWS.

*Andante.*

1. Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was wea-ry and ill at ease,— And my fin-gers wan-dered i-dly,
2. It qui-et-ed pain and sor-row, Like love o-vercom-ing strife; It seem'd the har-mo-ni-ous ech-o,
O-ver the nois-y keys, And my fin-gers wan-dered i-
From our discordant life, It seem'd the harmo-nious ech-

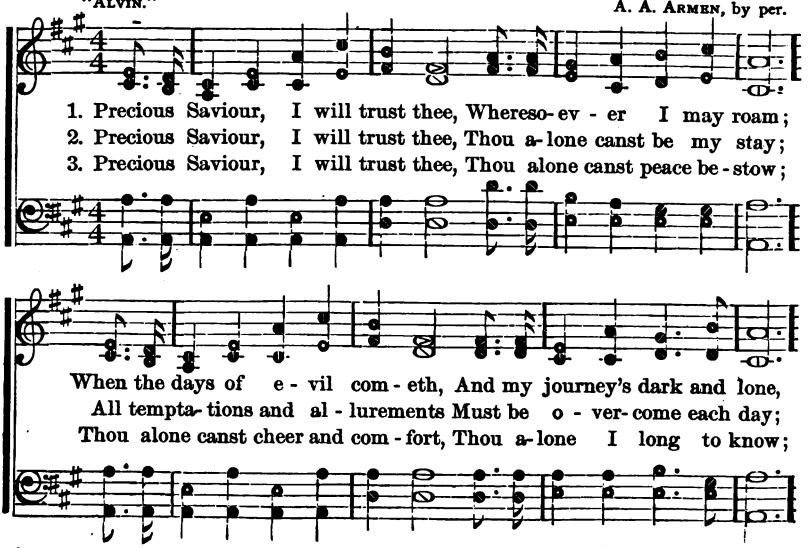
*Published in sheet form by Rev. Geo. Orbin, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

dly, O-ver the nois - y keys. I do not know what I was
o, From our discord - ant life. I have sought, but I seek it
play - ing, Or what I was dreaming then, But I struck one
vain - ly,—That one lost chord di - vine,— That came from the
chord of mu - sic, Like the sound of a great A - men, But I
soul of the or - gan, And en - tered in - to mine, That
struck one chord of mu - sic, Like the sound of a great A - men; It
came from the soul of the or - gan, And en - ter'd in - to mine; It


flooded the crimson twi - light, Like the close of an angel's psalm; And it
may be that death's bright angel, Will speak in that chord a - gain; It
lay on my fevered spir - it, With a touch of in - finite calm.
may be that only in heav- en, I shall hear that grand A - men.

184

## I will Trust Thee.

"ALVIN." A. A. ARMEN, by per.


1. Precious Saviour, I will trust thee, Whereso- ev - er I may roam;
2. Precious Saviour, I will trust thee, Thou a- lone canst be my stay;
3. Precious Saviour, I will trust thee, Thou alone canst peace be - stow;
When the days of e - vil com - eth, And my journey's dark and lone,
All tempta- tions and al - lurements Must be o - ver- come each day;
Thou alone canst cheer and com - fort, Thou a- lone I long to know;

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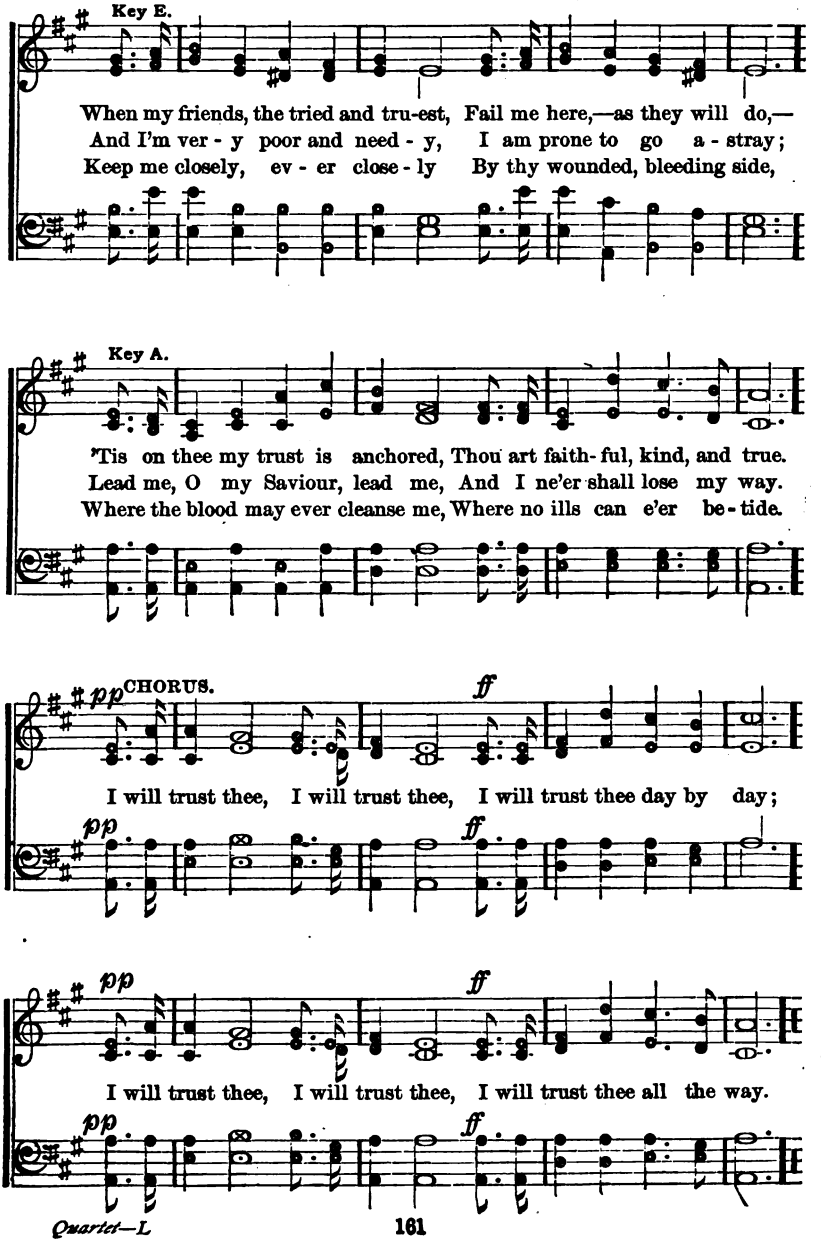
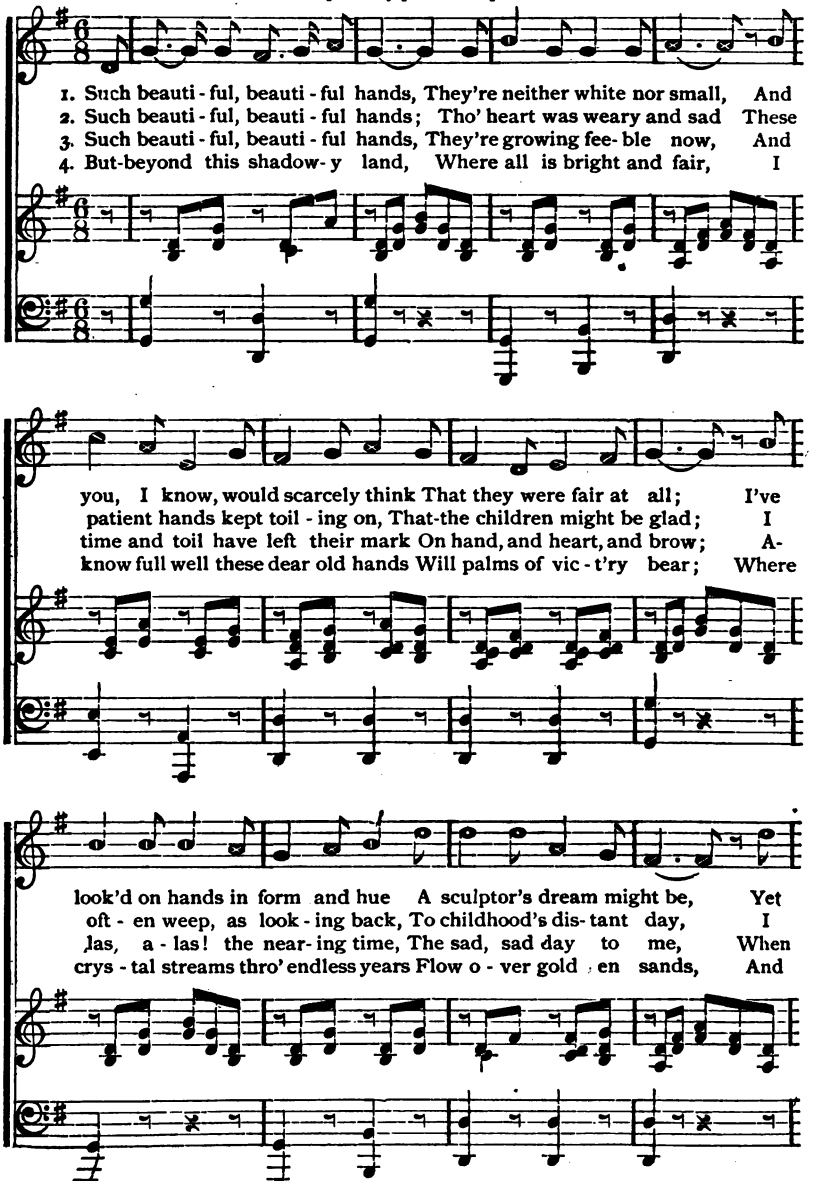
# I will Trust Thee.—CONCLUDED.

Key E.
When my friends, the tried and tru-est, Fail me here,—as they will do,—
And I'm ver - y poor and need - y, I am prone to go a - stray;
Keep me closely, ev - er close - ly By thy wounded, bleeding side,
Key A.
'Tis on thee my trust is anchored, Thou art faith- ful, kind, and true.
Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me, And I ne'er shall lose my way.
Where the blood may ever cleanse me, Where no ills can e'er be - tide.
pp CHORUS. ff
I will trust thee, I will trust thee, I will trust thee day by day;
pp ff
pp ff
I will trust thee, I will trust thee, I will trust thee all the way.
pp ff

185

# Beautiful Hands.

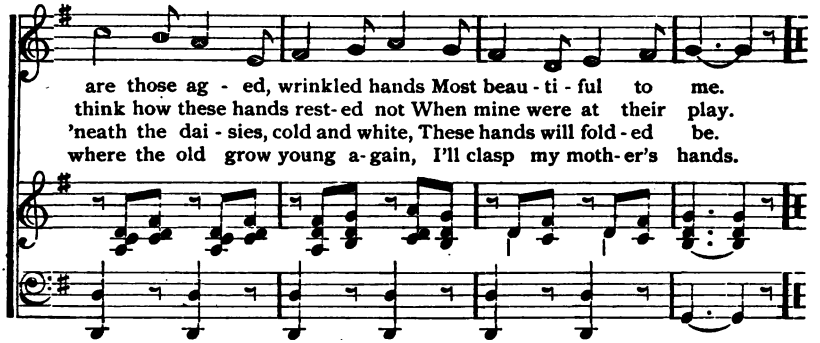
As sung by Chaplain C. C. M'CABE.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. [Used by permission.] Rev. Dwight Williams.


1. Such beauti - ful, beauti - ful hands, They're neither white nor small, And
you, I know, would scarcely think That they were fair at all; I've
look'd on hands in form and hue A sculptor's dream might be, Yet
2. Such beauti - ful, beauti - ful hands; Tho' heart was weary and sad These
patient hands kept toil - ing on, That-the children might be glad; I
oft - en weep, as look - ing back, To childhood's dis - tant day, I
3. Such beauti - ful, beauti - ful hands, They're growing fee - ble now, And
time and toil have left their mark On hand, and heart, and brow; A-
las, a - las! the near - ing time, The sad, sad day to me, When
4. But-beyond this shadow - y land, Where all is bright and fair, I
know full well these dear old hands Will palms of vic - t'ry bear; Where
crys - tal streams thro' endless years Flow o - ver gold - en sands, And

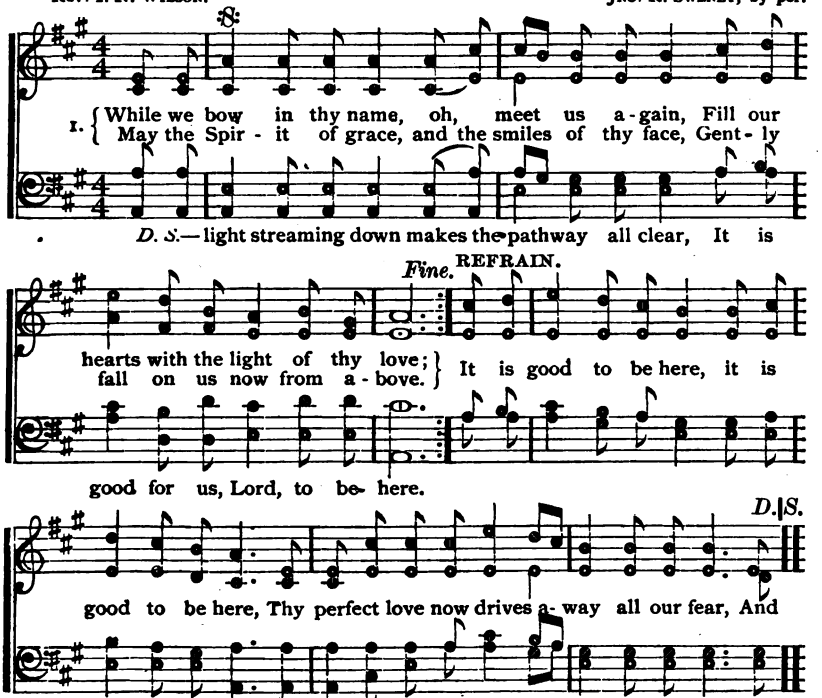
*Published in sheet form by Rev. Dwight Williams, Cazenovia, N. Y.*

## Beautiful Hands.—CONCLUDED.


are those ag - ed, wrinkled hands Most beau - ti - ful to me.
think how these hands rest - ed not When mine were at their play.
'neath the dai - sies, cold and white, These hands will fold - ed be.
where the old grow young a - gain, I'll clasp my moth - er's hands.

## 186 It is Good to be Here.

Rev. I. N. Wilson. Jno. R. Sweney, by per.


S.
1. While we bow in thy name, oh, meet us a - gain, Fill our
May the Spir - it of grace, and the smiles of thy face, Gent - ly
D. S.—light streaming down makes the pathway all clear, It is
Fine.
REFRAIN.
hearts with the light of thy love;
fall on us now from a - bove.
It is good to be here, it is
good for us, Lord, to be here.
D. S.
good to be here, Thy perfect love now drives a - way all our fear, And

2 Our souls long for thee; oh, may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls in pow'r o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know; we feel the sweet flow [tide;
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning
We are wash'd from our sin, made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

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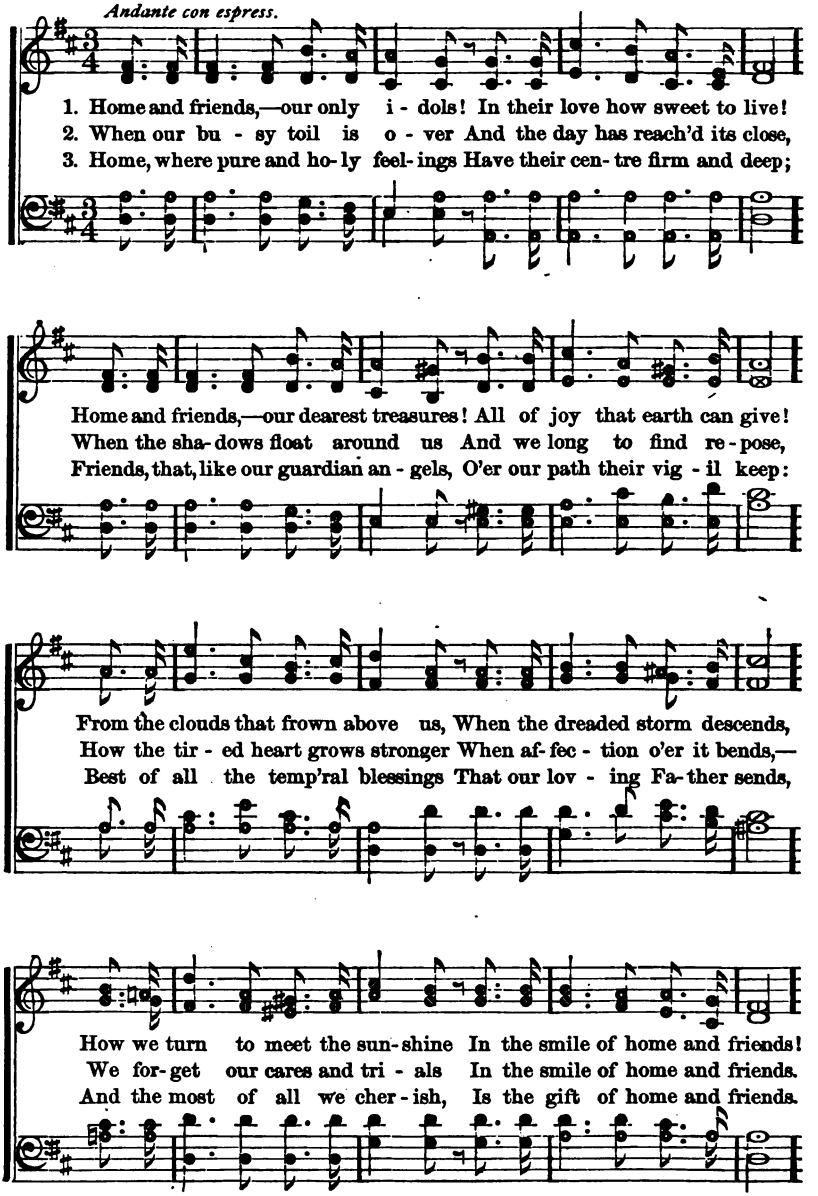
187

# Home and Friends.

Mrs. F. J. Van Alstyne. Adam Geibel.

*Andante con espress.*

1. Home and friends,—our only i - dols! In their love how sweet to live!
2. When our bu - sy toil is o - ver And the day has reach'd its close,
3. Home, where pure and ho- ly feel- ings Have their cen- tre firm and deep;
Home and friends,—our dearest treasures! All of joy that earth can give!
When the sha- dows float around us And we long to find re - pose,
Friends, that, like our guardian an - gels, O'er our path their vig - il keep:
From the clouds that frown above us, When the dreaded storm descends,
How the tir - ed heart grows stronger When af- fec - tion o'er it bends,—
Best of all the temp'ral blessings That our lov - ing Fa- ther sends,
How we turn to meet the sun- shine In the smile of home and friends!
We for- get our cares and tri - als In the smile of home and friends.
And the most of all we cher - ish, Is the gift of home and friends.

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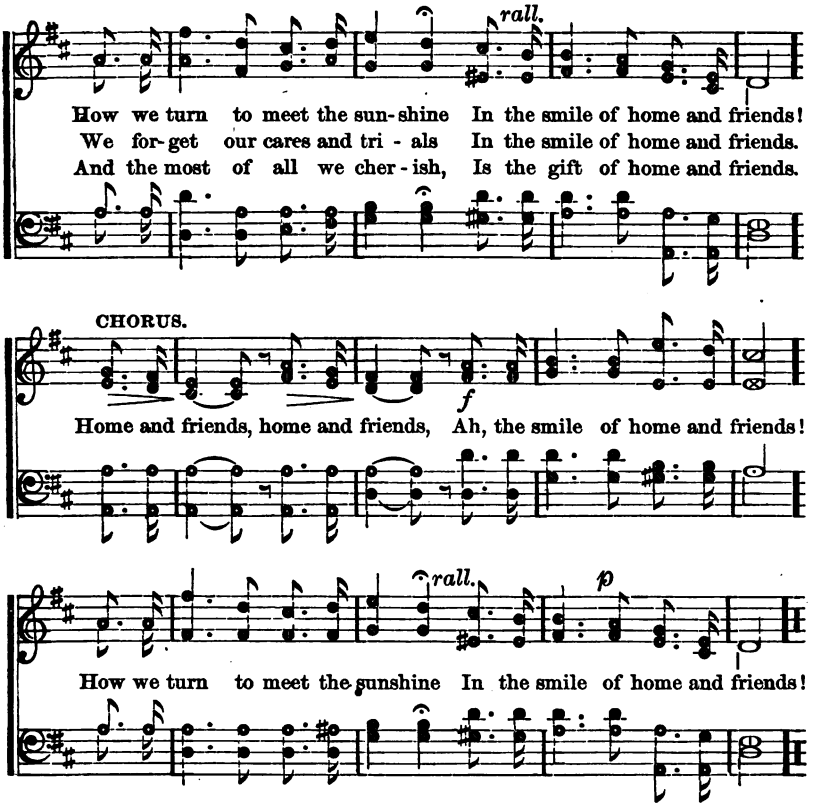
## Home and Friends.—CONCLUDED.

rall.
How we turn to meet the sun-shine In the smile of home and friends!
We for-get our cares and tri - als In the smile of home and friends.
And the most of all we cher - ish, Is the gift of home and friends.
CHORUS.
f
Home and friends, home and friends, Ah, the smile of home and friends!
rall.
p
How we turn to meet the sunshine In the smile of home and friends!

## 188 SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

H. L. Hastings. Tune in "The Garner," page 36.

Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where, in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

*Cho.*—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the bright celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound?

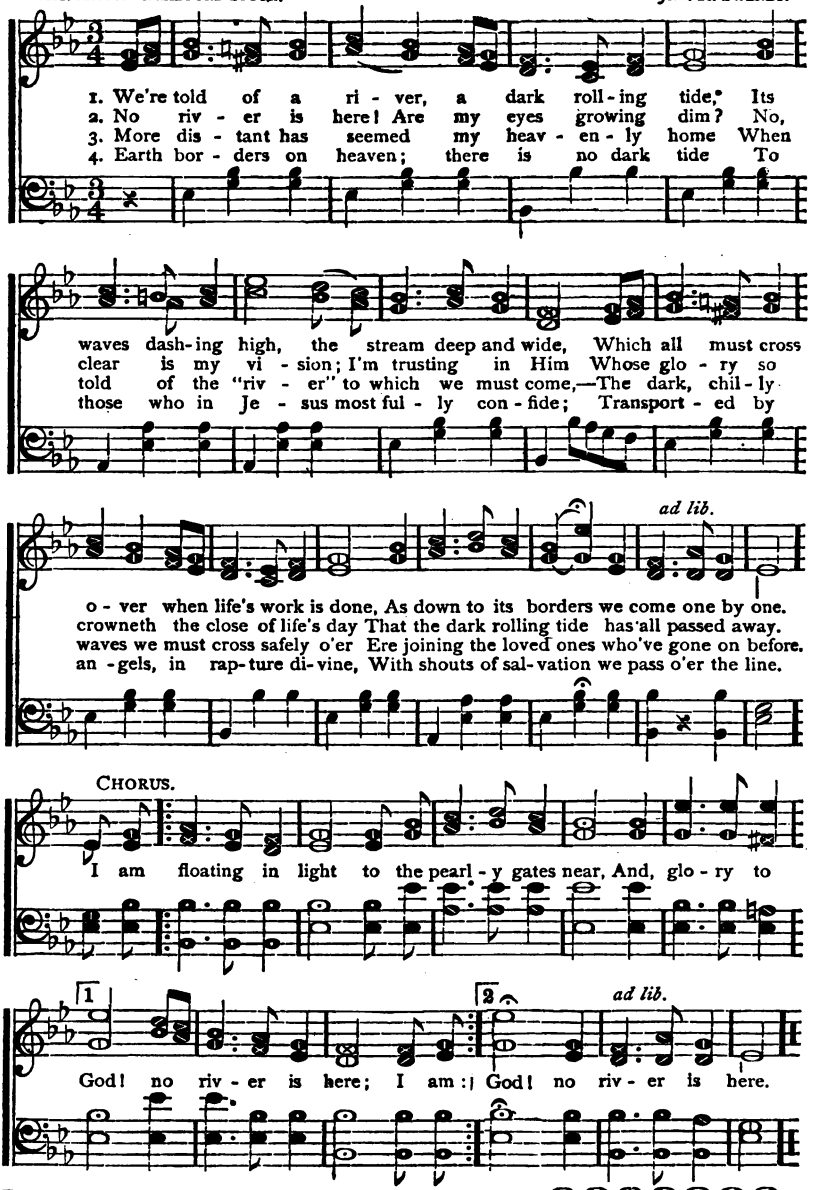
5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

189

# No River Here.

"There is no river here," said the late Bishop Gilbert Haven when dying; and again: "I am floating in light."

Mrs. Hattie Bradford Spoor. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. We're told of a ri - ver, a dark roll - ing tide, Its
2. No riv - er is here! Are my eyes growing dim? No,
3. More dis - tant has seemed my heav - en - ly home When
4. Earth bor - ders on heaven; there is no dark tide To
waves dash - ing high, the stream deep and wide, Which all must cross
clear is my vi - sion; I'm trusting in Him Whose glo - ry so
told of the "riv - er" to which we must come,—The dark, chil - ly
those who in Je - sus most ful - ly con - fide; Transport - ed by
ad lib.
o - ver when life's work is done, As down to its borders we come one by one.
crowneth the close of life's day That the dark rolling tide has all passed away.
waves we must cross safely o'er Ere joining the loved ones who've gone on before.
an - gels, in rap - ture di - vine, With shouts of sal - vation we pass o'er the line.
Chorus.
I am floating in light to the pearl - y gates near, And, glo - ry to
1
2
ad lib.
God! no riv - er is here; I am :| God! no riv - er is here.

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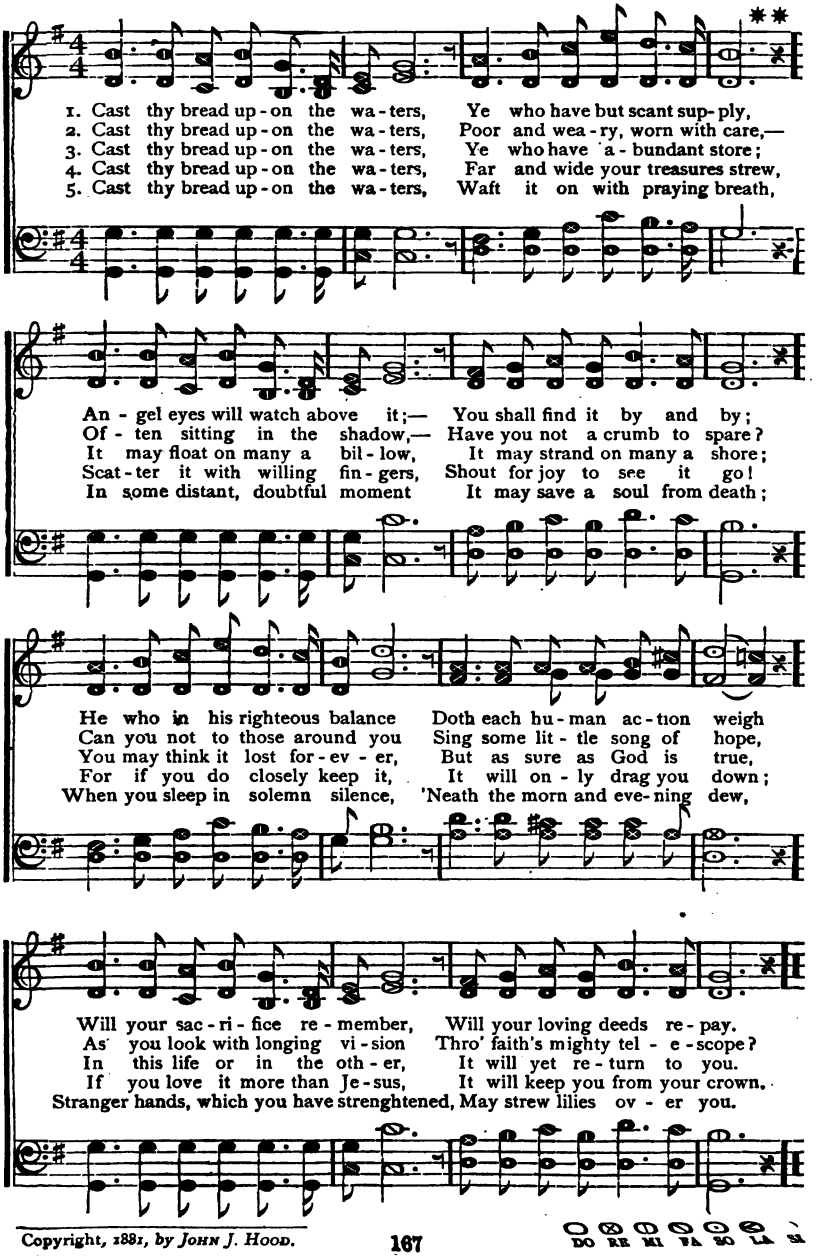
# 190 Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup-ply,
2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and wea-ry, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bundant store;
4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with praying breath,
An-gel eyes will watch above it;— You shall find it by and by;
Of-ten sitting in the shadow,— Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on many a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore;
Scat-ter it with willing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some distant, doubtful moment It may save a soul from death;
He who in his righteous balance Doth each hu-man ac-tion weigh
Can you not to those around you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for-ev-er, But as sure as God is true,
For if you do closely keep it, It will on-ly drag you down;
When you sleep in solemn silence, 'Neath the morn and eve-ning dew,
Will your sac-ri-fice re-member, Will your loving deeds re-pay.
As you look with longing vi-sion Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?
In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet re-turn to you.
If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strenghtened, May strew lilies ov-er you.

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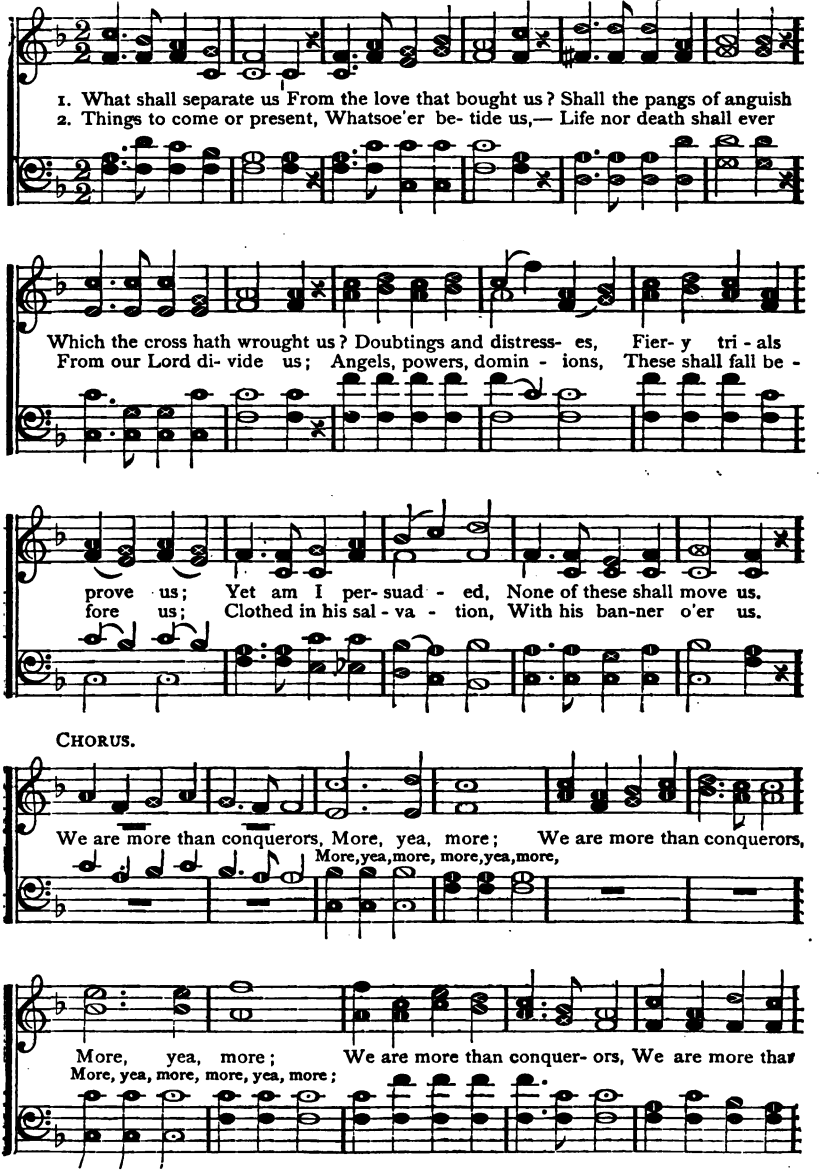
# 191 We are More than Conquerors.

"Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord." 2 Chr. xx. 17.

Mrs. Flora B. Harris. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. What shall separate us From the love that bought us? Shall the pangs of anguish
2. Things to come or present, Whatsoe'er be- tide us,— Life nor death shall ever
Which the cross hath wrought us? Doubtings and distress- es, Fier- y tri - als
From our Lord di- vide us; Angels, powers, domin - ions, These shall fall be -
prove us; Yet am I per- suad - ed, None of these shall move us.
fore us; Clothed in his sal - va - tion, With his ban-ner o'er us.
Chorus.
We are more than conquerors, More, yea, more; We are more than conquerors,
More, yea, more, more, yea, more,
More, yea, more; We are more than conquer- ors, We are more than
More, yea, more, more, yea, more;

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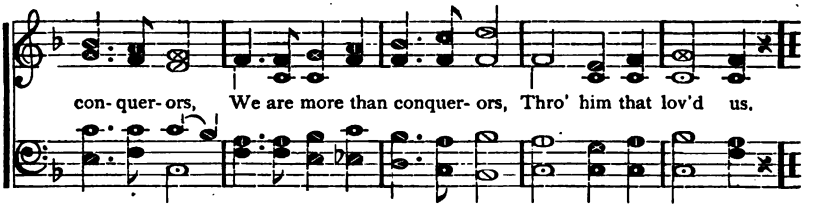
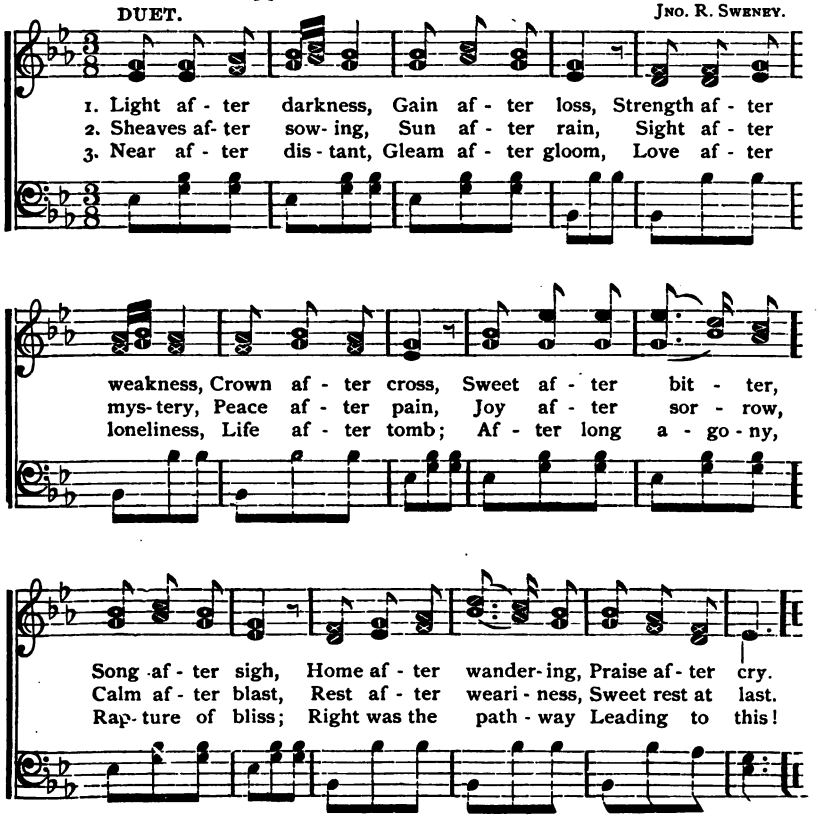
## We are More, etc.—CONCLUDED.




3 Depths that are beneath us,
Heights that are above us,
Have no power to sunder,
Since he stooped to love us.

Prince of our Redemption,
Sons to glory bringing,
Thou hast made from sinners
Victors, crowned and singing.—*Cho.*

## 192 Light after Darkness.

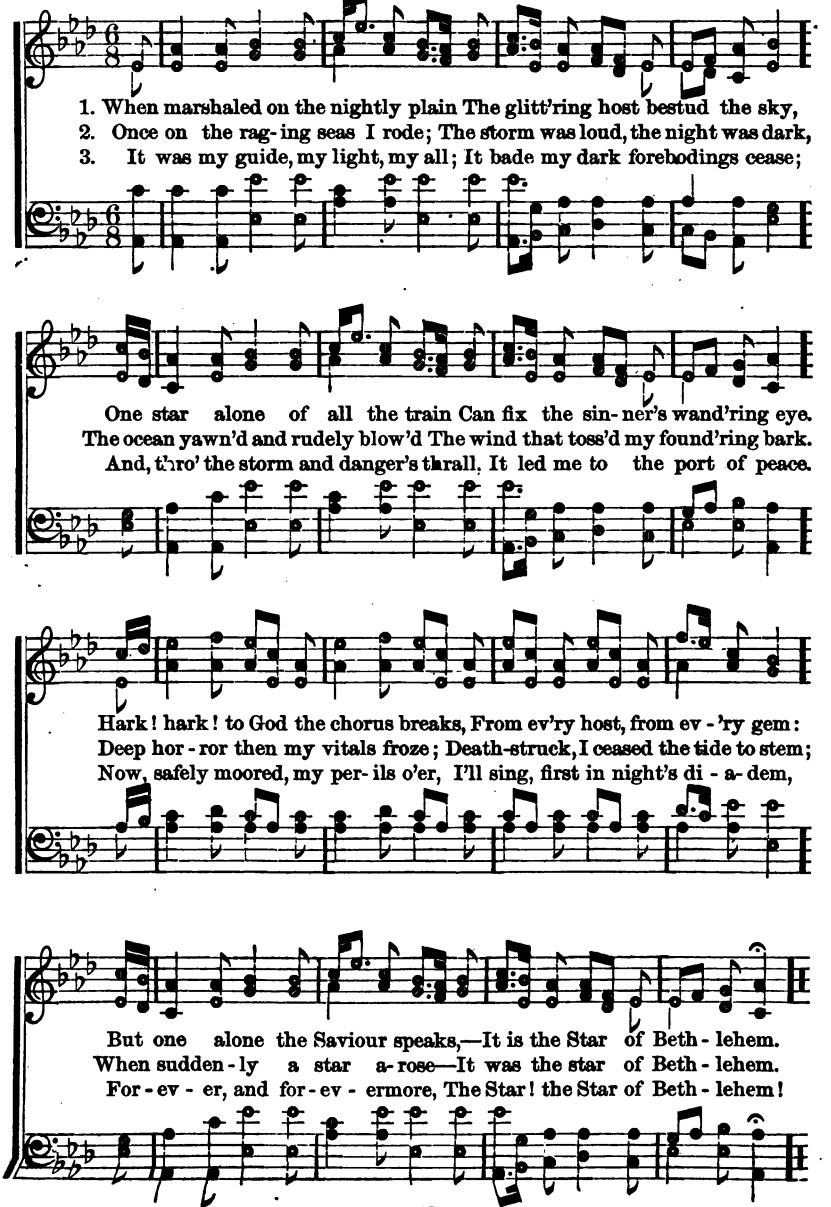
DUET. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Light af - ter darkness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter
2. Sheaves af- ter sow- ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter
weakness, Crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter bit - ter,
mys- tery, Peace af - ter pain, Joy af - ter sor - row,
loneliness, Life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long a - go - ny,
Song af - ter sigh, Home af - ter wander- ing, Praise af - ter cry.
Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter weari - ness, Sweet rest at last.
Rap- ture of bliss; Right was the path - way Leading to this!

*From "Goodly Pearls," by per.*



DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

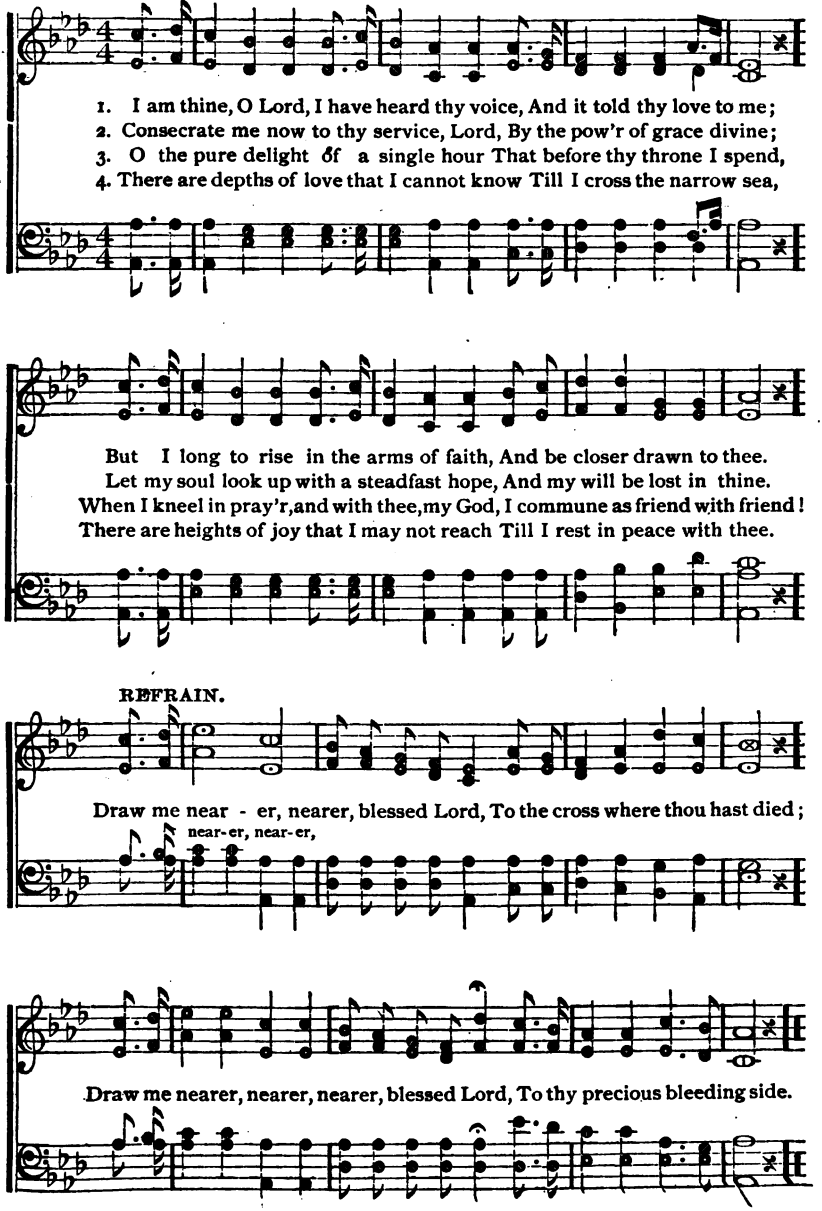
193 # The Star of Bethlehem.

H. K. White. Tune, BONNIE DOON.

1. When marshaled on the nightly plain The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
2. Once on the rag-ing seas I rode; The storm was loud, the night was dark,
3. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark forebodings cease;
One star alone of all the train Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye.
The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev'ry host, from ev-'ry gem:
Deep hor-ror then my vitals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
Now, safely moored, my per-ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di-a-dem,
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—It is the Star of Beth-lehem.
When sudden-ly a star a-rose—It was the star of Beth-lehem.
For-ev-er, and for-ev-ermore, The Star! the Star of Beth-lehem!

194

# Draw Me Nearer.

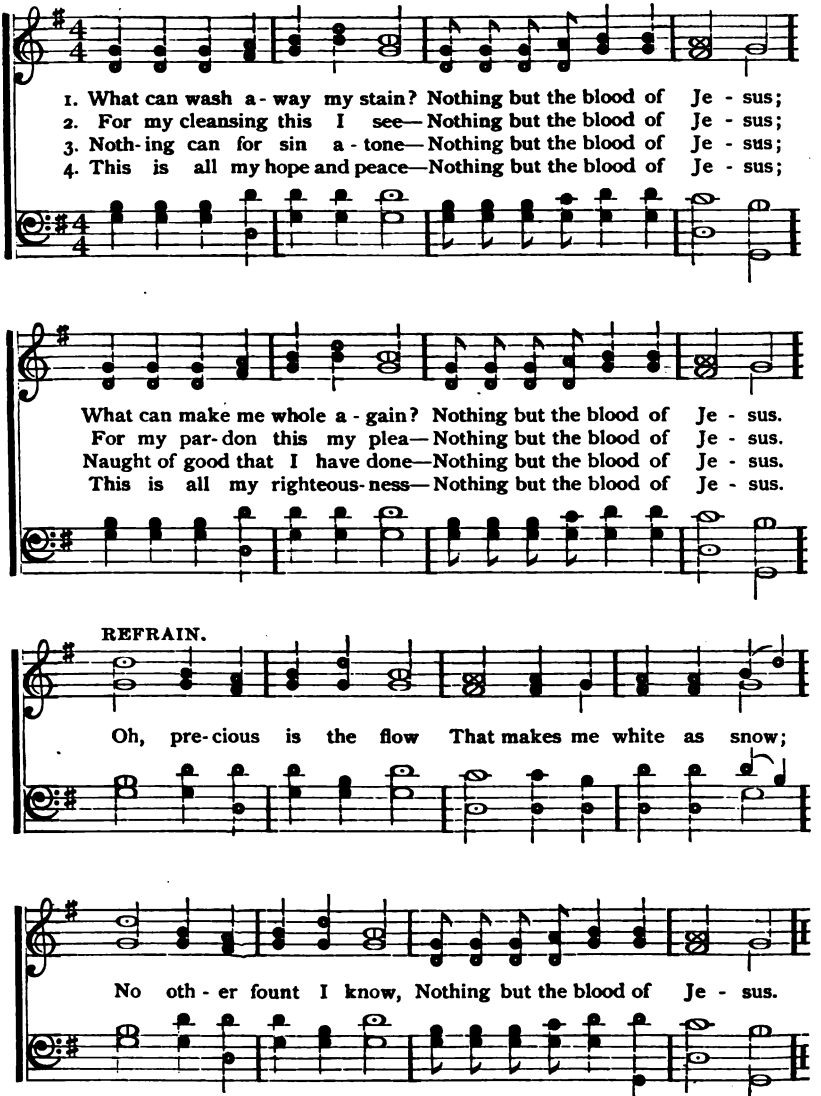
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
3. O the pure delight of a single hour That before thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious bleeding side.

*Copyright, 1875, by* BIGLOW & MAIN. From "Brightest and Best," by per.

## 195 Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

R. Lowry. R. Lowry.


1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my par - don this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my righteous - ness—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
REFRAIN.
Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

5 Now by this I'll overcome—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Now by this I'll reach my home—
*Nothing* but the blood of Jesus.

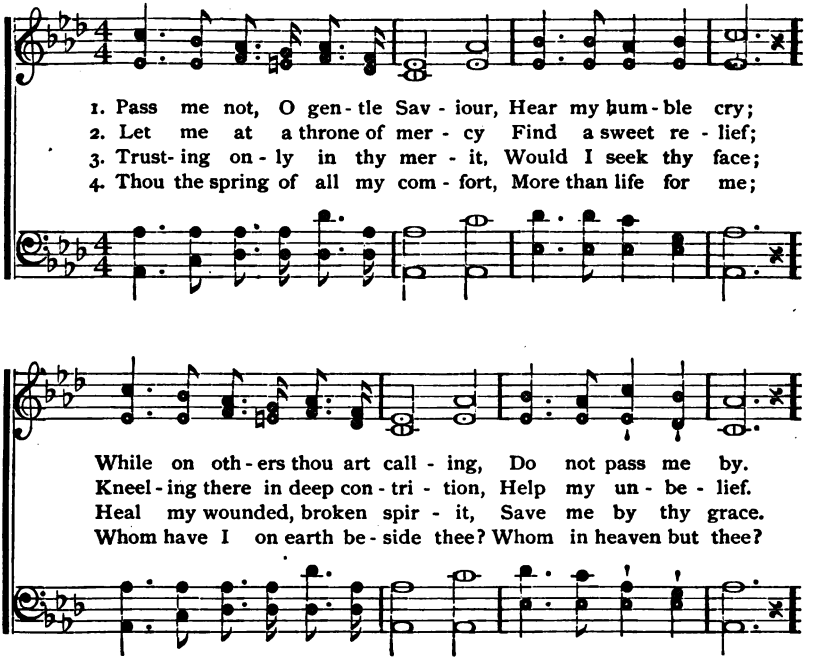
6 Glory! glory! thus I sing—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
All my praise for this I bring—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Copyright*, 1876, by Robert Lowry. From "Welcome Tidings," by per.

196

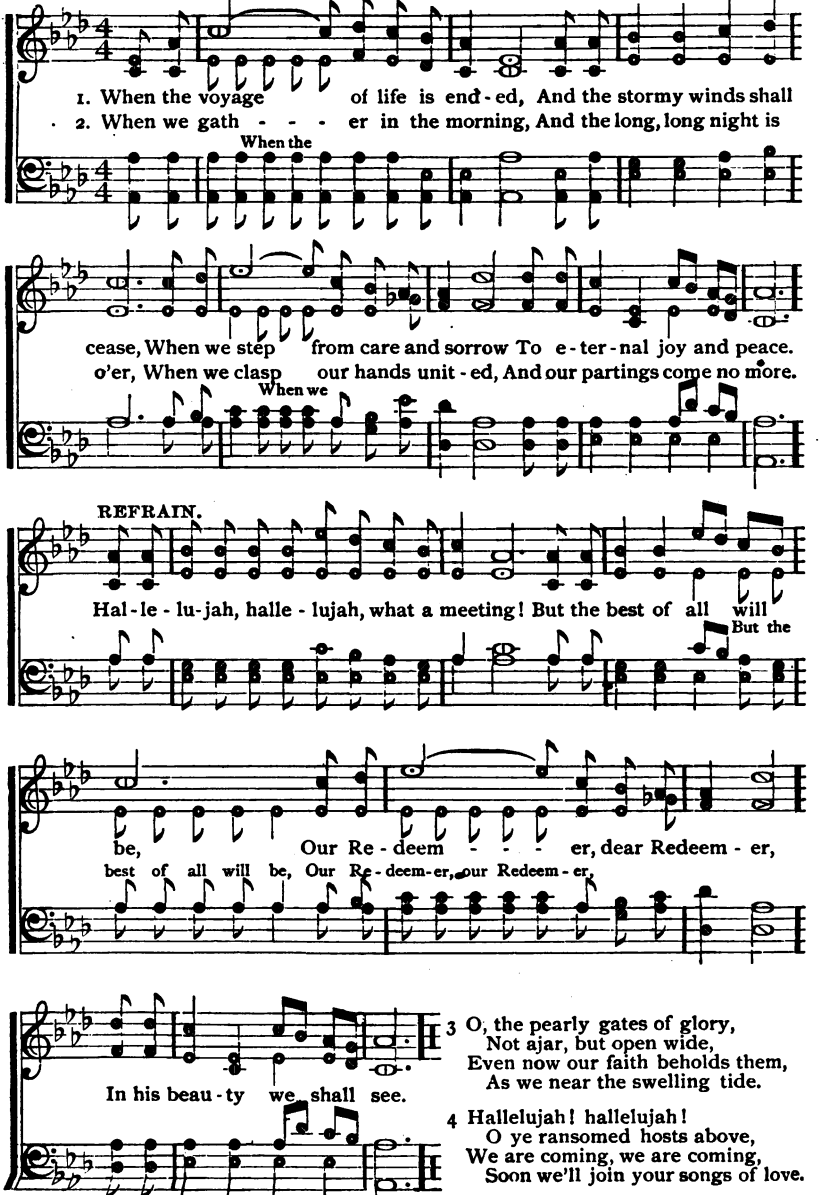
# Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face;
4. Thou the spring of all my com - fort, More than life for me;
While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heaven but thee?
CHORUS.
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry,
While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

*Copyright, 1868, by* W. H. DOANE. From "Songs of Devotion," by per.

# 197 When the Voyage is Ended.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. When the voyage of life is end-ed, And the stormy winds shall
2. When we gath - - - er in the morning, And the long, long night is
When the
cease, When we step from care and sorrow To e-ter-nal joy and peace.
o'er, When we clasp our hands unit-ed, And our partings come no more.
When we
REFRAIN.
Hal-le-lu-jah, halle-lujah, what a meeting! But the best of all will
But the
be, Our Re-deem - - - er, dear Redeem-er,
best of all will be, Our Re-deem-er, our Redeem-er,
In his beau-ty we shall see.

3 O, the pearly gates of glory,
Not ajar, but open wide,
Even now our faith beholds them,
As we near the swelling tide.

4 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
O ye ransomed hosts above,
We are coming, we are coming,
Soon we'll join your songs of love.

*Copyright, 1882, by JNO. R. SWENEY.*



DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

THE

# QUIVER OF SACRED SONG,

FOR USE IN

## Sunday Schools, Prayer Meetings, Gospel Meetings, etc.

—BY—

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

---

"HOOD'S NOTATION" IS INTRODUCED,
*consisting of Improvements*, NOT HERETOFORE PUBLISHED, *in the method of representing Musical Notes.*

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PHILADELPHIA:

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# PREFACE

THE purpose of THE QUIVER is set forth in the title page: keeping in view the high objects therein expressed, we have endeavored to the utmost of our ability to provide suitable and excellent hymns and music. We trust that this humble effort to advance the work of the Master will obtain His approval and blessing.

JOHN R. SWENEY.
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

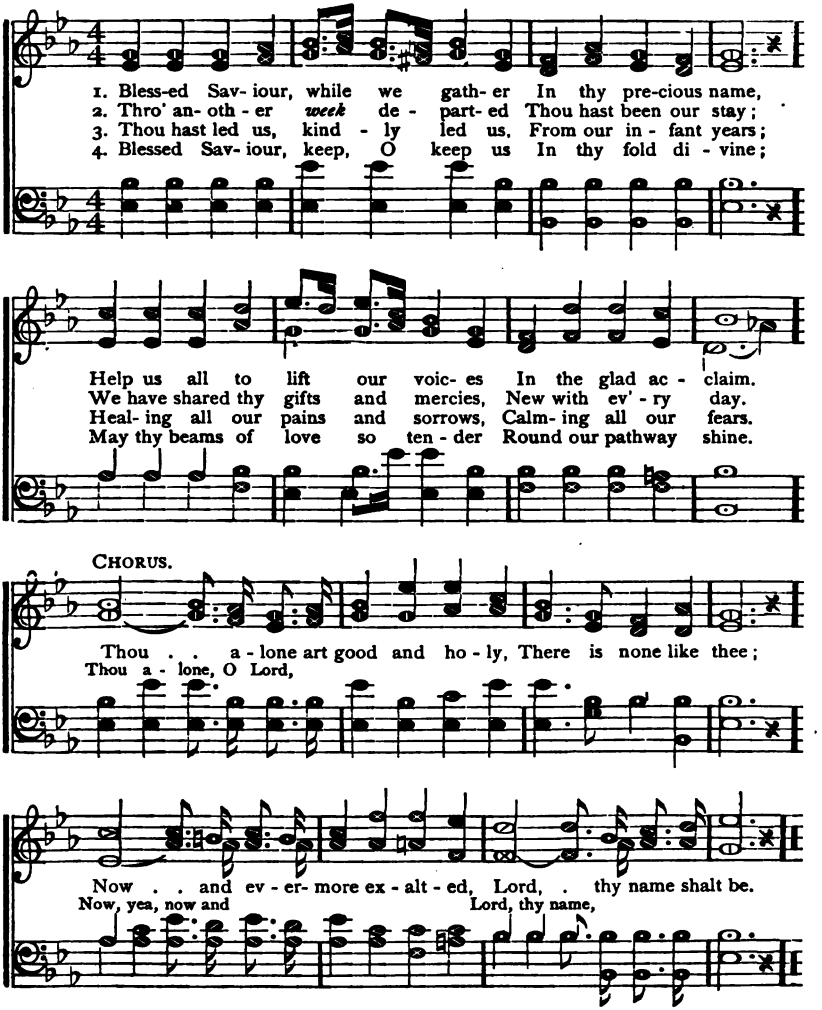
---

TAKE the Arrows from the QUIVER,
Bright with truth's immortal ray,
Bend the Bow, and at a venture
Speed them to their mark away.
May they wake the cold and languid,
And the foolish ones that sleep
With their lamps untrimmed and empty,
When their souls a watch should keep.

May they rouse to earnest labor
In the vineyard of the Lord,
And receive a power and quickness
From the Spirit's mighty sword.
Swift their flight and unresisting,
Such as every one may feel,
Leaving precious wounds behind them
Only Jesus' love can heal.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

## 198 There is None like Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. OPENING HYMN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Bless-ed Sav- iour, while we gath- er In thy pre-cious name,
2. Thro' an- oth - er week de - part- ed Thou hast been our stay;
3. Thou hast led us, kind - ly led us, From our in - fant years;
4. Blessed Sav- iour, keep, O keep us In thy fold di - vine;
Help us all to lift our voic- es In the glad ac - claim.
We have shared thy gifts and mercies, New with ev' - ry day.
Heal- ing all our pains and sorrows, Calm- ing all our fears.
May thy beams of love so ten - der Round our pathway shine.
CHORUS.
Thou . . a - lone art good and ho - ly, There is none like thee;
Thou a - lone, O Lord,
Now . . and ev - er- more ex - alt - ed, Lord, . thy name shalt be.
Now, yea, now and Lord, thy name,

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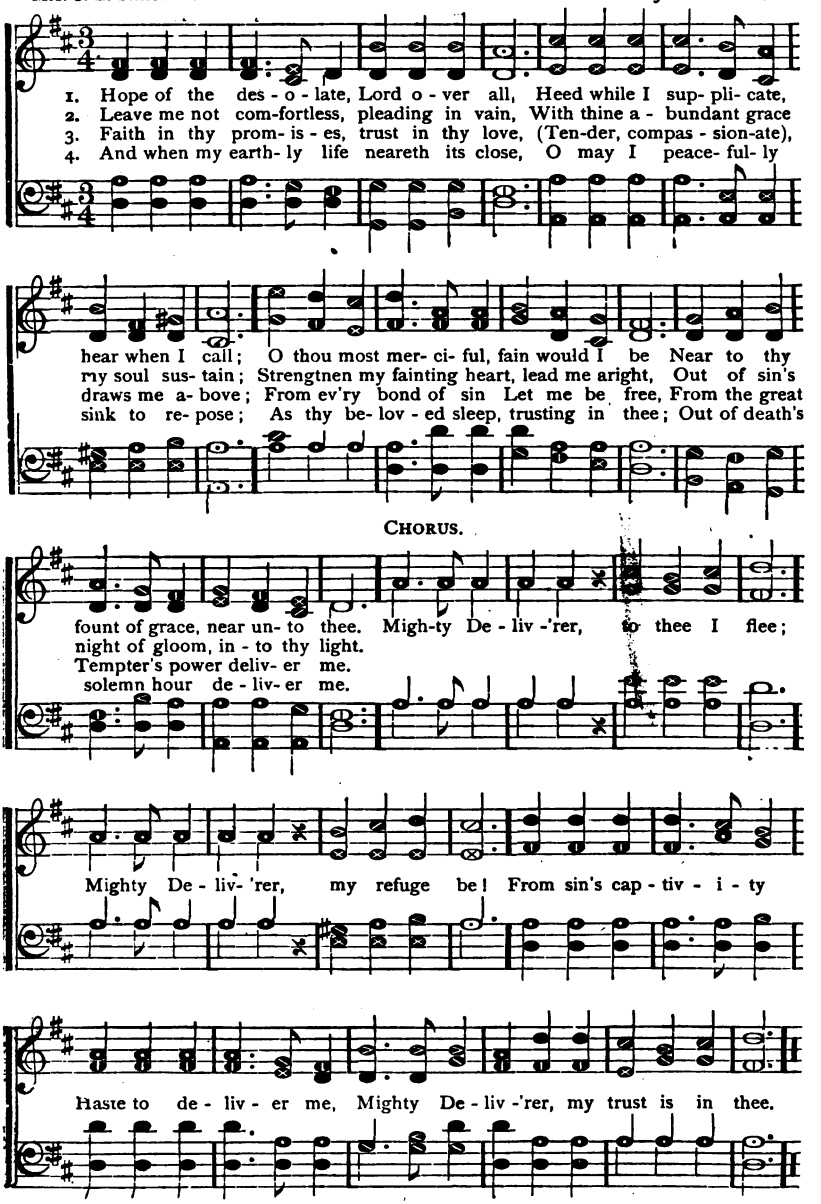
Quartet—M

199

# Mighty Deliv'rer.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hope of the des - o - late, Lord o - ver all, Heed while I sup- pli- cate,
2. Leave me not com-fortless, pleading in vain, With thine a - bundant grace
3. Faith in thy prom- is - es, trust in thy love, (Ten-der, compas - sion-ate),
4. And when my earth- ly life neareth its close, O may I peace- ful- ly
hear when I call; O thou most mer- ci- ful, fain would I be Near to thy
my soul sus- tain; Strengthen my fainting heart, lead me aright, Out of sin's
draws me a- bove; From ev'ry bond of sin Let me be free, From the great
sink to re- pose; As thy be- lov - ed sleep, trusting in thee; Out of death's
Chorus.
fount of grace, near un- to thee. Migh-ty De - liv -'rer, to thee I flee;
night of gloom, in - to thy light.
Tempter's power deliv- er me.
solemn hour de - liv- er me.
Mighty De - liv- 'rer, my refuge be! From sin's cap - tiv - i - ty
Haste to de - liv - er me, Mighty De - liv -'rer, my trust is in thee.

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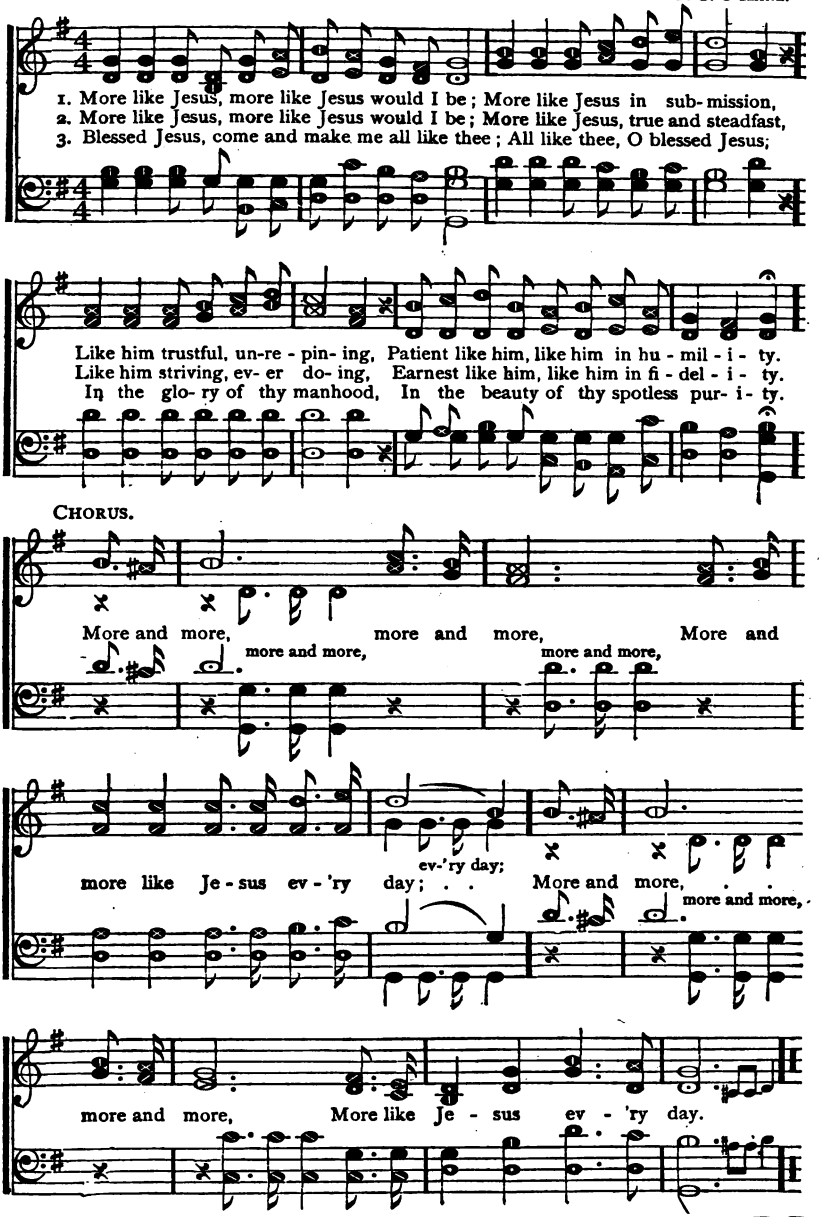
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

200

# More like Jesus.

Rev. F. Merrick, D.D.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. More like Jesus, more like Jesus would I be; More like Jesus in sub-mission,
2. More like Jesus, more like Jesus would I be; More like Jesus, true and steadfast,
3. Blessed Jesus, come and make me all like thee; All like thee, O blessed Jesus;
Like him trustful, un-re-pin-ing, Patient like him, like him in hu-mil-i-ty.
Like him striving, ev-er do-ing, Earnest like him, like him in fi-del-i-ty.
In the glo-ry of thy manhood, In the beauty of thy spotless pur-i-ty.
Chorus.
More and more, more and more, More and more, more and more,
more like Je-sus ev-'ry day; ev-'ry day; More and more, more and more,
more and more, More like Je-sus ev-'ry day.

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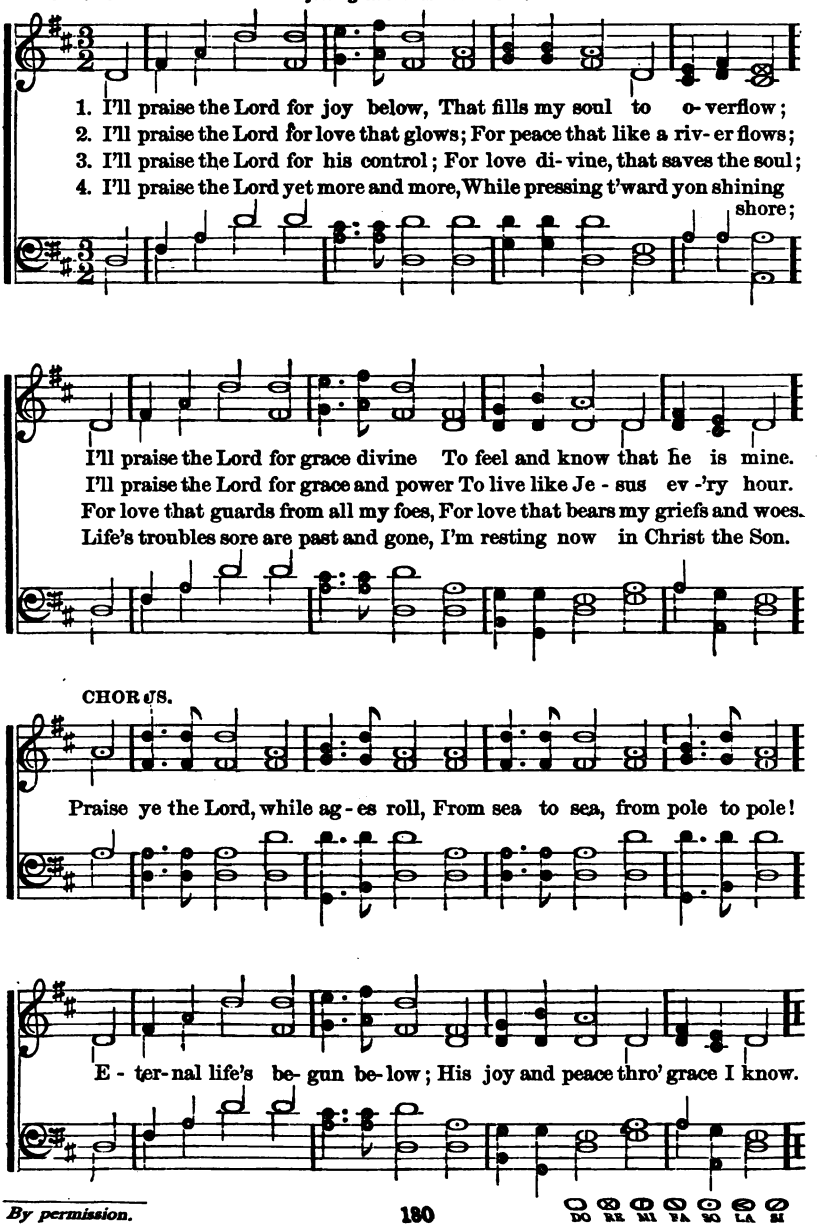
# Present Salvation.

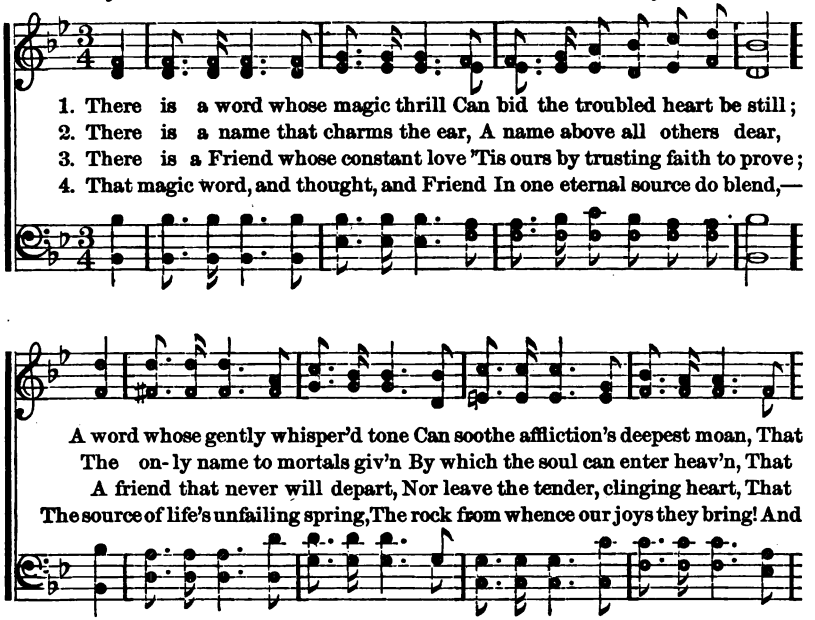
C. E. P. "Rejoicing in the fulness of God." CHESTER E. POND.


1. I'll praise the Lord for joy below, That fills my soul to o-verflow;
2. I'll praise the Lord for love that glows; For peace that like a riv-er flows;
3. I'll praise the Lord for his control; For love di-vine, that saves the soul;
4. I'll praise the Lord yet more and more, While pressing t'ward yon shining shore;
I'll praise the Lord for grace divine To feel and know that he is mine.
I'll praise the Lord for grace and power To live like Je-sus ev-'ry hour.
For love that guards from all my foes, For love that bears my griefs and woes.
Life's troubles sore are past and gone, I'm resting now in Christ the Son.
CHORUS.
Praise ye the Lord, while ag-es roll, From sea to sea, from pole to pole!
E-ter-nal life's be-gun be-low; His joy and peace thro' grace I know.

By permission.

# Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. There is a word whose magic thrill Can bid the troubled heart be still;
2. There is a name that charms the ear, A name above all others dear,
3. There is a Friend whose constant love 'Tis ours by trusting faith to prove;
4. That magic word, and thought, and Friend In one eternal source do blend,—
A word whose gently whisper'd tone Can soothe affliction's deepest moan, That
The on- ly name to mortals giv'n By which the soul can enter heav'n, That
A friend that never will depart, Nor leave the tender, clinging heart, That
The source of life's unfailing spring, The rock from whence our joys they bring! And
CHORUS.
precious word is Je- sus: The meek and lowly Je- sus, The sin- forgiv- ing
precious name is Je- sus:
precious friend is Je- sus:
oh, that rock is Je- sus:
Je- sus; The Christian's hope, the Christian's light, The ever-present Jesus.

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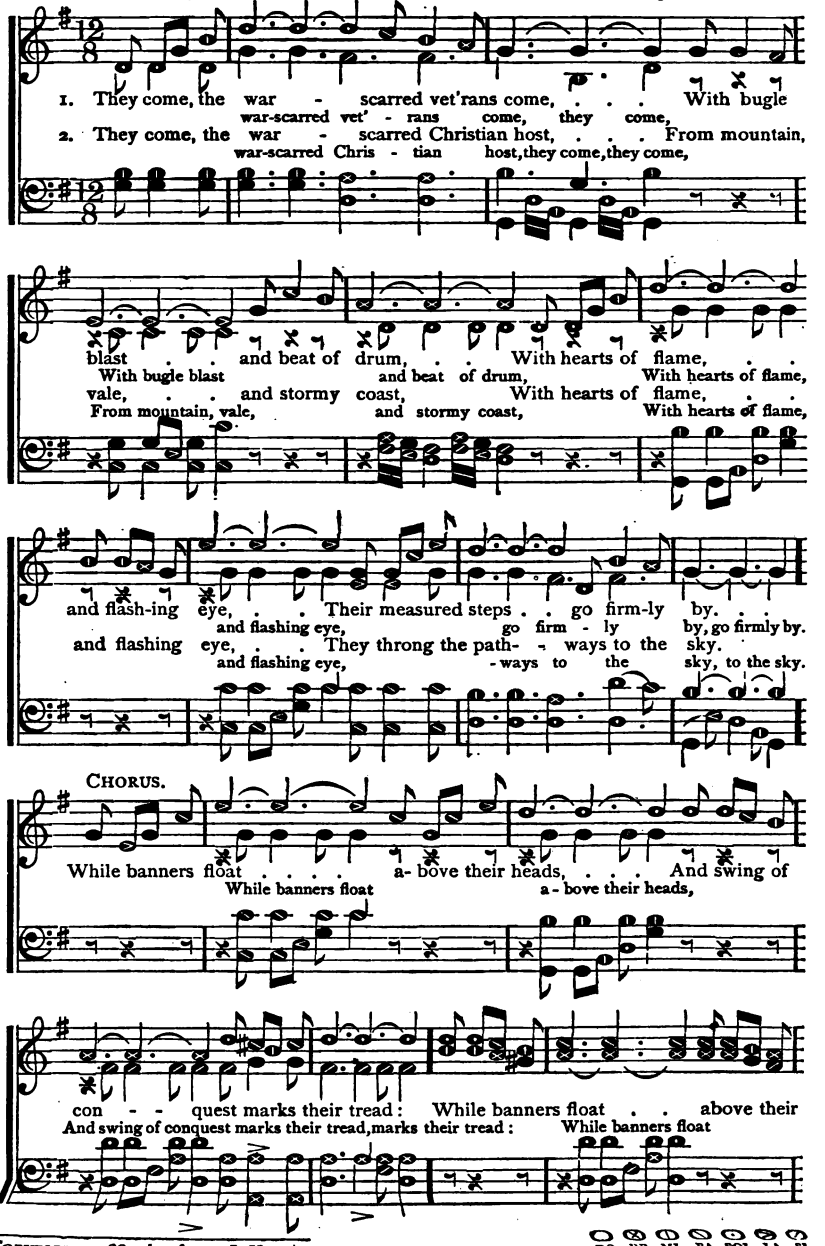
# 203 The Swing of Conquest.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. They come, the war - scarred vet'rans come, . . . With bugle
war-scarred vet' - rans come, they come,
2. They come, the war - scarred Christian host, . . . From mountain,
war-scarred Chris - tian host, they come, they come,
blast . . and beat of drum, . . With hearts of flame, . . .
With bugle blast and beat of drum, With hearts of flame,
vale, . . and stormy coast, With hearts of flame, . . .
From mountain, vale, and stormy coast, With hearts of flame,
and flash-ing eye, . . . Their measured steps . . go firm-ly by. . .
and flashing eye, go firm - ly by, go firmly by.
and flashing eye, . . . They throng the path- - ways to the sky.
and flashing eye, - ways to the sky, to the sky.
Chorus.
While banners float . . . . a- bove their heads, . . . And swing of
While banners float a - bove their heads,
con - - quest marks their tread: While banners float . . above their
And swing of conquest marks their tread, marks their tread: While banners float

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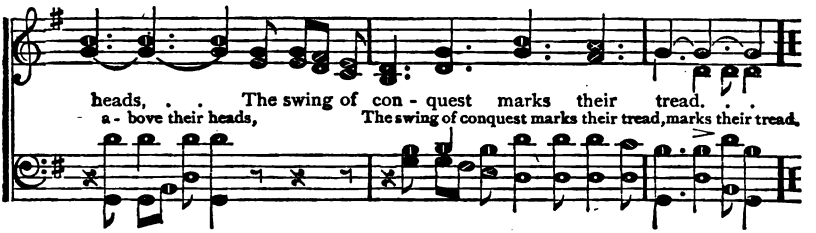
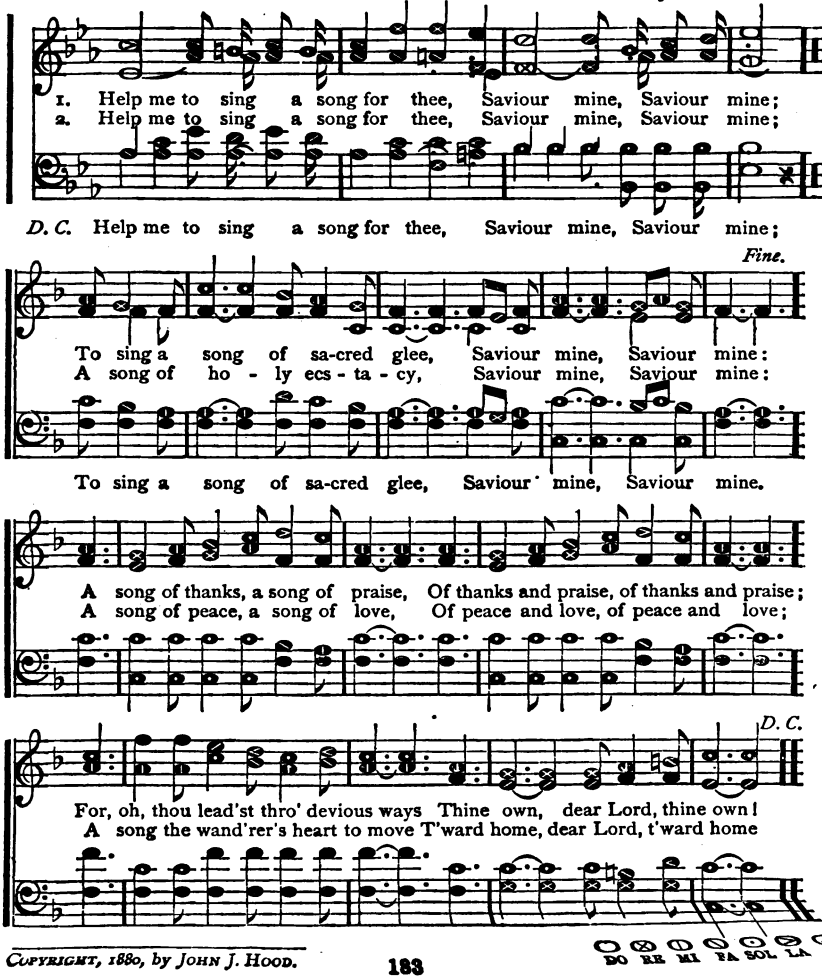
## The Swing of Conquest.—CONCLUDED.

heads, . . The swing of con - quest marks their tread. . .
a - bove their heads, The swing of conquest marks their tread, marks their tread.

## 204 Saviour Mine.

EMMA S. STILWELL. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Help me to sing a song for thee, Saviour mine, Saviour mine;
2. Help me to sing a song for thee, Saviour mine, Saviour mine;
D. C. Help me to sing a song for thee, Saviour mine, Saviour mine;
Fine.
To sing a song of sa-cred glee, Saviour mine, Saviour mine:
A song of ho - ly ecs - ta - cy, Saviour mine, Saviour mine:
To sing a song of sa-cred glee, Saviour mine, Saviour mine.
A song of thanks, a song of praise, Of thanks and praise, of thanks and praise;
A song of peace, a song of love, Of peace and love, of peace and love;
D. C.
For, oh, thou lead'st thro' devious ways Thine own, dear Lord, thine own!
A song the wand'rer's heart to move T'ward home, dear Lord, t'ward home

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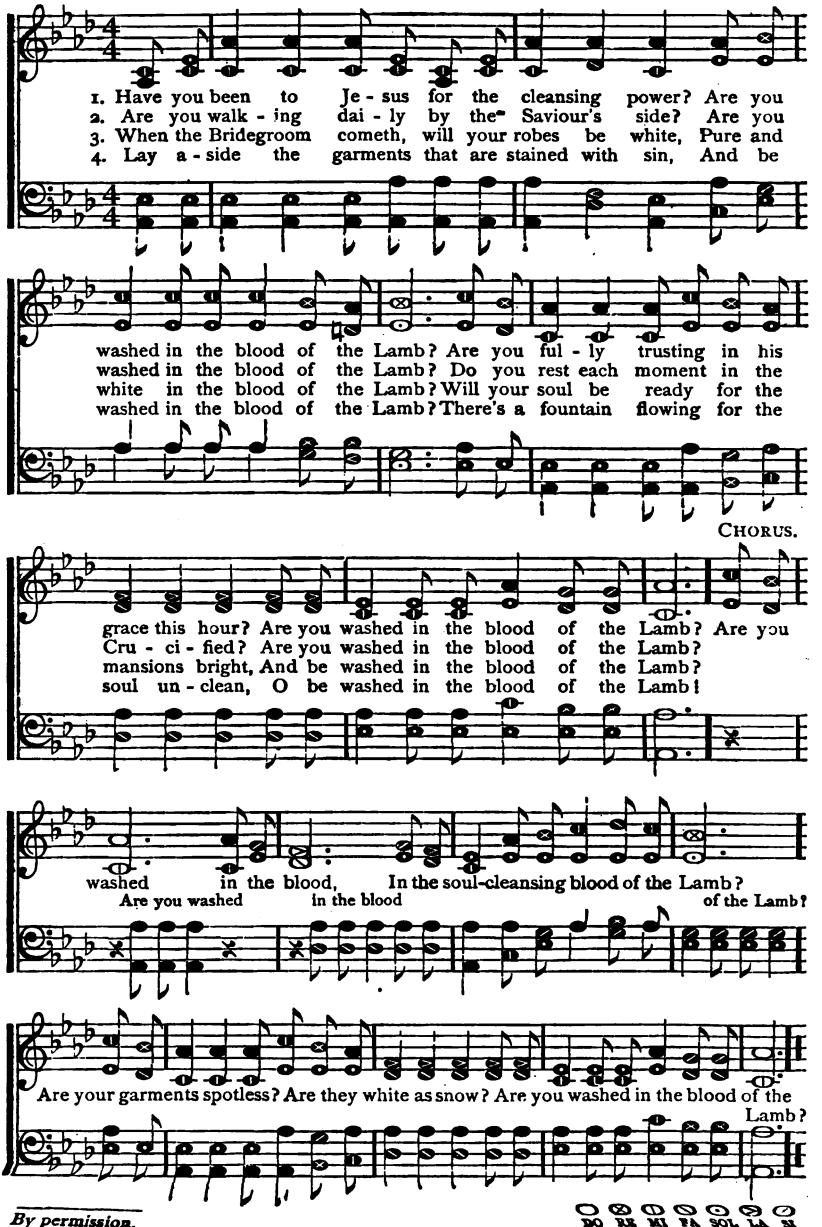
205 **Are You Washed in the Blood.**

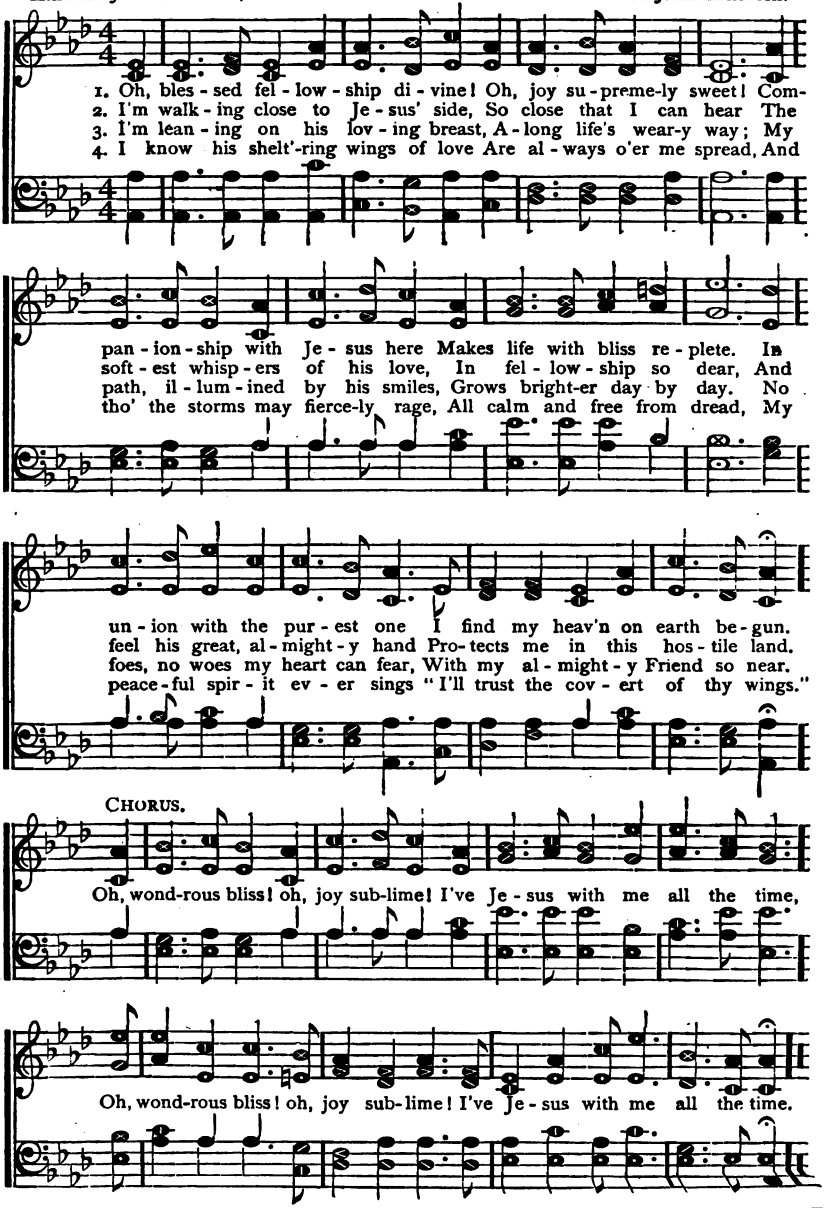
E. A. H. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing power? Are you
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the
washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the
CHORUS.
grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
soul un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

*By permission.*

# 206 Companionship with Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

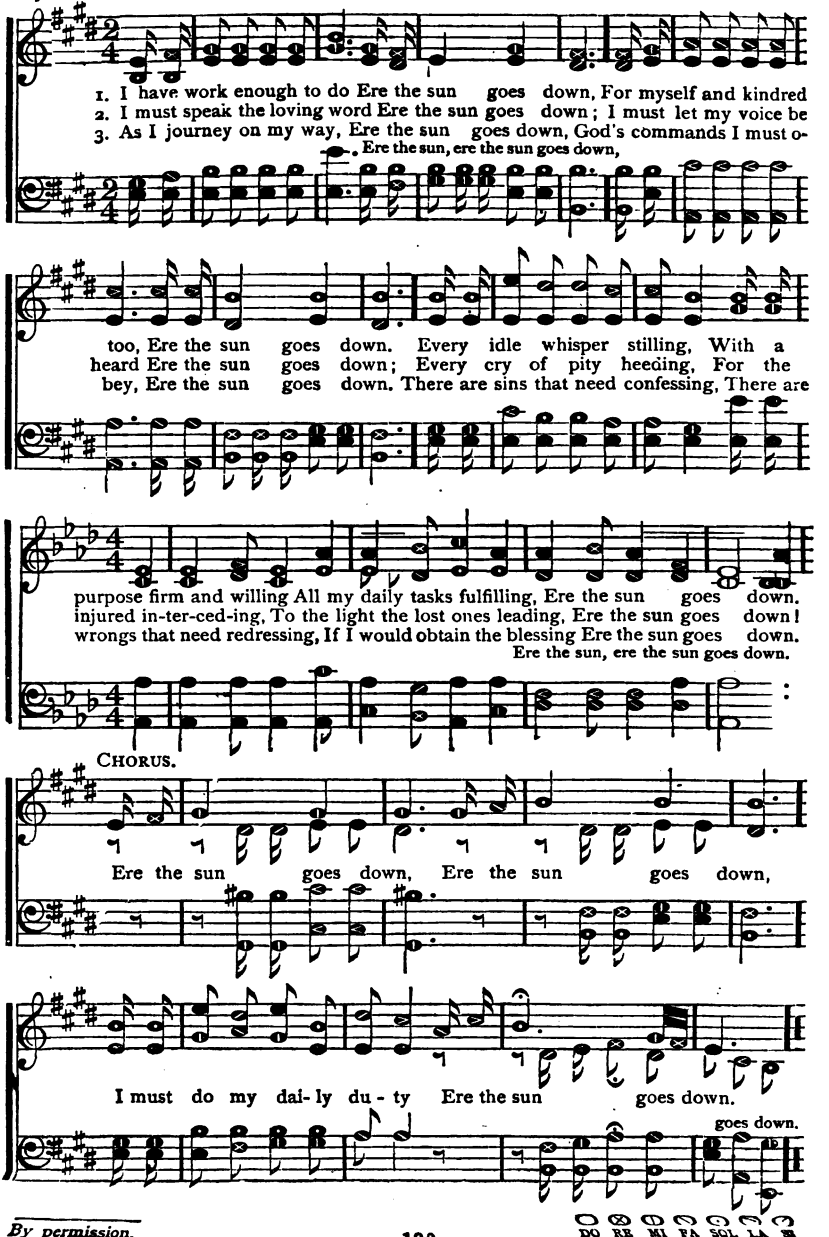

1. Oh, bles - sed fel - low - ship di - vine! Oh, joy su - preme-ly sweet! Com-
2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side, So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean - ing on his lov - ing breast, A - long life's wear-y way; My
4. I know his shelt'-ring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread, And
pan - ion - ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete. In
soft - est whisp - ers of his love, In fel - low - ship so dear, And
path, il - lum - ined by his smiles, Grows bright-er day by day. No
tho' the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My
un - ion with the pur - est one I find my heav'n on earth be - gun.
feel his great, al - might - y hand Pro - tects me in this hos - tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al - might - y Friend so near.
peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov - ert of thy wings."
CHORUS.
Oh, wond-rous bliss! oh, joy sub-lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time,
Oh, wond-rous bliss! oh, joy sub-lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time.

*By permission.*



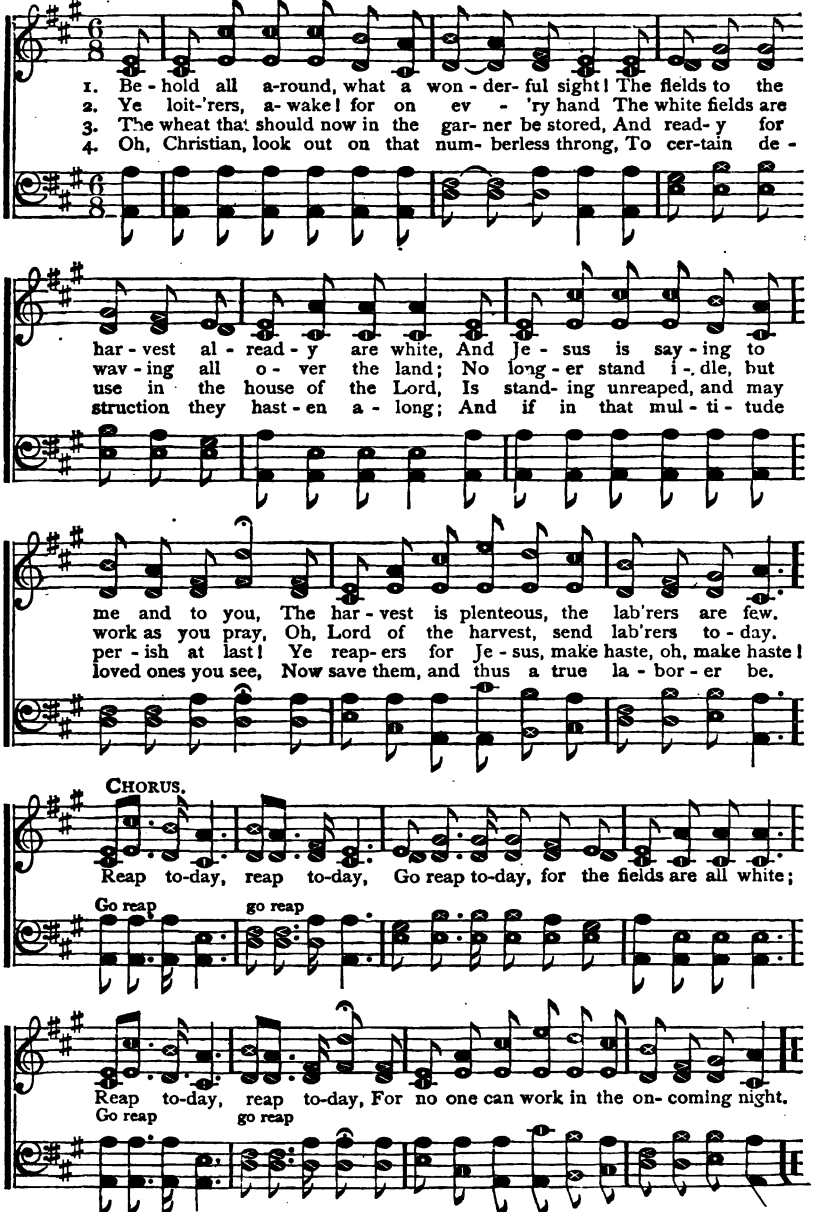
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

# 207 Ere the Sun goes down.

Josephine Pollard. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I have work enough to do Ere the sun goes down, For myself and kindred
2. I must speak the loving word Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be
3. As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down, God's commands I must o-
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,
too, Ere the sun goes down. Every idle whisper stilling, With a
heard Ere the sun goes down; Every cry of pity heeding, For the
bey, Ere the sun goes down. There are sins that need confessing, There are
purpose firm and willing All my daily tasks fulfilling, Ere the sun goes down.
injured in-ter-ced-ing, To the light the lost ones leading, Ere the sun goes down!
wrongs that need redressing, If I would obtain the blessing Ere the sun goes down.
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down.
Chorus.
Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,
I must do my dai- ly du - ty Ere the sun goes down.
goes down.

*By permission.*

# Reap To-day.

Jas. Nicholson. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Be - hold all a-round, what a won - der- ful sight! The fields to the
2. Ye loit-'rers, a- wake! for on ev - 'ry hand The white fields are
3. The wheat that should now in the gar- ner be stored, And read- y for
4. Oh, Christian, look out on that num- berless throng, To cer-tain de -
har - vest al - read - y are white, And Je - sus is say - ing to
wav - ing all o - ver the land; No long - er stand i - dle, but
use in the house of the Lord, Is stand- ing unreaped, and may
struction they hast - en a - long; And if in that mul - ti - tude
me and to you, The har - vest is plenteous, the lab'rers are few.
work as you pray, Oh, Lord of the harvest, send lab'rers to - day.
per - ish at last! Ye reap- ers for Je - sus, make haste, oh, make haste!
loved ones you see, Now save them, and thus a true la - bor - er be.
Chorus.
Reap to-day, reap to-day, Go reap to-day, for the fields are all white;
Go reap go reap
Reap to-day, reap to-day, For no one can work in the on- coming night.
Go reap go reap

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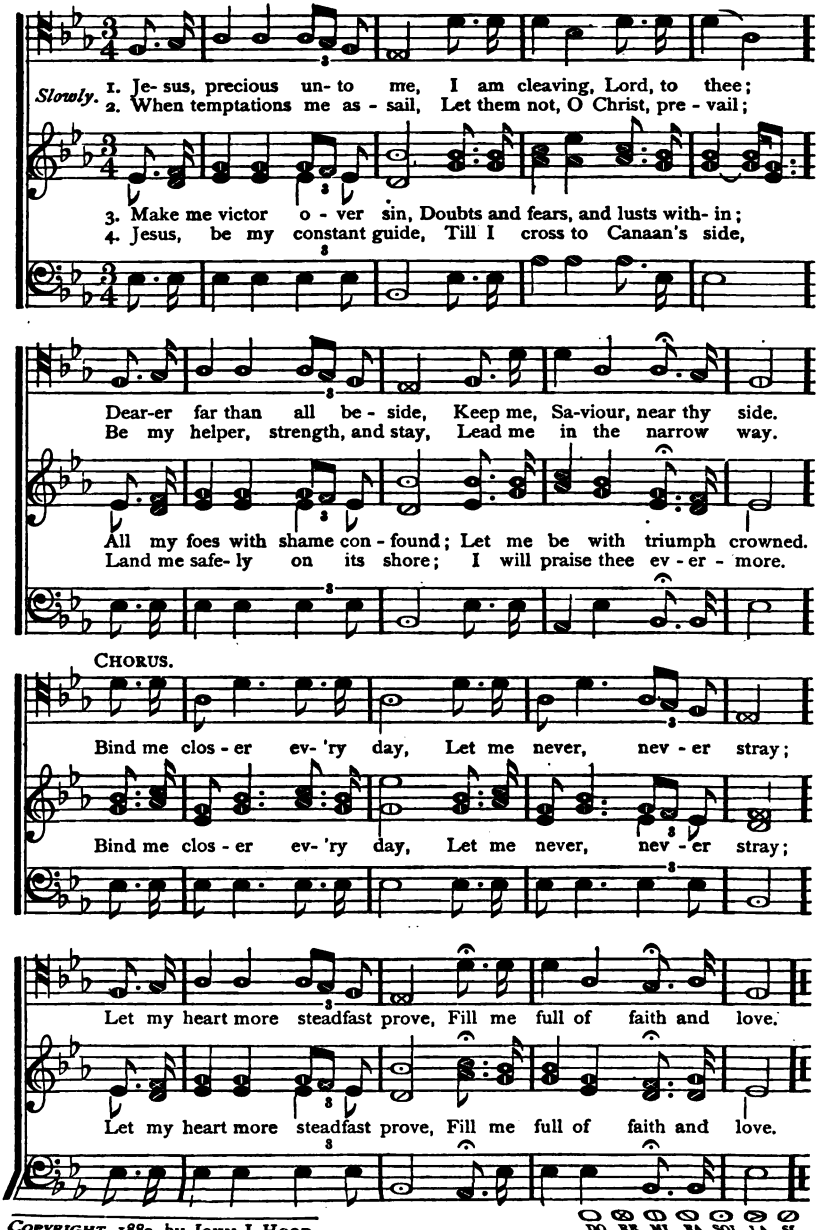
# Bind Me closer every Day.

Rev. Joseph H. Martin. Geo. C. Hugg.

Slowly.
1. Je- sus, precious un- to me, I am cleaving, Lord, to thee;
2. When temptations me as - sail, Let them not, O Christ, pre - vail;
3. Make me victor o - ver sin, Doubts and fears, and lusts with- in;
4. Jesus, be my constant guide, Till I cross to Canaan's side,
Dear-er far than all be - side, Keep me, Sa-viour, near thy side.
Be my helper, strength, and stay, Lead me in the narrow way.
All my foes with shame con - found; Let me be with triumph crowned.
Land me safe- ly on its shore; I will praise thee ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
Bind me clos - er ev- 'ry day, Let me never, nev - er stray;
Bind me clos - er ev- 'ry day, Let me never, nev - er stray;
Let my heart more steadfast prove, Fill me full of faith and love.
Let my heart more steadfast prove, Fill me full of faith and love.

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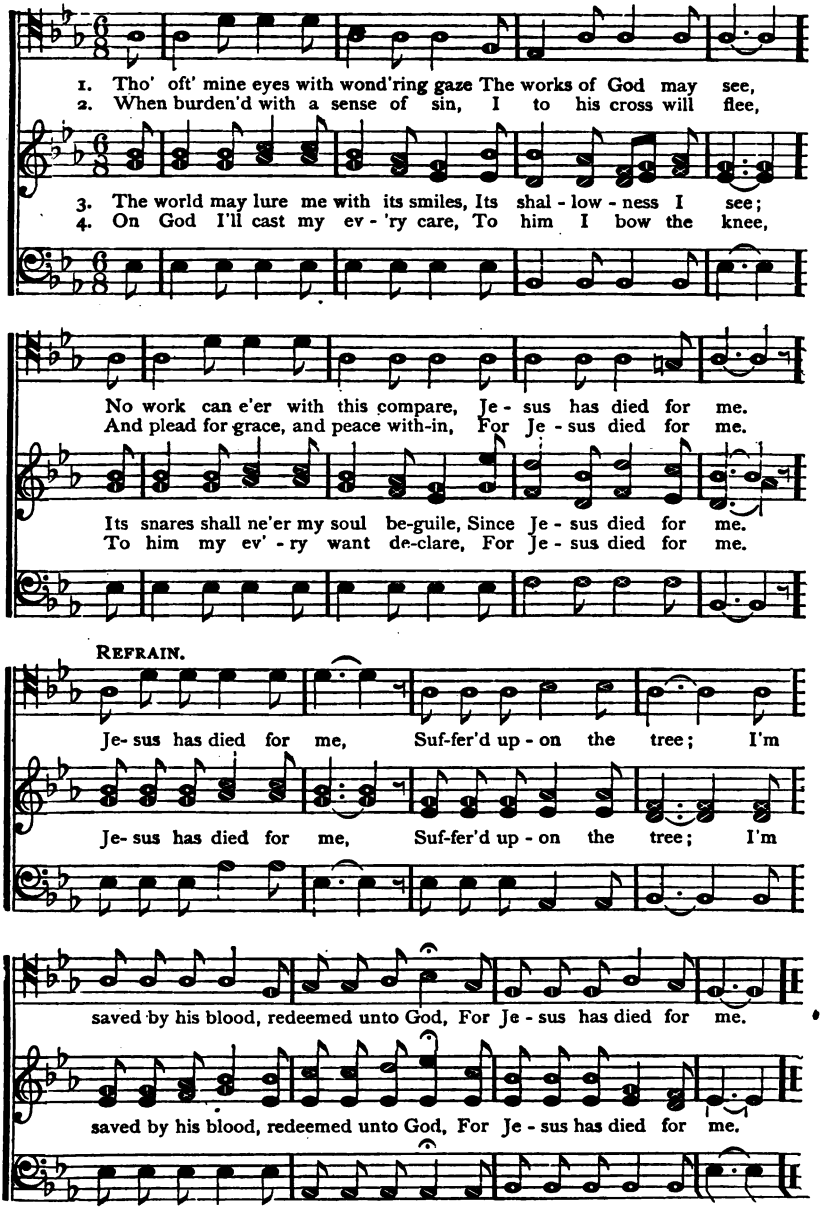
# Jesus has died for Me.

From "Little Sower." Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Tho' oft' mine eyes with wond'ring gaze The works of God may see,
2. When burden'd with a sense of sin, I to his cross will flee,
3. The world may lure me with its smiles, Its shal - low - ness I see;
4. On God I'll cast my ev - 'ry care, To him I bow the knee,
No work can e'er with this compare, Je - sus has died for me.
And plead for grace, and peace with-in, For Je - sus died for me.
Its snares shall ne'er my soul be-guile, Since Je - sus died for me.
To him my ev' - ry want de-clare, For Je - sus died for me.
Refrain.
Je- sus has died for me, Suf-fer'd up - on the tree; I'm
Je- sus has died for me, Suf-fer'd up - on the tree; I'm
saved by his blood, redeemed unto God, For Je - sus has died for me.
saved by his blood, redeemed unto God, For Je - sus has died for me.

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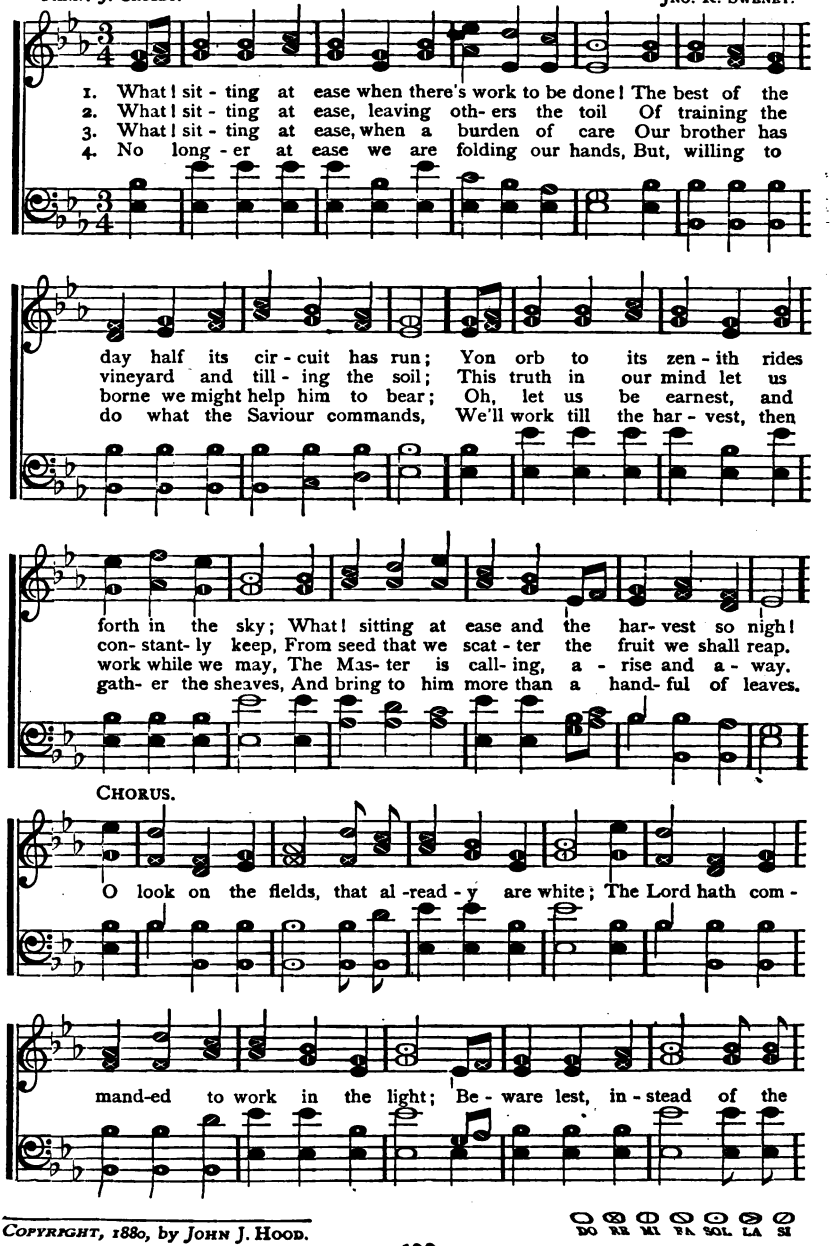
# A handful of Leaves.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. What! sit - ting at ease when there's work to be done! The best of the day half its cir - cuit has run; Yon orb to its zen - ith rides forth in the sky; What! sitting at ease and the har- vest so nigh!
2. What! sit - ting at ease, leaving oth- ers the toil Of training the vineyard and till - ing the soil; This truth in our mind let us con- stant- ly keep, From seed that we scat - ter the fruit we shall reap.
3. What! sit - ting at ease, when a burden of care Our brother has borne we might help him to bear; Oh, let us be earnest, and work while we may, The Mas- ter is call- ing, a - rise and a - way.
4. No long - er at ease we are folding our hands, But, willing to do what the Saviour commands, We'll work till the har - vest, then gath- er the sheaves, And bring to him more than a hand- ful of leaves.
CHORUS.
O look on the fields, that al -read - y are white; The Lord hath com - mand-ed to work in the light; Be - ware lest, in - stead of the

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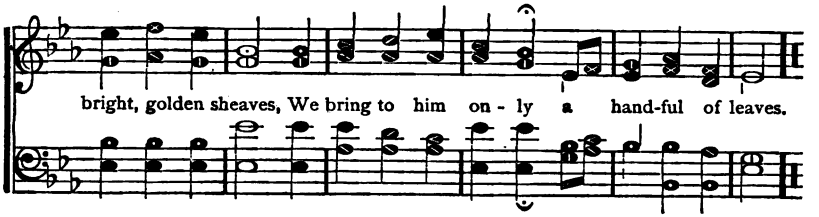
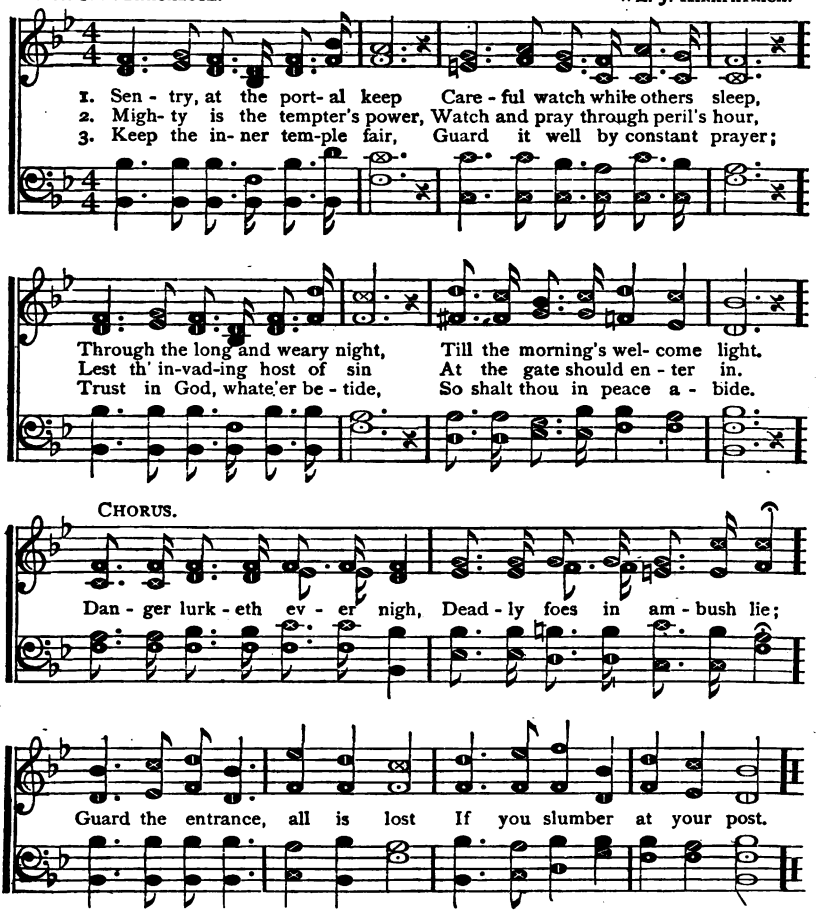
## A handful of Leaves.—CONCLUDED.




## 212 Guard the Entrance.

"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Sen - try, at the port- al keep Care - ful watch while others sleep,
2. Migh- ty is the tempter's power, Watch and pray through peril's hour,
3. Keep the in- ner tem-ple fair, Guard it well by constant prayer;
Through the long and weary night, Till the morning's wel- come light.
Lest th' in-vad-ing host of sin At the gate should en - ter in.
Trust in God, whate'er be - tide, So shalt thou in peace a - bide.
Chorus.
Dan - ger lurk - eth ev - er nigh, Dead - ly foes in am - bush lie;
Guard the entrance, all is lost If you slumber at your post.

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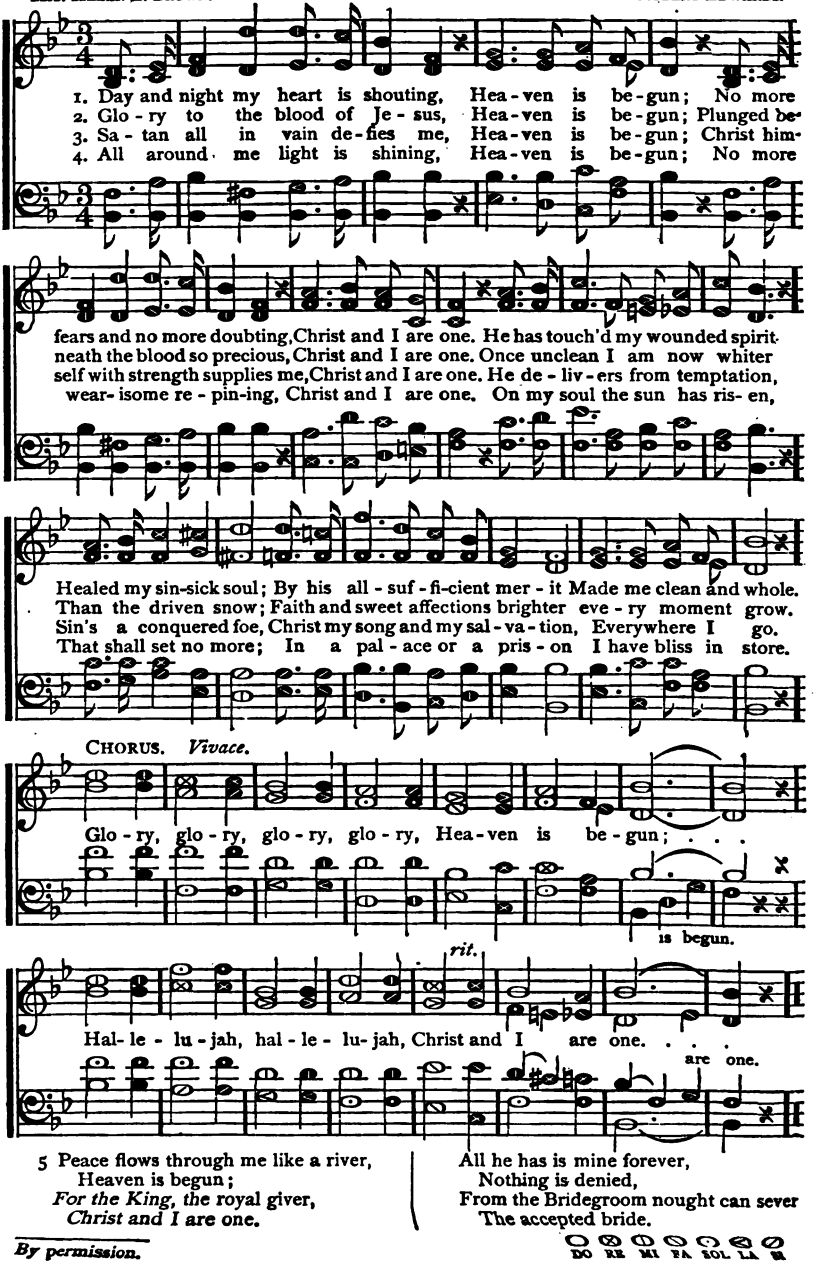
# United.

Mrs. Helen E. Brown. Robert Edwards.

1. Day and night my heart is shouting, Hea-ven is be-gun; No more
2. Glo-ry to the blood of Je-sus, Hea-ven is be-gun; Plunged be-
3. Sa-tan all in vain de-fies me, Hea-ven is be-gun; Christ him-
4. All around me light is shining, Hea-ven is be-gun; No more
fears and no more doubting, Christ and I are one. He has touch'd my wounded spirit
neath the blood so precious, Christ and I are one. Once unclean I am now whiter
self with strength supplies me, Christ and I are one. He de-liv-ers from temptation,
wear-isome re-pin-ing, Christ and I are one. On my soul the sun has ris-en,
Healed my sin-sick soul; By his all-suf-fi-cient mer-it Made me clean and whole.
Than the driven snow; Faith and sweet affections brighter eve-ry moment grow.
Sin's a conquered foe, Christ my song and my sal-va-tion, Everywhere I go.
That shall set no more; In a pal-ace or a pris-on I have bliss in store.
Chorus. Vivace.
Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Hea-ven is be-gun; . . .
is begun.
rit.
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Christ and I are one. . . .
are one.

5 Peace flows through me like a river,
Heaven is begun;
*For the King*, the royal giver,
*Christ and I* are one.

All he has is mine forever,
Nothing is denied,
From the Bridegroom nought can sever
The accepted bride.

*By permission.*

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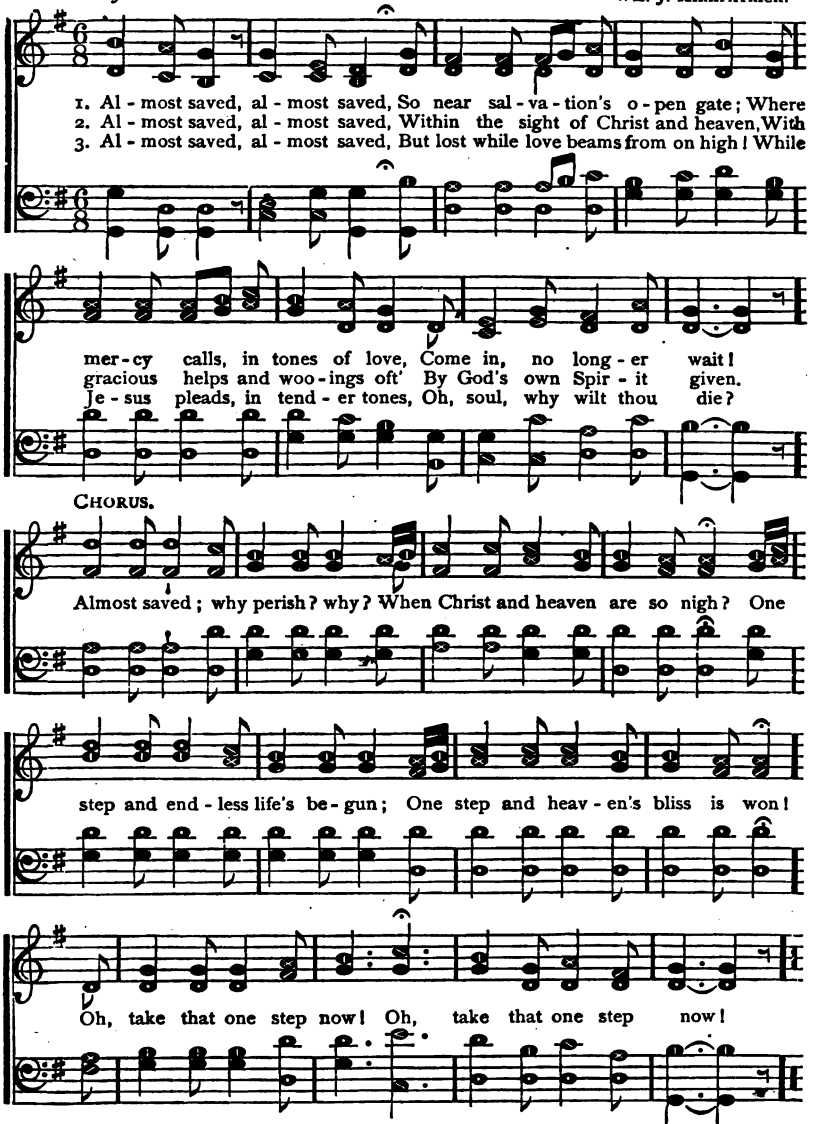
# Almost Saved.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Al - most saved, al - most saved, So near sal - va - tion's o - pen gate; Where
2. Al - most saved, al - most saved, Within the sight of Christ and heaven, With
3. Al - most saved, al - most saved, But lost while love beams from on high! While
mer - cy calls, in tones of love, Come in, no long - er wait!
gracious helps and woo - ings oft' By God's own Spir - it given.
Je - sus pleads, in tend - er tones, Oh, soul, why wilt thou die?
CHORUS.
Almost saved; why perish? why? When Christ and heaven are so nigh? One
step and end - less life's be - gun; One step and heav - en's bliss is won!
Oh, take that one step now! Oh, take that one step now!

4 Almost saved, almost saved,
Thy feet so near the threshold wait;
The gracious invitation sounds
Still from the open gate.

5 Almost saved, almost saved,
Come in, imperil not thy soul;
Oh, do not linger on the brink,
And fail to reach the goal.

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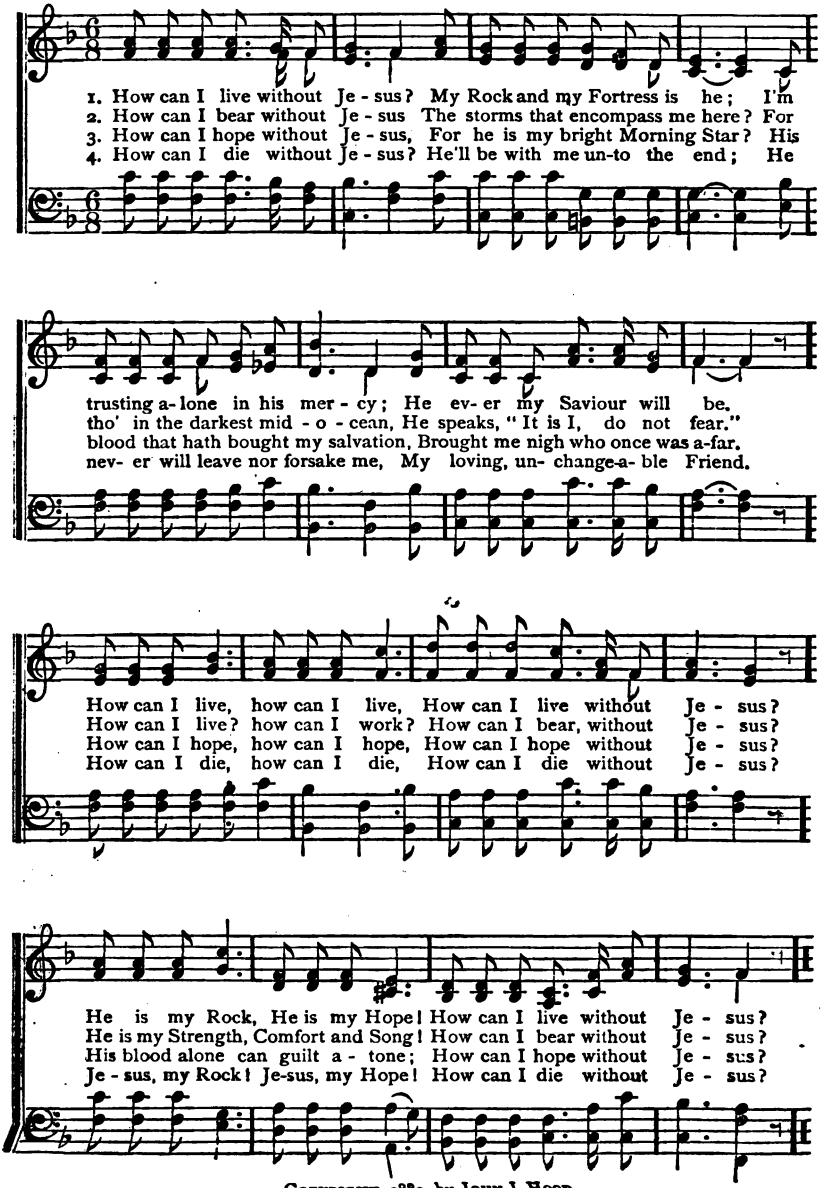
# 215 How can I live without Jesus.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—MARK xxviii. 20.
"Without me ye can do nothing."—JN. xv. 5.

MRS. EMMA PITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How can I live without Je - sus? My Rock and my Fortress is he; I'm
2. How can I bear without Je - sus The storms that encompass me here? For
3. How can I hope without Je - sus, For he is my bright Morning Star? His
4. How can I die without Je - sus? He'll be with me un-to the end; He
trusting a-lone in his mer - cy; He ev- er my Saviour will be.
tho' in the darkest mid - o - cean, He speaks, "It is I, do not fear."
blood that hath bought my salvation, Brought me nigh who once was a-far.
nev- er will leave nor forsake me, My loving, un- change-a- ble Friend.
How can I live, how can I live, How can I live without Je - sus?
How can I live? how can I work? How can I bear, without Je - sus?
How can I hope, how can I hope, How can I hope without Je - sus?
How can I die, how can I die, How can I die without Je - sus?
He is my Rock, He is my Hope! How can I live without Je - sus?
He is my Strength, Comfort and Song! How can I bear without Je - sus?
His blood alone can guilt a - tone; How can I hope without Je - sus?
Je - sus, my Rock! Je-sus, my Hope! How can I die without Je - sus?

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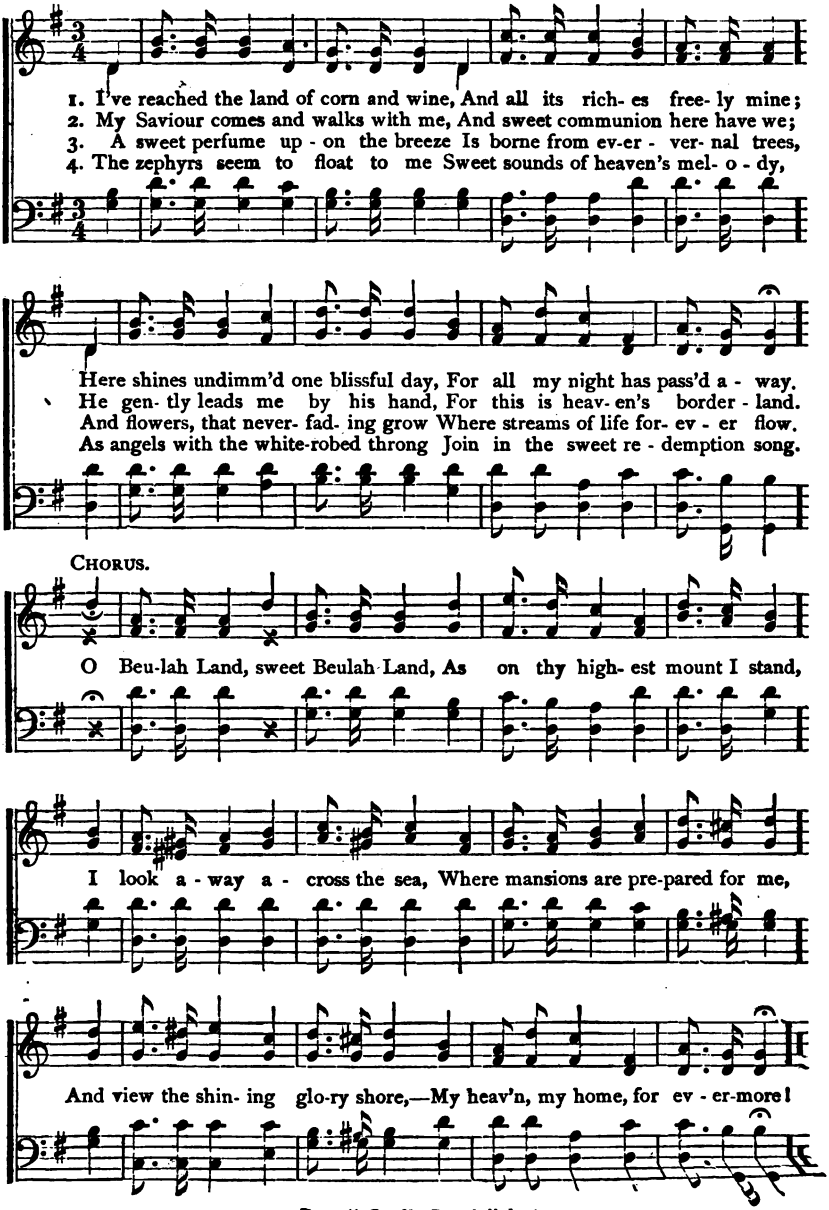
# Beulah Land.

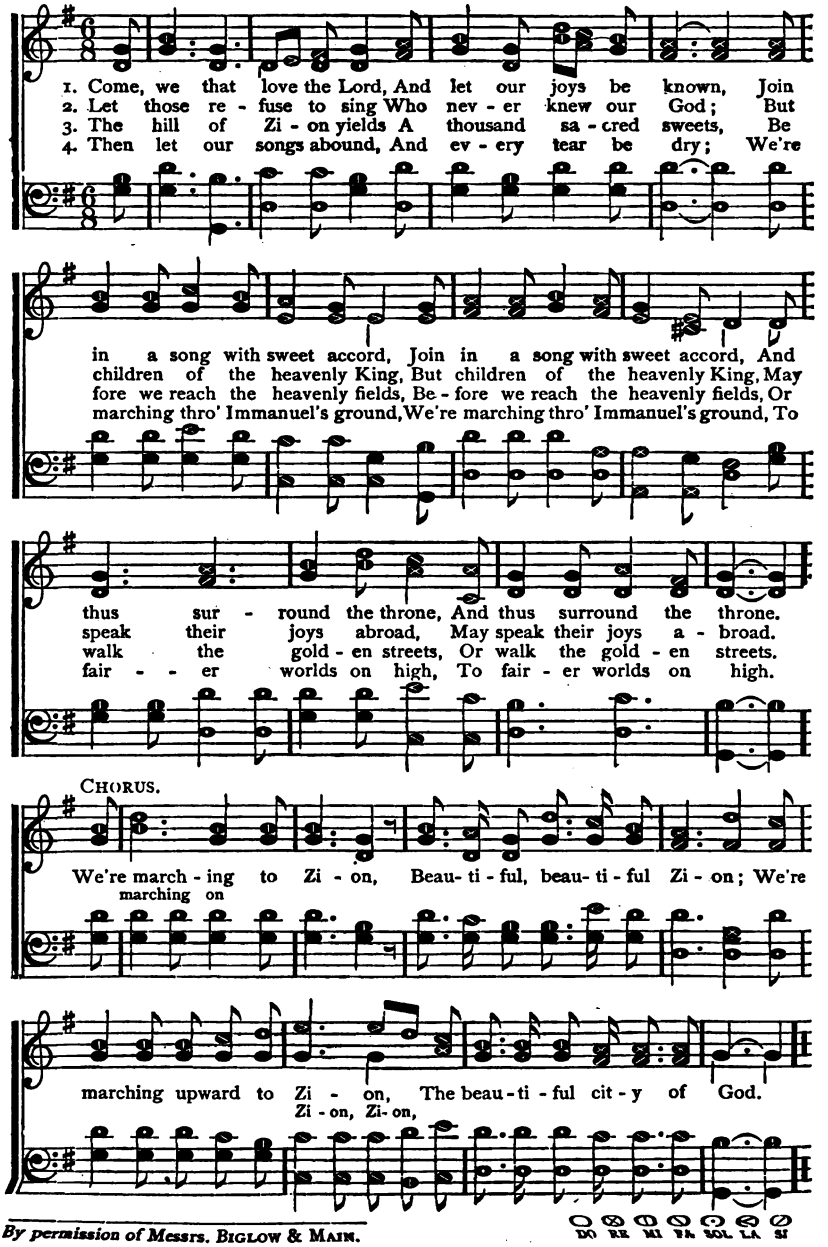
EDGAR PAGE. *"He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."* JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich- es free- ly mine;
2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev-er - ver- nal trees,
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel- o - dy,
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
He gen- tly leads me by his hand, For this is heav- en's border - land.
And flowers, that never- fad- ing grow Where streams of life for- ev - er flow.
As angels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re - demption song.
CHORUS.
O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high- est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin- ing glo-ry shore,—My heav'n, my home, for ev - er-more!

*From "Goodly Pearls," by per.*

217

# We're Marching to Zion.

I. Watts. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And
children of the heavenly King, But children of the heavenly King, May
fore we reach the heavenly fields, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To
thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
Chorus.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
marching on
marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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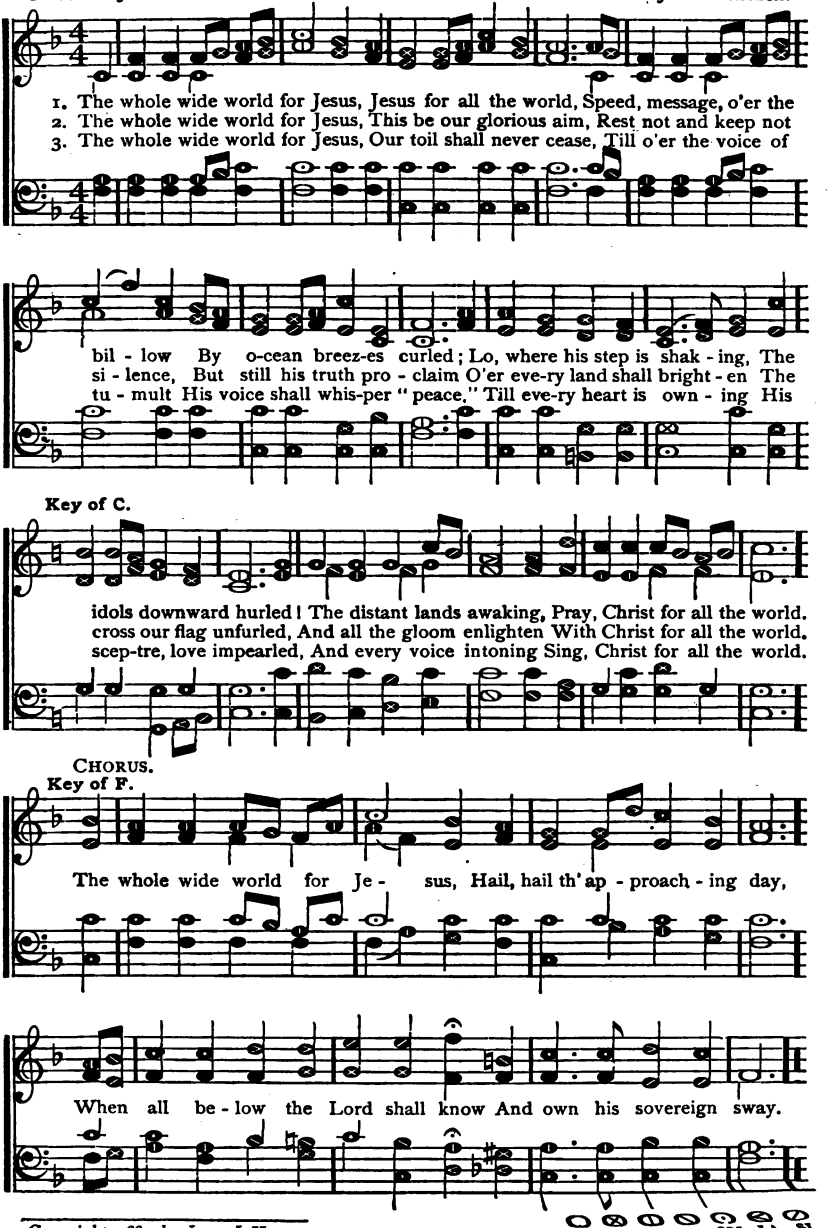
# 218 The whole wide World for Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus, Jesus for all the world, Speed, message, o'er the
2. The whole wide world for Jesus, This be our glorious aim, Rest not and keep not
3. The whole wide world for Jesus, Our toil shall never cease, Till o'er the voice of
bil - low By o-cean breez-es curled; Lo, where his step is shak - ing, The
si - lence, But still his truth pro - claim O'er eve-ry land shall bright - en The
tu - mult His voice shall whis-per "peace." Till eve-ry heart is own - ing His
Key of C.
idols downward hurled! The distant lands awaking, Pray, Christ for all the world.
cross our flag unfurled, And all the gloom enlighten With Christ for all the world.
scep-tre, love impearled, And every voice intoning Sing, Christ for all the world.
CHORUS.
Key of F.
The whole wide world for Je - sus, Hail, hail th' ap - proach - ing day,
When all be - low the Lord shall know And own his sovereign sway.
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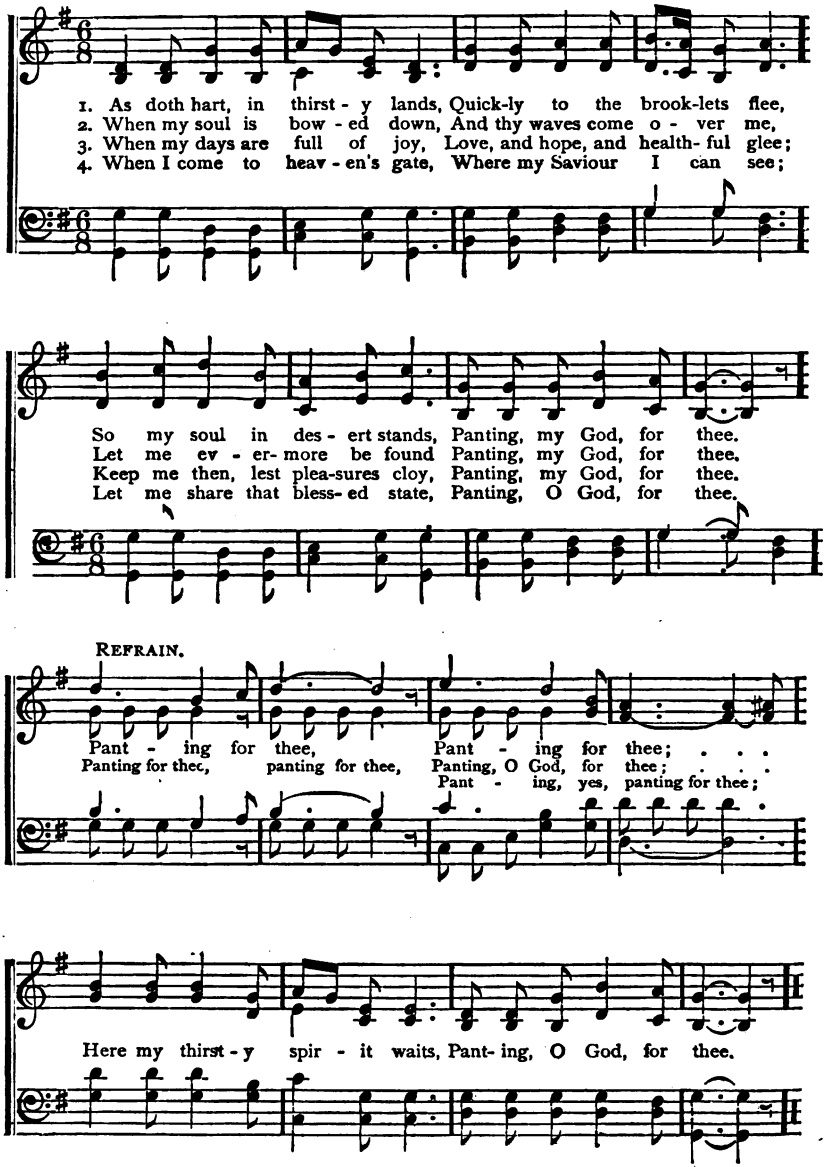
219

# Panting for Thee.

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."
PSALM xlii. 1.

L. A. JONES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. As doth hart, in thirst - y lands, Quick-ly to the brook-lets flee,
2. When my soul is bow - ed down, And thy waves come o - ver me,
3. When my days are full of joy, Love, and hope, and health- ful glee;
4. When I come to heav - en's gate, Where my Saviour I can see;
So my soul in des - ert stands, Panting, my God, for thee.
Let me ev - er- more be found Panting, my God, for thee.
Keep me then, lest plea-sures cloy, Panting, my God, for thee.
Let me share that bless- ed state, Panting, O God, for thee.
REFRAIN.
Pant - ing for thee, Pant - ing for thee; . . .
Panting for thee, panting for thee, Panting, O God, for thee; . . .
Pant - ing, yes, panting for thee;
Here my thirst - y spir - it waits, Pant- ing, O God, for thee.

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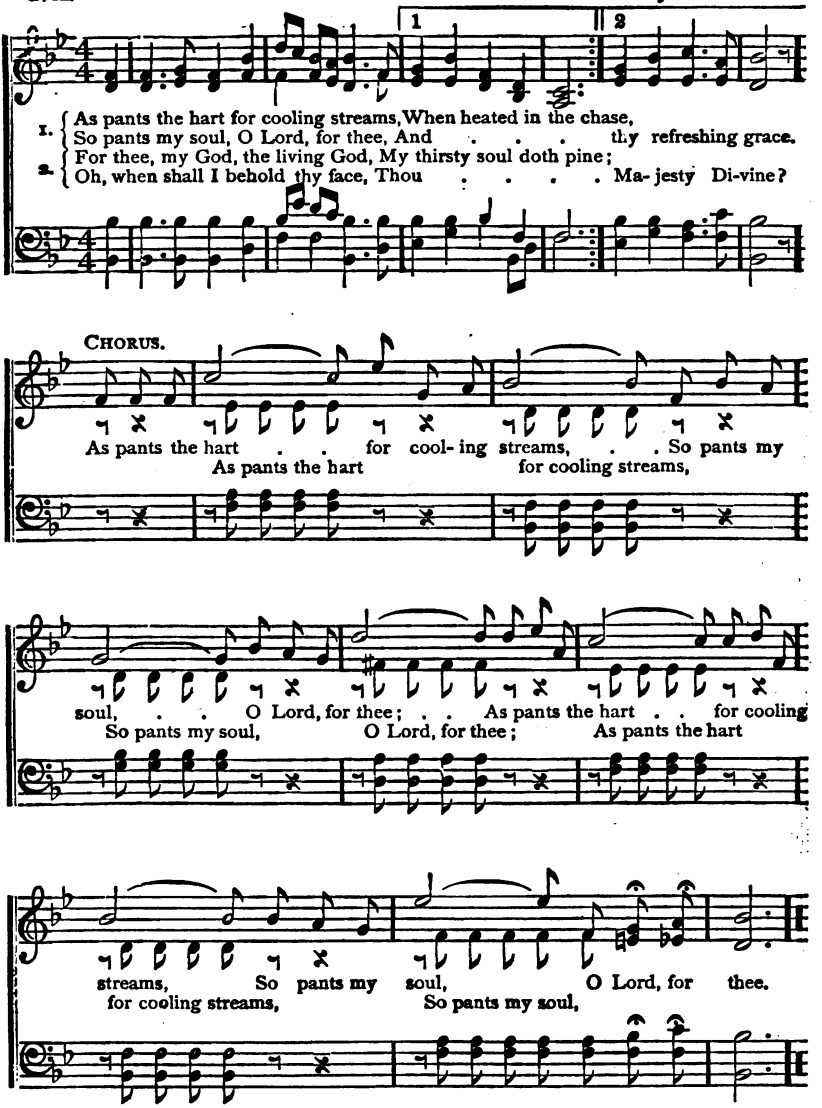
# As pants the Hart.

PSALM xlii.

LYTE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1
2
1. As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee, And . . . thy refreshing grace.
2. For thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face, Thou . . . . Ma-jesty Di-vine?
CHORUS.
As pants the hart . . for cool-ing streams, . . So pants my
As pants the hart for cooling streams,
soul, . . O Lord, for thee; . . As pants the hart . . for cooling
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee; As pants the hart
streams, So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee.
for cooling streams, So pants my soul,

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh,
When ev'ry heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

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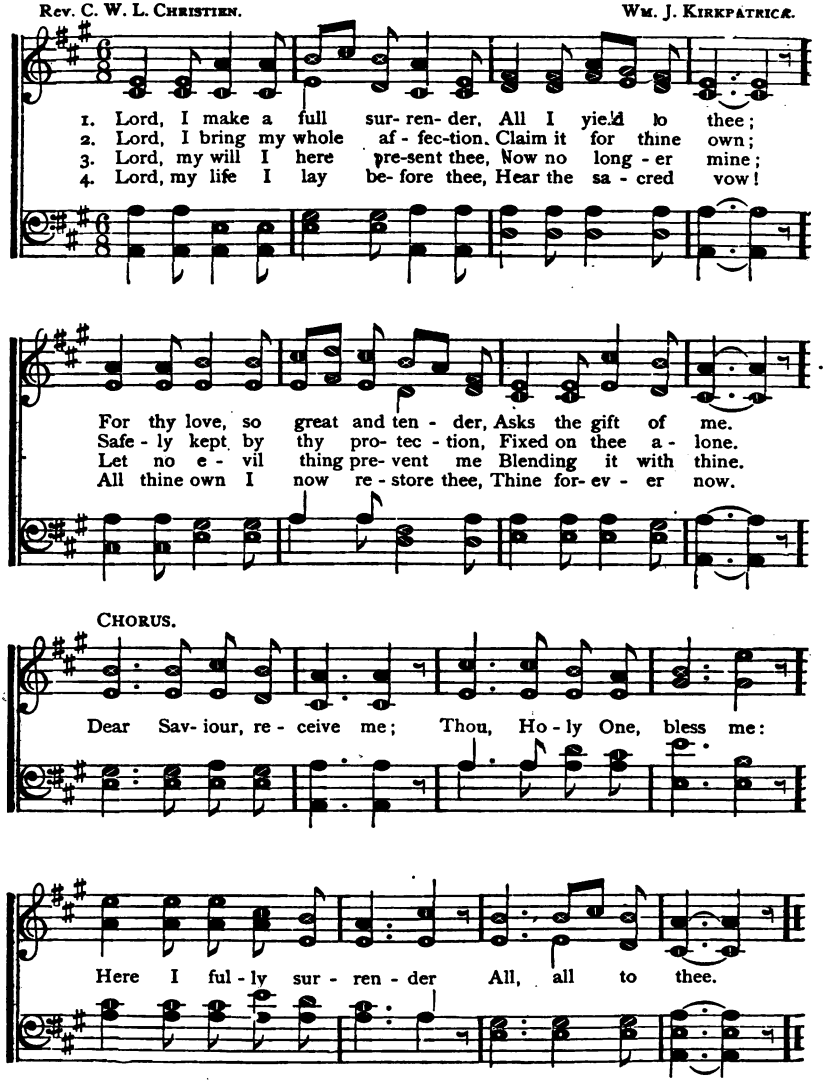
# Full Surrender.

"We have left all and followed thee."—Mark x. 28.

Rev. C. W. L. Christien. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Lord, I make a full sur- ren- der, All I yield to thee;
2. Lord, I bring my whole af - fec-tion, Claim it for thine own;
3. Lord, my will I here pre-sent thee, Now no long - er mine;
4. Lord, my life I lay be- fore thee, Hear the sa - cred vow!
For thy love, so great and ten - der, Asks the gift of me.
Safe - ly kept by thy pro- tec - tion, Fixed on thee a - lone.
Let no e - vil thing pre- vent me Blending it with thine.
All thine own I now re - store thee, Thine for- ev - er now.
Chorus.
Dear Sav- iour, re - ceive me; Thou, Ho - ly One, bless me:
Here I ful - ly sur - ren - der All, all to thee.

5 Blessed Spirit, thou hast brought me
Thus my all to give;
For the blood of Christ has bought me,
And by faith I live.

6 Show thyself, O God of power,
My unchanging Friend;
Keep me till, in death's glad hour,
Faith in sight shall end.

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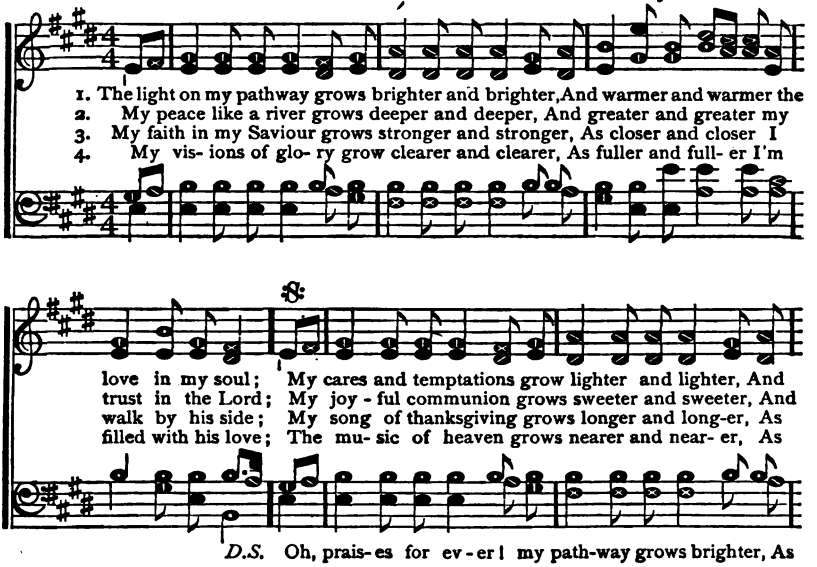
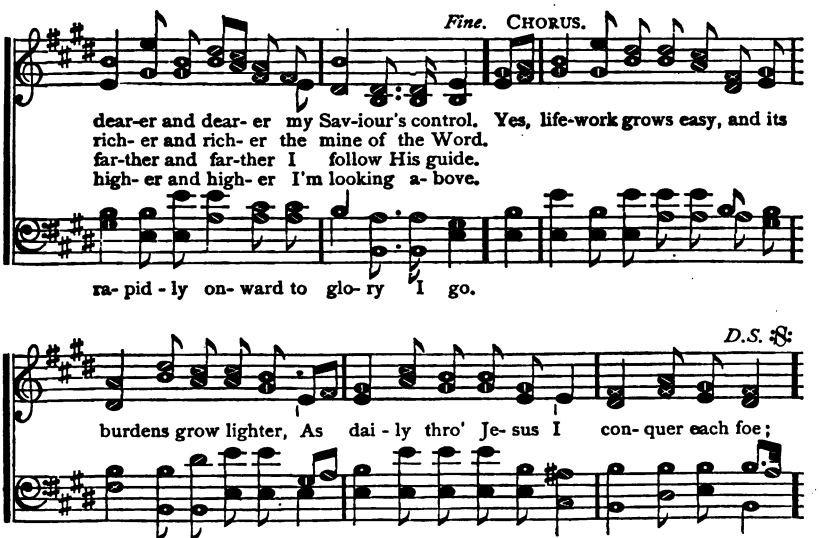
# 222 My Pathway grows Brighter.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."
PROV. iv. 18.

CHESTER E. POND. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. The light on my pathway grows brighter and brighter, And warmer and warmer the
2. My peace like a river grows deeper and deeper, And greater and greater my
3. My faith in my Saviour grows stronger and stronger, As closer and closer I
4. My vis- ions of glo- ry grow clearer and clearer, As fuller and full- er I'm
love in my soul; My cares and temptations grow lighter and lighter, And
trust in the Lord; My joy - ful communion grows sweeter and sweeter, And
walk by his side; My song of thanksgiving grows longer and long-er, As
filled with his love; The mu- sic of heaven grows nearer and near- er, As
D.S. Oh, prais- es for ev - er! my path-way grows brighter, As


Fine. CHORUS.
dear-er and dear- er my Sav-iour's control. Yes, life-work grows easy, and its
rich- er and rich- er the mine of the Word.
far-ther and far-ther I follow His guide.
high- er and high- er I'm looking a- bove.
ra- pid - ly on- ward to glo- ry I go.
D.S.
burdens grow lighter, As dai - ly thro' Je- sus I con- quer each foe;

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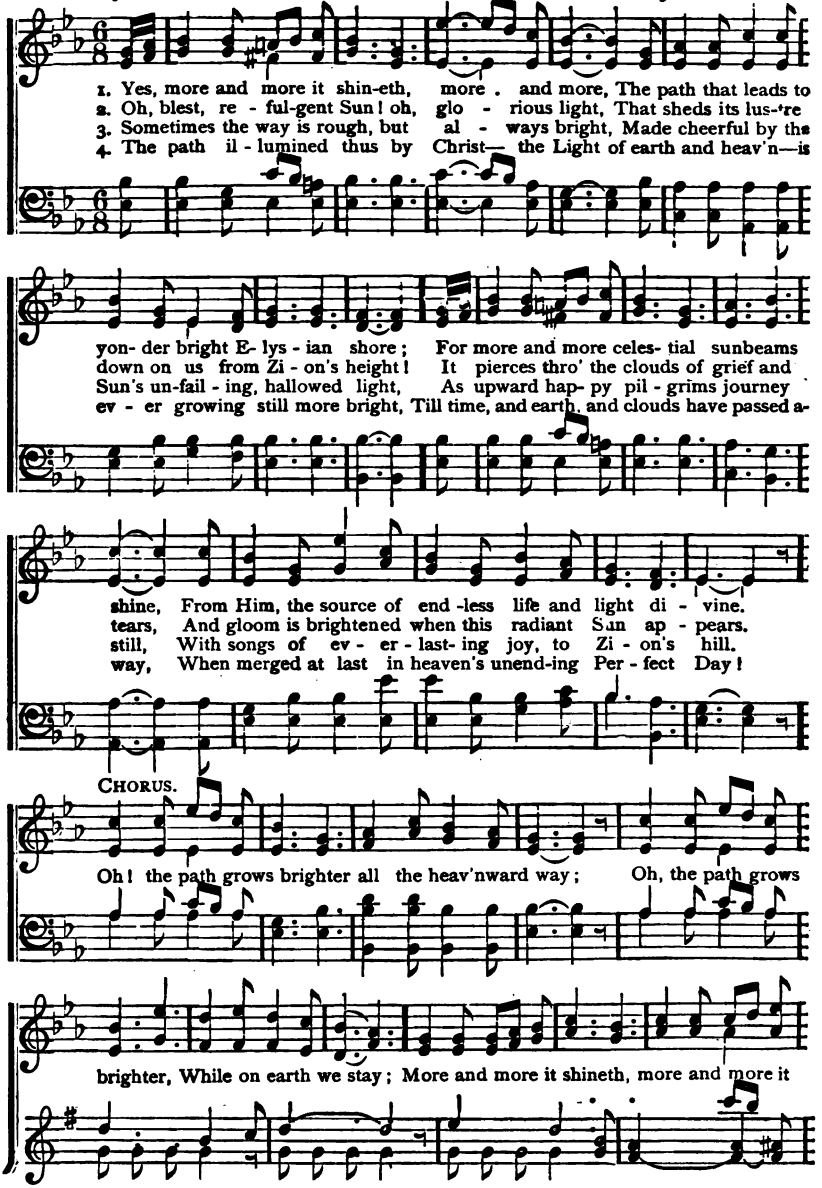
# More and more it Shineth.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

MARY D. JAMES. PR. iv. 18. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Yes, more and more it shin-eth, more . and more, The path that leads to
2. Oh, blest, re - ful-gent Sun! oh, glo - rious light, That sheds its lus-tre
3. Sometimes the way is rough, but al - ways bright, Made cheerful by the
4. The path il - lumined thus by Christ— the Light of earth and heav'n—is
yon- der bright E- lys - ian shore; For more and more celes- tial sunbeams
down on us from Zi - on's height! It pierces thro' the clouds of grief and
Sun's un-fail - ing, hallowed light, As upward hap- py pil - grims journey
ev - er growing still more bright, Till time, and earth, and clouds have passed a-
shine, From Him, the source of end -less life and light di - vine.
tears, And gloom is brightened when this radiant Sun ap - pears.
still, With songs of ev - er - last- ing joy, to Zi - on's hill.
way, When merged at last in heaven's unend-ing Per - fect Day!
CHORUS.
Oh! the path grows brighter all the heav'nward way; Oh, the path grows
brighter, While on earth we stay; More and more it shineth, more and more it

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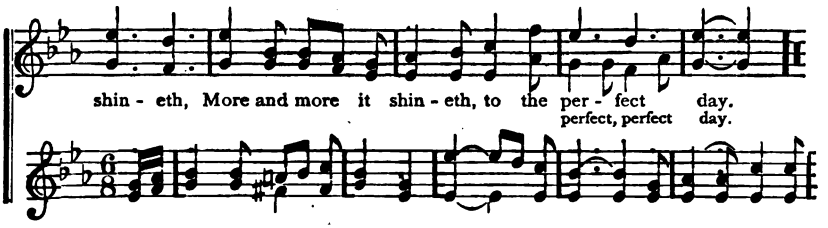
## More and more it Shineth.—CONCLUDED.

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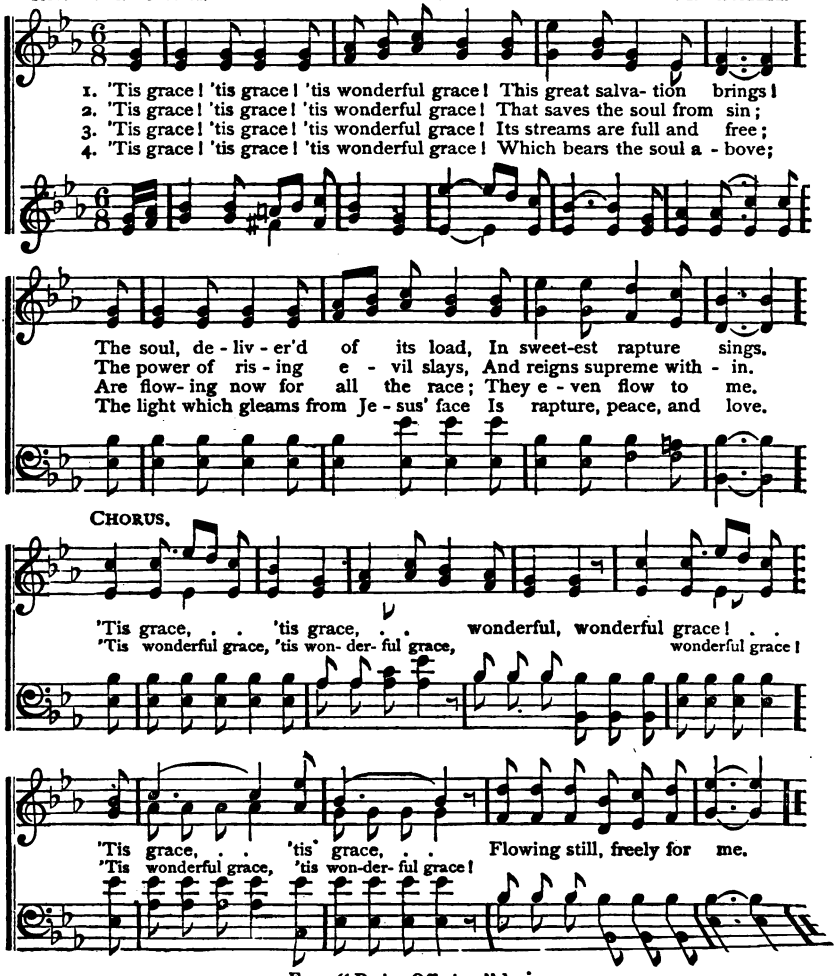
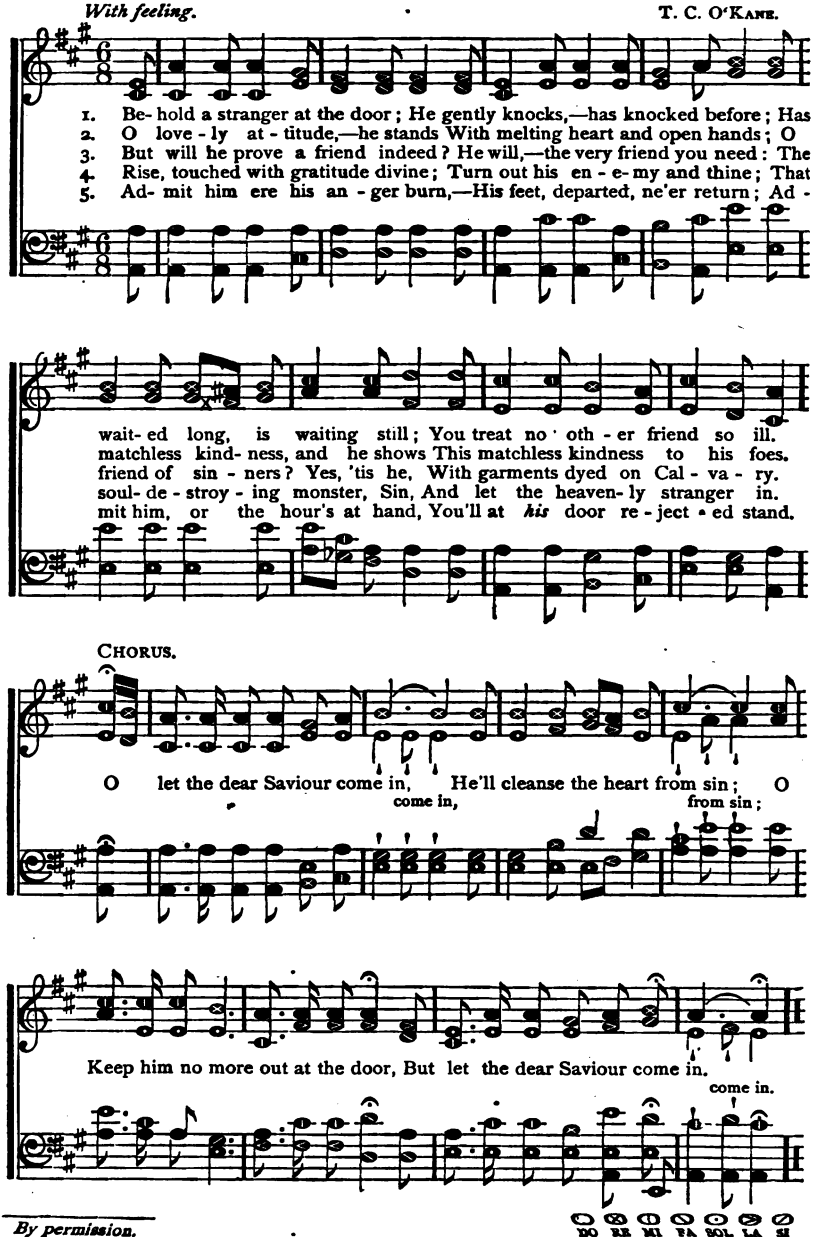
## Wonderful Grace.

Rev. W. H. Burrell. Rev. I. Baltzell.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! This great salva- tion brings!
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! That saves the soul from sin;
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! Its streams are full and free;
4. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace! Which bears the soul a - bove;
The soul, de - liv - er'd of its load, In sweet-est rapture sings.
The power of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with - in.
Are flow- ing now for all the race; They e - ven flow to me.
The light which gleams from Je - sus' face Is rapture, peace, and love.
Chorus.
'Tis grace, . . 'tis grace, . . wonderful, wonderful grace! . .
'Tis wonderful grace, 'tis won- der- ful grace, wonderful grace!
'Tis grace, . . 'tis grace, . . Flowing still, freely for me.
'Tis wonderful grace, 'tis won-der- ful grace!

From "Praise Offering," by per.

# 225 The Stranger at the Door.

*With feeling.* T. C. O'KANE.

1. Be- hold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks,—has knocked before; Has
2. O love - ly at - titude,—he stands With melting heart and open hands; O
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will,—the very friend you need: The
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine; Turn out his en - e- my and thine; That
5. Ad- mit him ere his an - ger burn,—His feet, departed, ne'er return; Ad -
wait- ed long, is waiting still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
matchless kind- ness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
soul- de - stroy - ing monster, Sin, And let the heaven- ly stranger in.
mit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at his door re - ject ed stand.
CHORUS.
O let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; O
come in, from sin;
Keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
come in.
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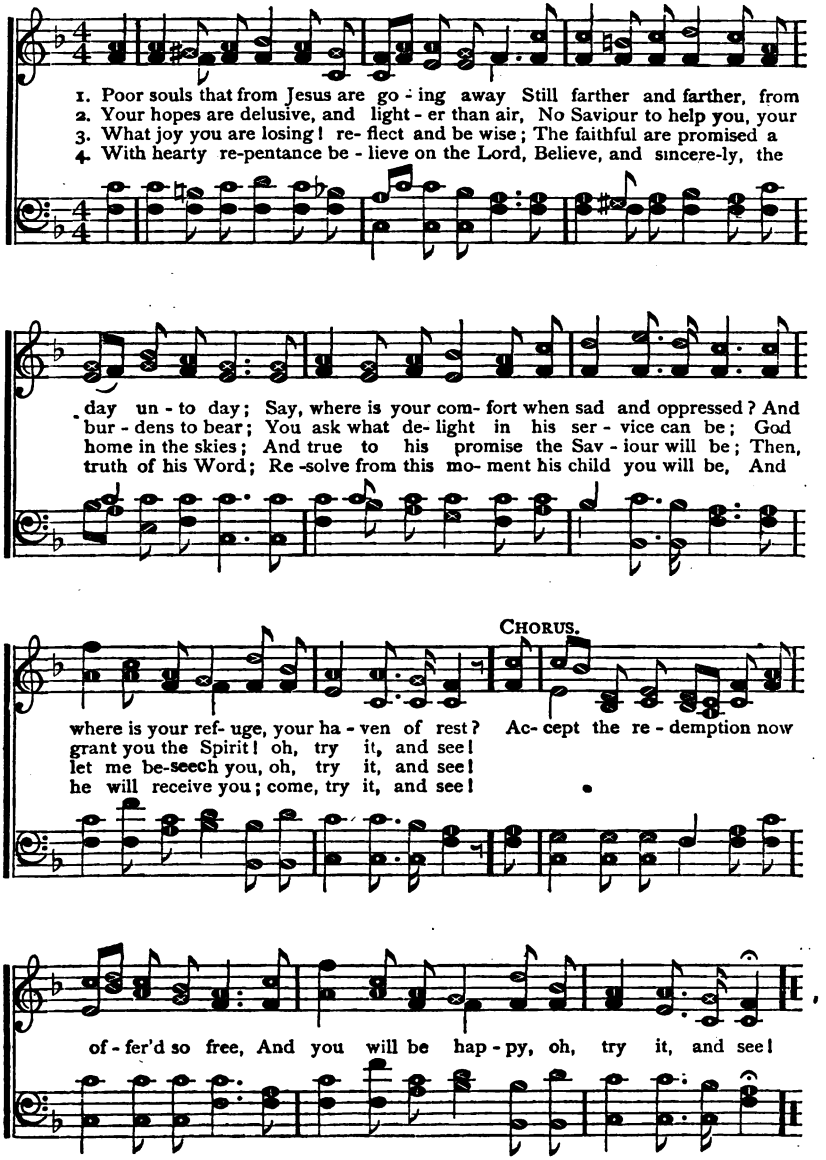
# O try it, and see.

F. J. C. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Poor souls that from Jesus are go - ing away Still farther and farther, from
2. Your hopes are delusive, and light - er than air, No Saviour to help you, your
3. What joy you are losing! re- flect and be wise; The faithful are promised a
4. With hearty re-pentance be - lieve on the Lord, Believe, and sincere-ly, the
day un - to day; Say, where is your com- fort when sad and oppressed? And
bur - dens to bear; You ask what de- light in his ser - vice can be; God
home in the skies; And true to his promise the Sav - iour will be; Then,
truth of his Word; Re -solve from this mo- ment his child you will be, And
CHORUS.
where is your ref- uge, your ha - ven of rest? Ac- cept the re - demption now
grant you the Spirit! oh, try it, and see!
let me be-seech you, oh, try it, and see!
he will receive you; come, try it, and see!
of - fer'd so free, And you will be hap - py, oh, try it, and see!

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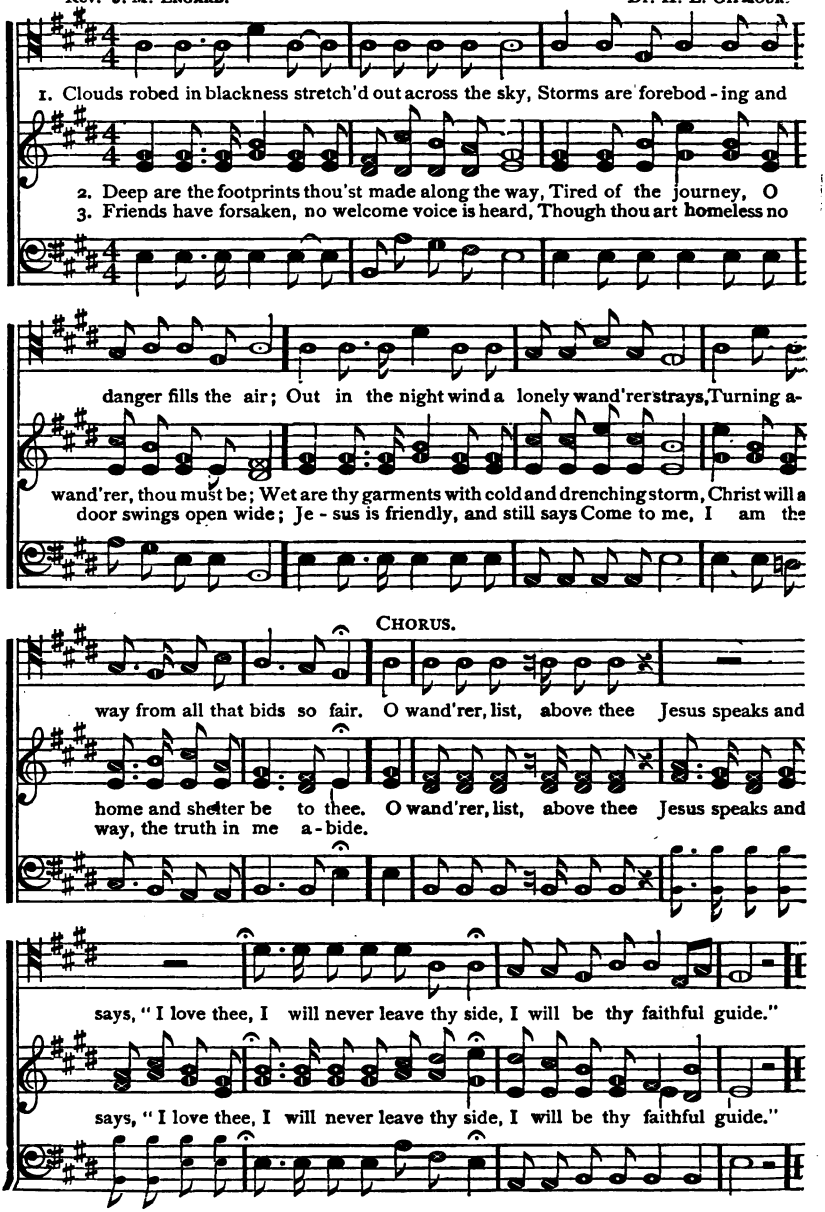
# The Wanderer.

Rev. J. M. Engard. Dr. H. L. Gilmour.

1. Clouds robed in blackness stretch'd out across the sky, Storms are forebod - ing and
2. Deep are the footprints thou'st made along the way, Tired of the journey, O
3. Friends have forsaken, no welcome voice is heard, Though thou art homeless no
danger fills the air; Out in the night wind a lonely wand'rer strays, Turning a-
wand'rer, thou must be; Wet are thy garments with cold and drenching storm, Christ will a
door swings open wide; Je - sus is friendly, and still says Come to me, I am the
Chorus.
way from all that bids so fair. O wand'rer, list, above thee Jesus speaks and
home and shelter be to thee. O wand'rer, list, above thee Jesus speaks and
way, the truth in me a - bide.
says, "I love thee, I will never leave thy side, I will be thy faithful guide."
says, "I love thee, I will never leave thy side, I will be thy faithful guide."

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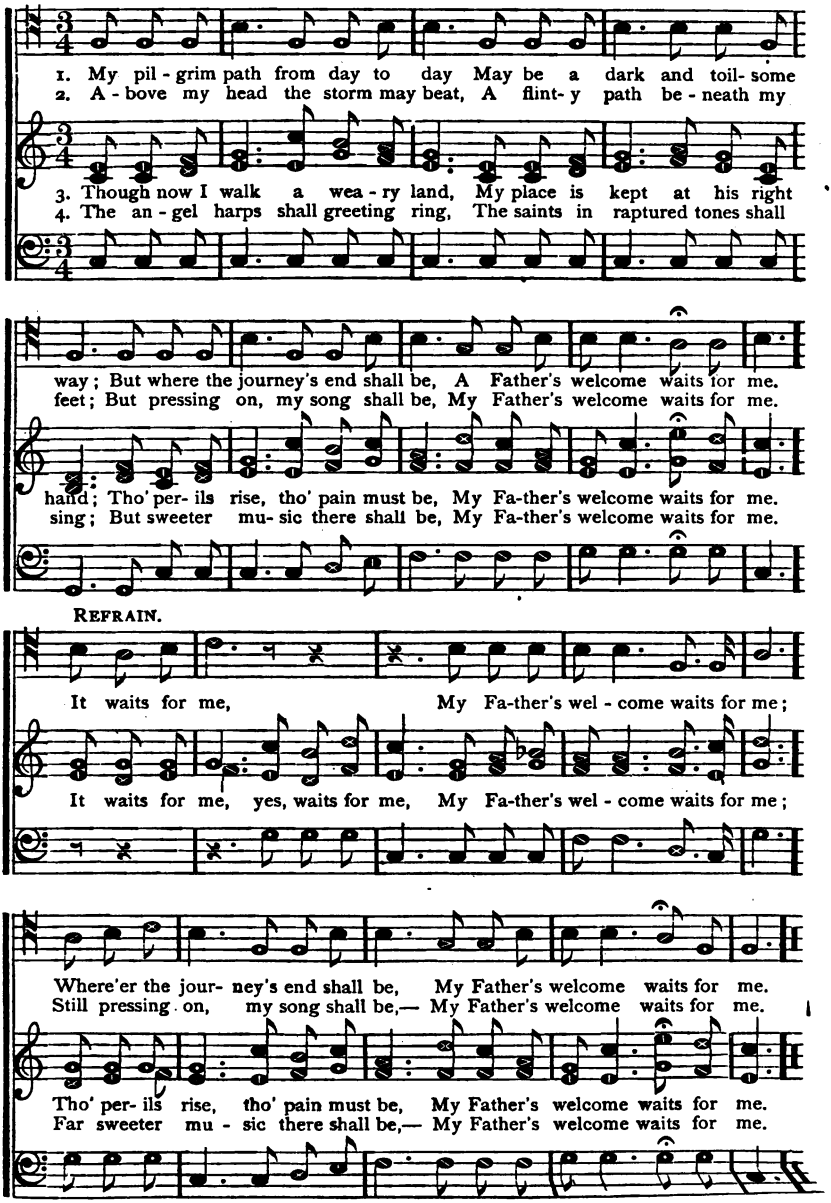
# My Father's Welcome.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My pil - grim path from day to day May be a dark and toil- some
2. A - bove my head the storm may beat, A flint- y path be - neath my
3. Though now I walk a wea - ry land, My place is kept at his right
4. The an - gel harps shall greeting ring, The saints in raptured tones shall
way; But where the journey's end shall be, A Father's welcome waits for me.
feet; But pressing on, my song shall be, My Father's welcome waits for me.
hand; Tho' per- ils rise, tho' pain must be, My Fa-ther's welcome waits for me.
sing; But sweeter mu- sic there shall be, My Fa-ther's welcome waits for me.
REFRAIN.
It waits for me, My Fa-ther's wel - come waits for me;
It waits for me, yes, waits for me, My Fa-ther's wel - come waits for me;
Where'er the jour- ney's end shall be, My Father's welcome waits for me.
Still pressing on, my song shall be,— My Father's welcome waits for me.
Tho' per- ils rise, tho' pain must be, My Father's welcome waits for me.
Far sweeter mu - sic there shall be,— My Father's welcome waits for me.

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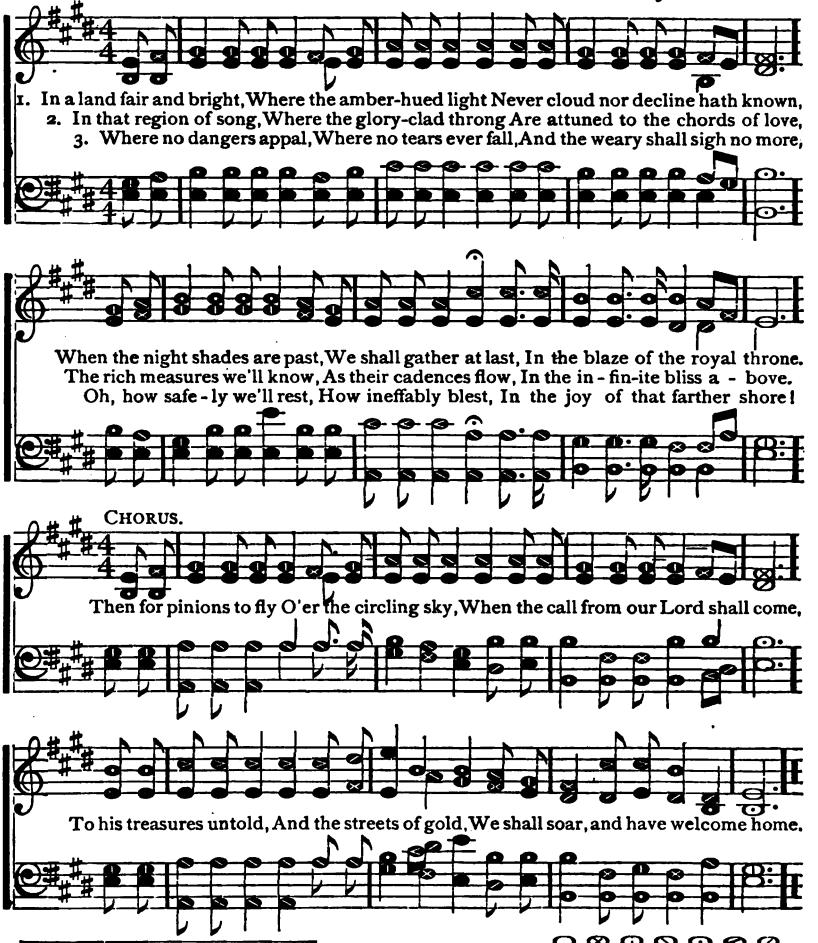
## 229 In a Land fair and bright.

W. H. RUDDIMAN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In a land fair and bright, Where the amber-hued light Never cloud nor decline hath known,
2. In that region of song, Where the glory-clad throng Are attuned to the chords of love,
3. Where no dangers appal, Where no tears ever fall, And the weary shall sigh no more,
When the night shades are past, We shall gather at last, In the blaze of the royal throne.
The rich measures we'll know, As their cadences flow, In the in - fin-ite bliss a - bove.
Oh, how safe - ly we'll rest, How ineffably blest, In the joy of that farther shore!
CHORUS.
Then for pinions to fly O'er the circling sky, When the call from our Lord shall come,
To his treasures untold, And the streets of gold, We shall soar, and have welcome home.

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DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

## 230 BY AND BY.

1 We speak of the land of the blest,
A country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be to be there.

*Cho.*—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
*Its walls decked with jewels so rare,*
*Its wonders and pleasures untold,*
*But what must it be* to be there.

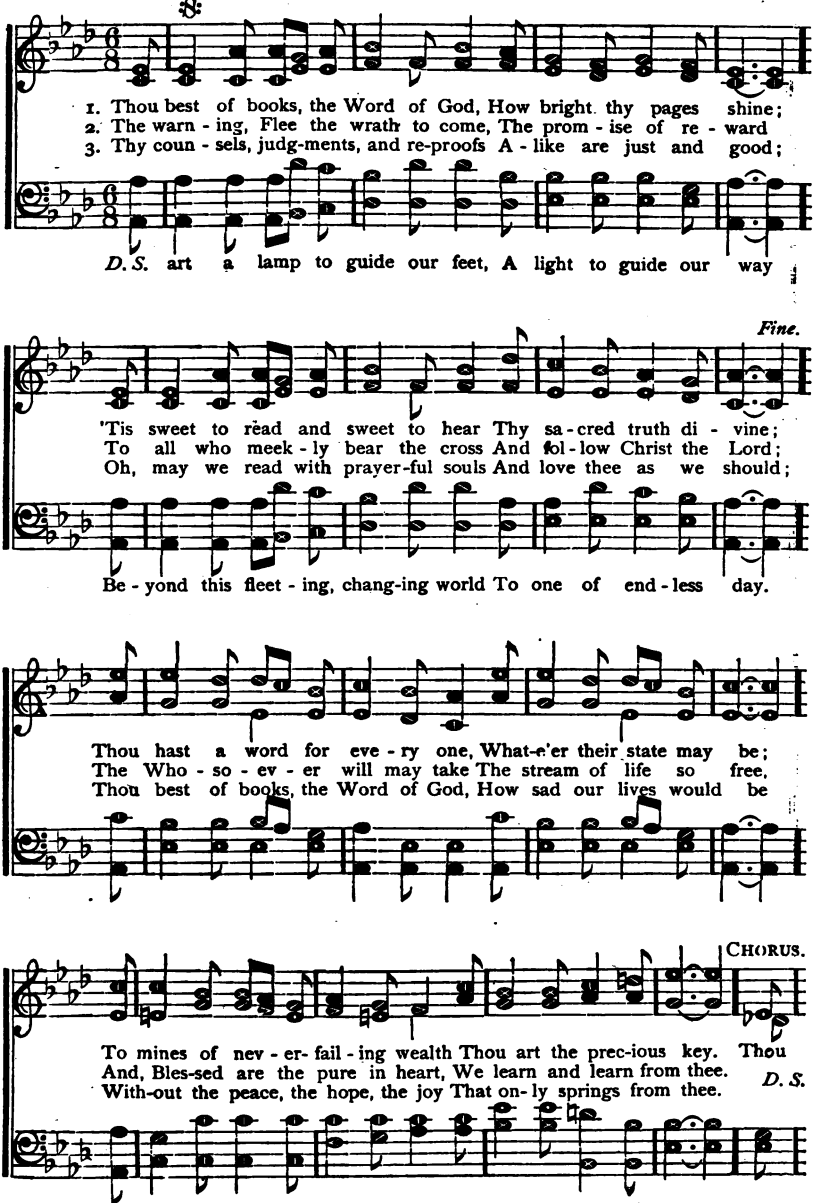
3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above,
But what must it be to be there.

4 We speak of its freedom from sĭn,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there.

5 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

231

# The Bible.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Thou best of books, the Word of God, How bright thy pages shine;
2. The warn - ing, Flee the wrath to come, The prom - ise of re - ward
3. Thy coun - sels, judg-ments, and re-proofs A - like are just and good;
D. S. art a lamp to guide our feet, A light to guide our way
Fine.
'Tis sweet to read and sweet to hear Thy sa - cred truth di - vine;
To all who meek - ly bear the cross And fol - low Christ the Lord;
Oh, may we read with prayer-ful souls And love thee as we should;
Be - yond this fleet - ing, chang-ing world To one of end - less day.
Thou hast a word for eve - ry one, What-e'er their state may be;
The Who - so - ev - er will may take The stream of life so free,
Thou best of books, the Word of God, How sad our lives would be
CHORUS.
To mines of nev - er- fail - ing wealth Thou art the prec-ious key. Thou
And, Bles-sed are the pure in heart, We learn and learn from thee.
With-out the peace, the hope, the joy That on- ly springs from thee.
D. S.

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Quartet—O

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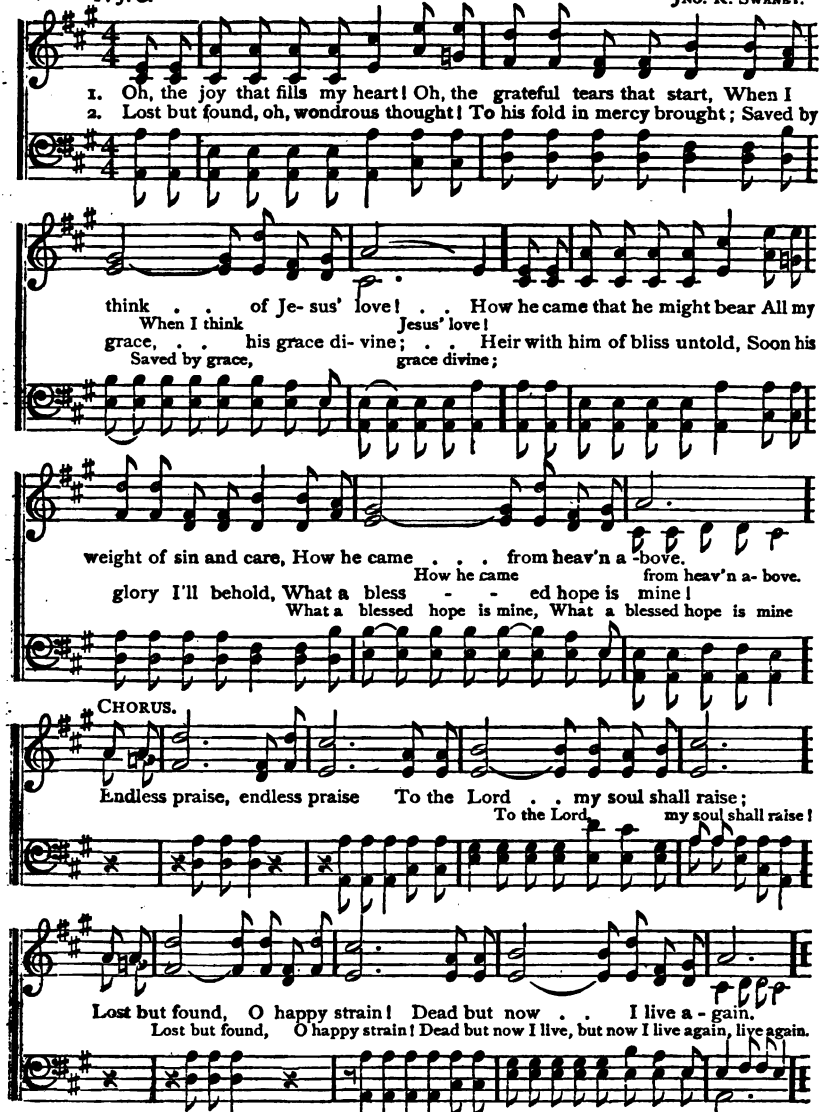
# Lost but Found.

F. J. C. Jno. R. Swenet.

1. Oh, the joy that fills my heart! Oh, the grateful tears that start, When I
2. Lost but found, oh, wondrous thought! To his fold in mercy brought; Saved by
think . . . of Je- sus' love! . . . How he came that he might bear All my
When I think Jesus' love!
grace, . . . his grace di- vine; . . . Heir with him of bliss untold, Soon his
Saved by grace, grace divine;
weight of sin and care, How he came . . . from heav'n a -bove.
How he came from heav'n a- bove.
glory I'll behold, What a bless - - - ed hope is mine!
What a blessed hope is mine, What a blessed hope is mine
CHORUS.
Endless praise, endless praise To the Lord . . my soul shall raise;
To the Lord, my soul shall raise!
Lost but found, O happy strain! Dead but now . . I live a - gain.
Lost but found, O happy strain! Dead but now I live, but now I live again, live again.

3 Lost but found! I now can sing
Vict'ry through my Saviour King,
‖: Vict'ry ev'ry day and hour; :‖
Vict'ry still will be my song
*When I join the* ransom'd throng,
*‖: Vict'ry o'er the* tempter's power. :‖

4 O that all the world would prove
How a pard'ning God can love,
‖: How he waits for all who come! :‖
O that all the world might see
What his grace hath done for me!
‖: How he welcomes wand'rers home. :‖

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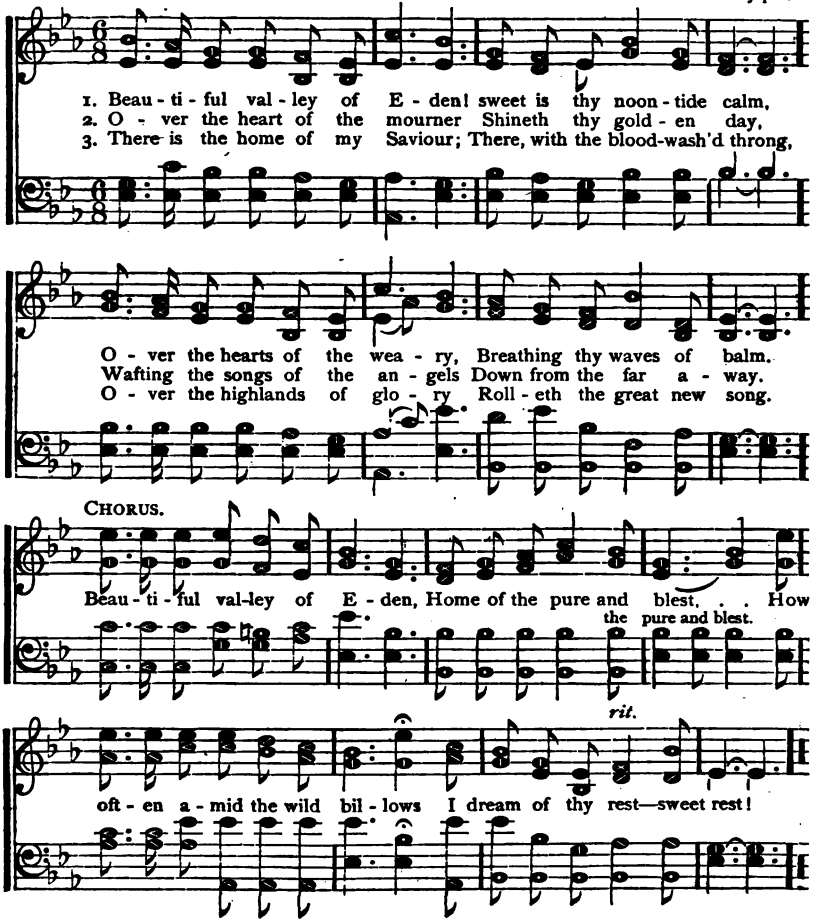
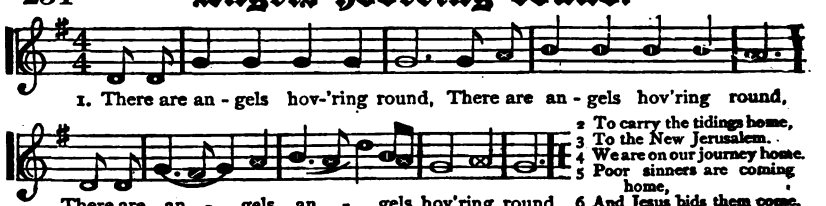
## 233 Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin. By per.


1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! sweet is thy noon - tide calm,
2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shineth thy gold - en day,
3. There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng,
O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
Wafting the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.
O - ver the highlands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.
Chorus.
Beau - ti - ful val-ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, . . How
the pure and blest.
rit.
oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

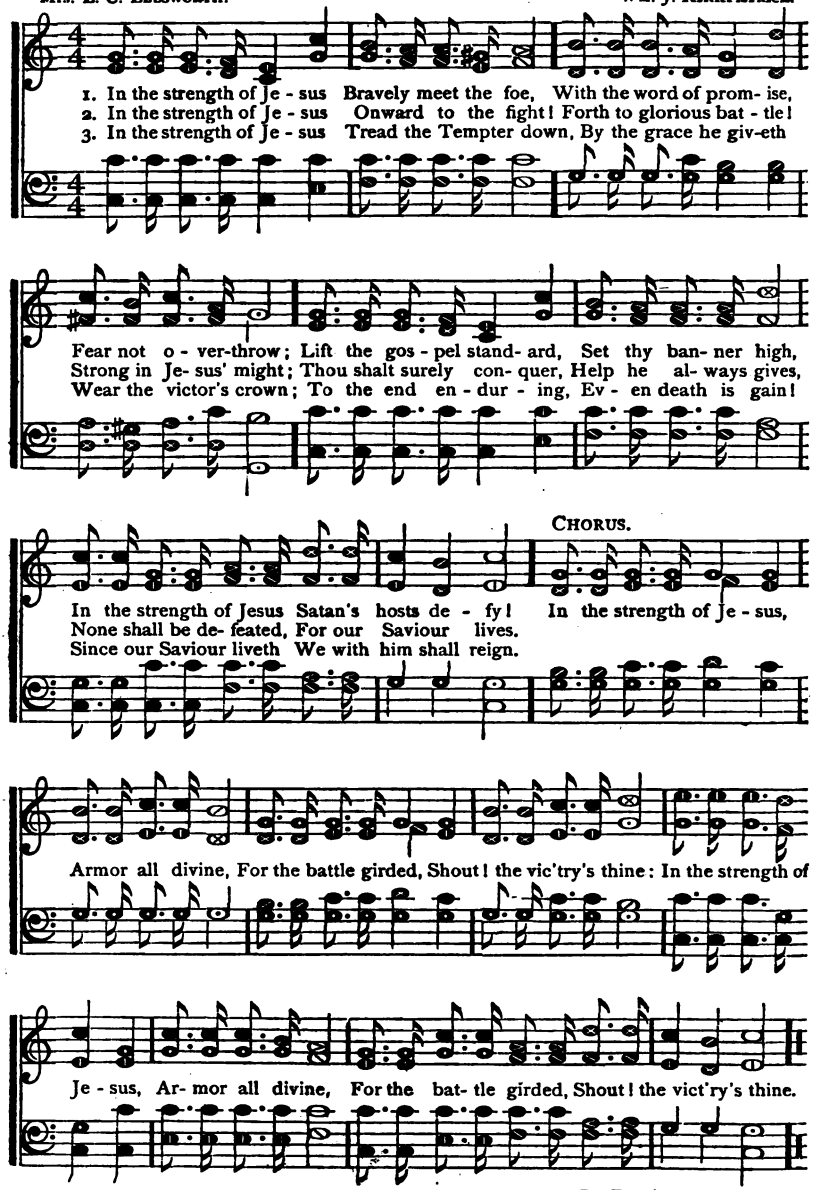
## 234 Angels hovering round.




2 To carry the tidings home,
3 To the New Jerusalem.
4 We are on our journey home.
5 Poor sinners are coming home,
6 And Jesus bids them come.
7 Let him that heareth come,
8 And he that is thirsty come,
9 And whosoever will may come.
10 There's glory all around!

# 235 In the Strength of Jesus.

"Be strong in the Lord."—Eph. vi. 10.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. In the strength of Je - sus Bravely meet the foe, With the word of prom- ise,
2. In the strength of Je - sus Onward to the fight! Forth to glorious bat - tle!
3. In the strength of Je - sus Tread the Tempter down, By the grace he giv-eth
Fear not o - ver-throw; Lift the gos - pel stand- ard, Set thy ban- ner high,
Strong in Je- sus' might; Thou shalt surely con- quer, Help he al- ways gives,
Wear the victor's crown; To the end en - dur - ing, Ev - en death is gain!
Chorus.
In the strength of Jesus Satan's hosts de - fy! In the strength of Je - sus,
None shall be de- feated, For our Saviour lives.
Since our Saviour liveth We with him shall reign.
Armor all divine, For the battle girded, Shout! the vic'try's thine: In the strength of
Je - sus, Ar- mor all divine, For the bat- tle girded, Shout! the vict'ry's thine.

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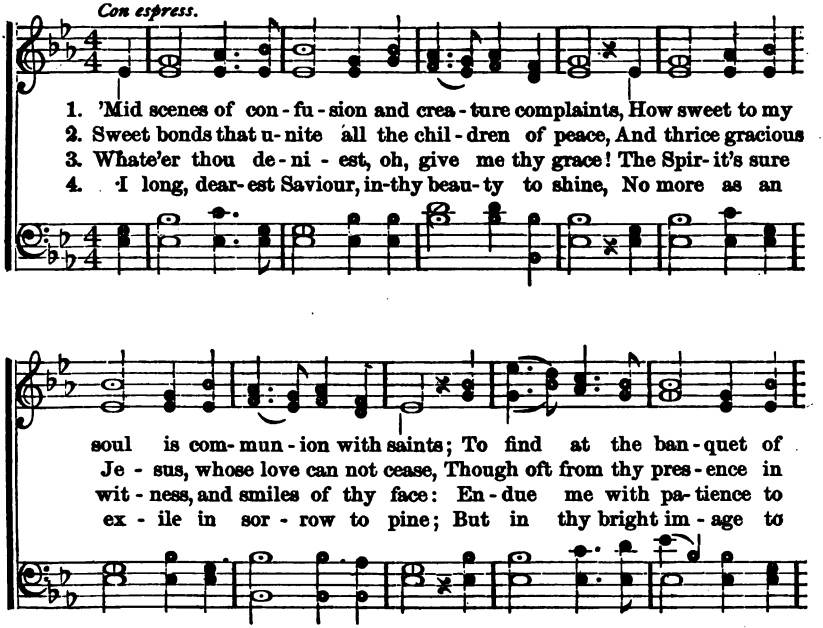
# 236 Sweet Home.

H. R. Bishop. Arranged.

*Con espress.*


1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, How sweet to my
2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil - dren of peace, And thrice gracious
3. Whate'er thou de - ni - est, oh, give me thy grace! The Spir - it's sure
4. I long, dear - est Saviour, in - thy beau - ty to shine, No more as an
soul is com - mun - ion with saints; To find at the ban - quet of
Je - sus, whose love can not cease, Though oft from thy pres - ence in
wit - ness, and smiles of thy face: En - due me with pa - tience to
ex - ile in sor - row to pine; But in thy bright im - age to
mer - cy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.
sad - ness I roam, I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry at home.
wait at thy throne, And find, e - ven now, a sweet foretaste of home.
rise from the tomb, With glori - fied millions to praise thee at home.
CHORUS.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

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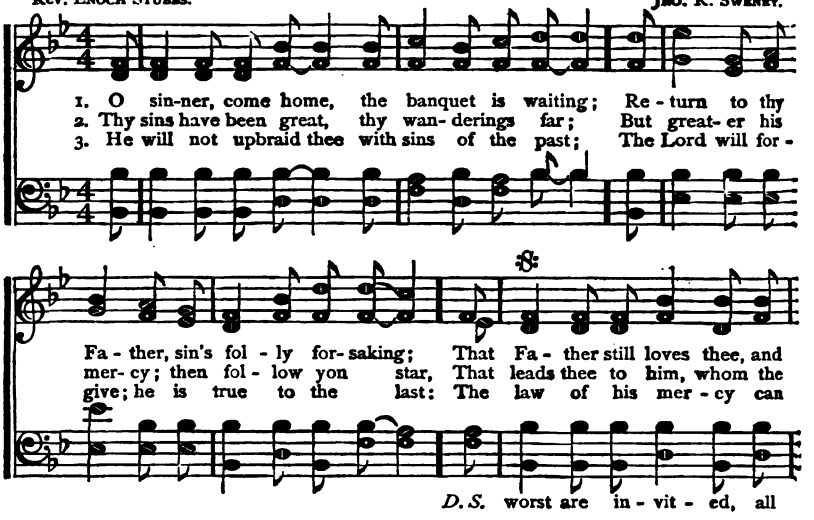
# O Sinner, come Home.

Rev. Enoch Stubbs. Jno. R. Swenet.


1. O sin-ner, come home, the banquet is waiting; Re - turn to thy
2. Thy sins have been great, thy wan- derings far; But great- er his
3. He will not upbraid thee with sins of the past; The Lord will for -
Fa - ther, sin's fol - ly for- saking; That Fa - ther still loves thee, and
mer- cy; then fol - low yon star, That leads thee to him, whom the
give; he is true to the last: The law of his mer - cy can
D.S. worst are in - vit - ed, all
Fine.
waits to em-brace His pen - i - tent child, when re- turning through grace.
an - gels a- dore; And be hap - py at home, Thence to wan- der no more.
not be re-pealed, It stand- eth for - ev - er, with blood it is sealed.
wel- come will be; Re - turn, then, there's room at this ta - ble for thee.
Chorus.
Then, sinner, come home; the feast is all ready; Pre - pared for the blind, the
D.S.
poor and the need-y; The

4 Thy robe shall be white, as tho' never by sin
A spot or a stain of uncleanness had been;
The angels shall boast not a holier wing
Than sinners who songs of salvation may sing.

5 There's famine around thee, and sorrow within;
Thy master is cruel; there's no hope in sin;
But, coming to Jesus, the feast of his love
Will fill thee with rapture, like that felt above.

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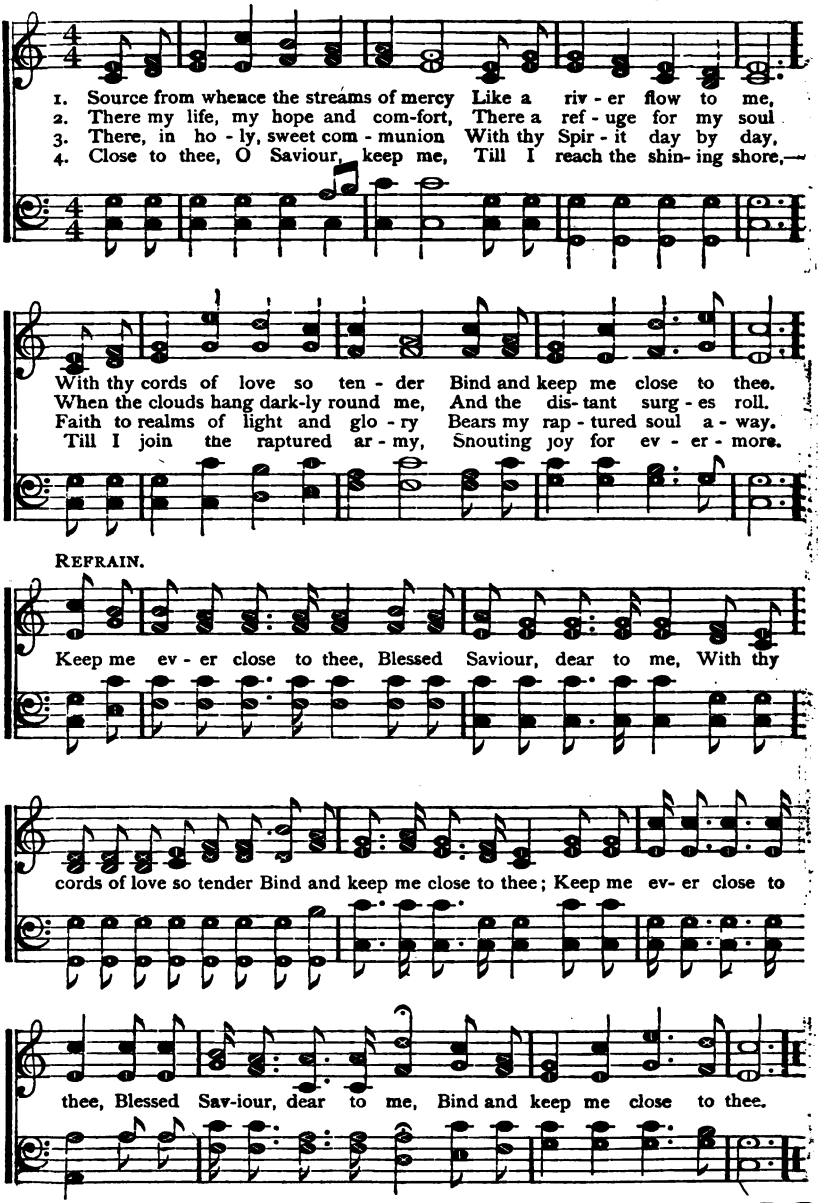
# 238 Keep me ever close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Source from whence the streams of mercy Like a riv - er flow to me,
2. There my life, my hope and com-fort, There a ref - uge for my soul
3. There, in ho - ly, sweet com - munion With thy Spir - it day by day,
4. Close to thee, O Saviour, keep me, Till I reach the shin- ing shore,—
With thy cords of love so ten - der Bind and keep me close to thee.
When the clouds hang dark-ly round me, And the dis- tant surg - es roll.
Faith to realms of light and glo - ry Bears my rap - tured soul a - way.
Till I join the raptured ar - my, Shouting joy for ev - er - more.
REFRAIN.
Keep me ev - er close to thee, Blessed Saviour, dear to me, With thy
cords of love so tender Bind and keep me close to thee; Keep me ev- er close to
thee, Blessed Sav-iour, dear to me, Bind and keep me close to thee.

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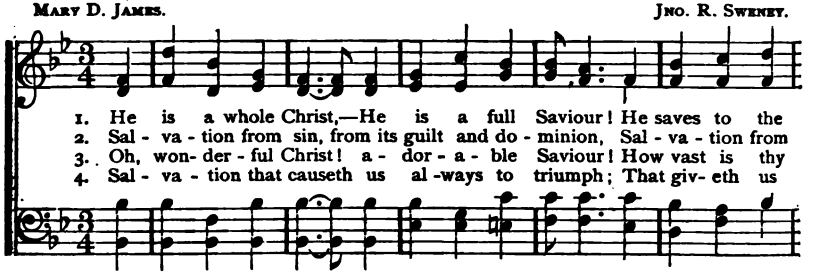
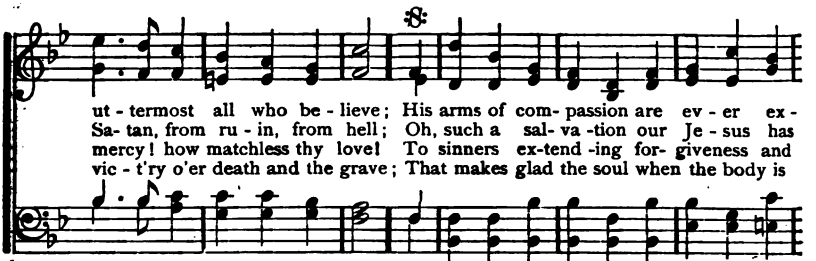
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

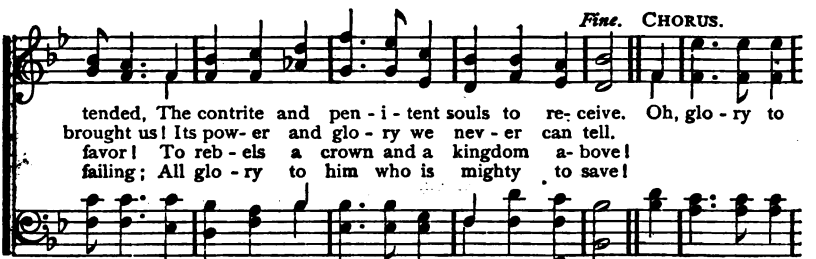
# The Great Salvation.

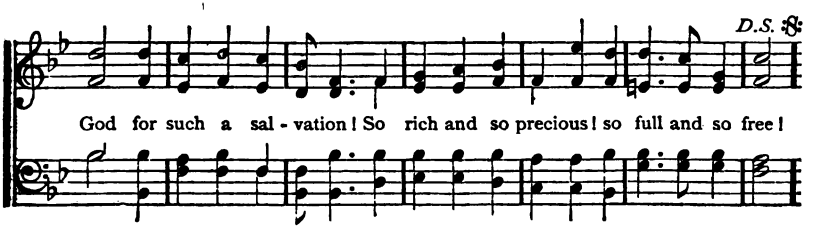
"He is a whole Christ,—a full Saviour! Glory to God for such a salvation!"—
Last words of BISHOP HAVEN.

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. He is a whole Christ,—He is a full Saviour! He saves to the
2. Sal - va - tion from sin, from its guilt and do - minion, Sal - va - tion from
3. Oh, won- der - ful Christ! a - dor - a - ble Saviour! How vast is thy
4. Sal - va - tion that causeth us al -ways to triumph; That giv- eth us


ut - termost all who be - lieve; His arms of com- passion are ev - er ex -
Sa- tan, from ru - in, from hell; Oh, such a sal- va -tion our Je - sus has
mercy! how matchless thy love! To sinners ex-tend -ing for- giveness and
vic - t'ry o'er death and the grave; That makes glad the soul when the body is
D. S. Unmeasured its blessings, un-count-ed its


Fine. CHORUS.
tended, The contrite and pen - i - tent souls to re- ceive. Oh, glo - ry to
brought us! Its pow- er and glo - ry we nev - er can tell.
favor! To reb - els a crown and a kingdom a- bove!
failing; All glo - ry to him who is mighty to save!
treasures! And this great sal - va- tion has reached ev-en me.

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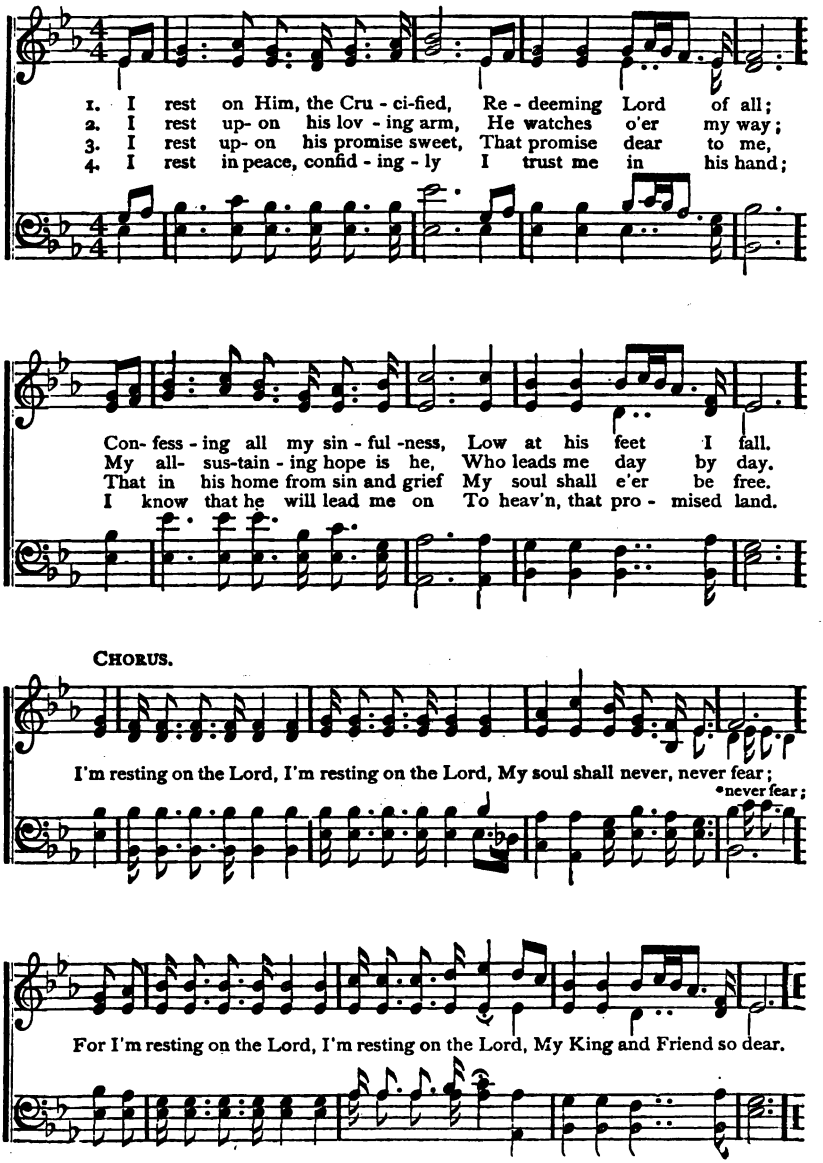
# Resting on the Lord.

"Help us, O LORD our God; for we rest on thee, and in thy name go against this multitude."
2 CHRON. xiv. 11.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I rest on Him, the Cru - ci-fied, Re - deeming Lord of all;
2. I rest up- on his lov - ing arm, He watches o'er my way;
3. I rest up- on his promise sweet, That promise dear to me,
4. I rest in peace, confid - ing - ly I trust me in his hand;
Con- fess - ing all my sin - ful -ness, Low at his feet I fall.
My all- sus-tain - ing hope is he, Who leads me day by day.
That in his home from sin and grief My soul shall e'er be free.
I know that he will lead me on To heav'n, that pro - mised land.
CHORUS.
I'm resting on the Lord, I'm resting on the Lord, My soul shall never, never fear;
*never fear;
For I'm resting on the Lord, I'm resting on the Lord, My King and Friend so dear.

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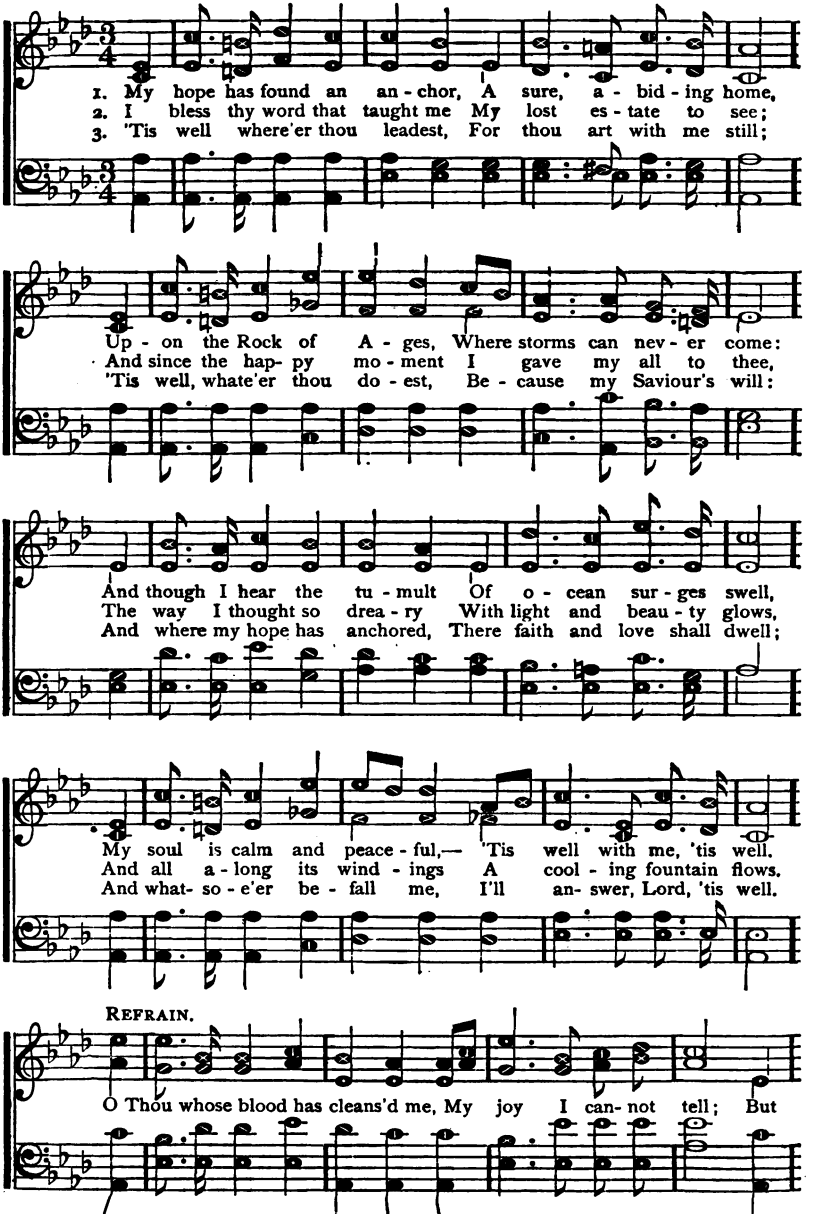
# 'Tis Well with Me.

F. J. C.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My hope has found an an - chor, A sure, a - bid - ing home,
2. I bless thy word that taught me My lost es - tate to see;
3. 'Tis well where'er thou leadest, For thou art with me still;
Up - on the Rock of A - ges, Where storms can nev - er come:
And since the hap- py mo - ment I gave my all to thee,
'Tis well, whate'er thou do - est, Be - cause my Saviour's will:
And though I hear the tu - mult Of o - cean sur - ges swell,
The way I thought so drea - ry With light and beau - ty glows,
And where my hope has anchored, There faith and love shall dwell;
My soul is calm and peace - ful,— 'Tis well with me, 'tis well.
And all a - long its wind - ings A cool - ing fountain flows.
And what- so - e'er be - fall me, I'll an- swer, Lord, 'tis well.
REFRAIN.
O Thou whose blood has cleans'd me, My joy I can- not tell; But

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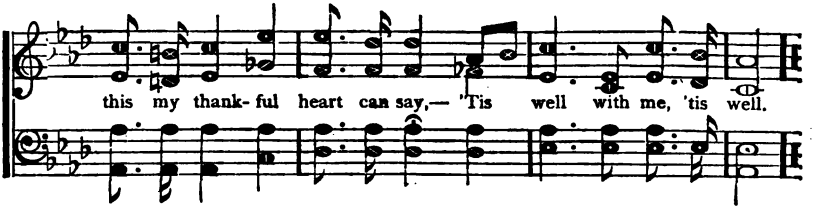
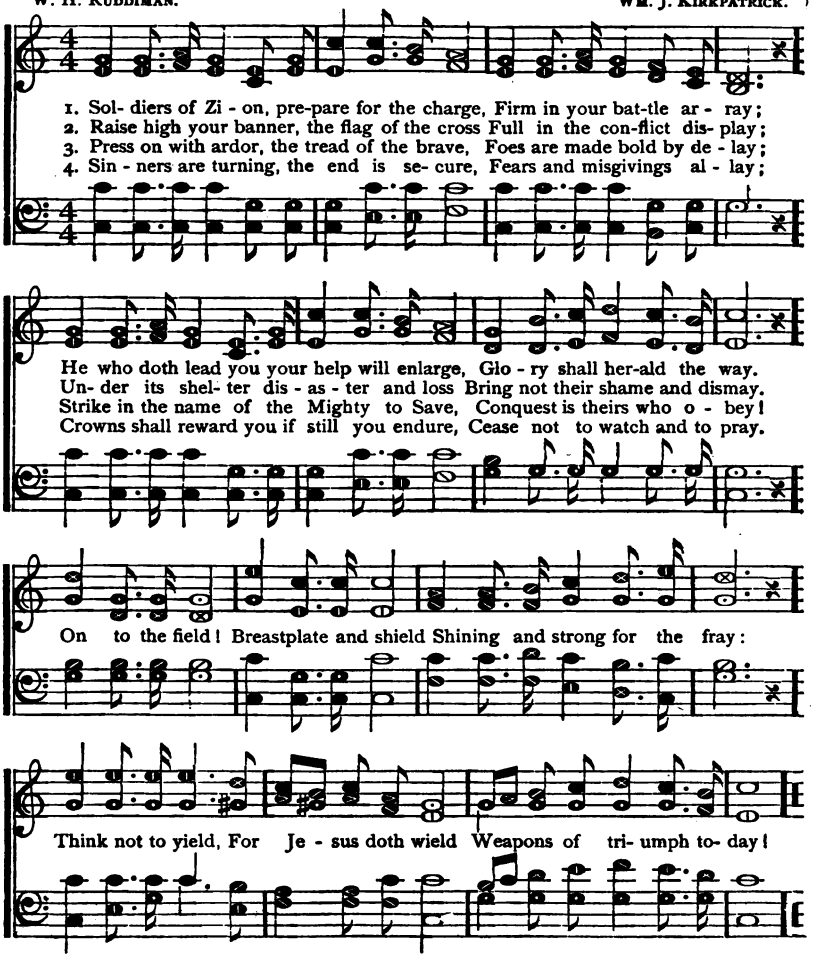
## 'Tis Well with Me.—CONCLUDED.

## 242 On to the Field.

W. H. RUDDIMAN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sol- diers of Zi - on, pre-pare for the charge, Firm in your bat-tle ar - ray;
2. Raise high your banner, the flag of the cross Full in the con-flict dis- play;
3. Press on with ardor, the tread of the brave, Foes are made bold by de - lay;
4. Sin - ners are turning, the end is se- cure, Fears and misgivings al - lay;
He who doth lead you your help will enlarge, Glo - ry shall her-ald the way.
Un- der its shel- ter dis - as - ter and loss Bring not their shame and dismay.
Strike in the name of the Mighty to Save, Conquest is theirs who o - bey!
Crowns shall reward you if still you endure, Cease not to watch and to pray.
On to the field! Breastplate and shield Shining and strong for the fray:
Think not to yield, For Je - sus doth wield Weapons of tri- umph to- day!

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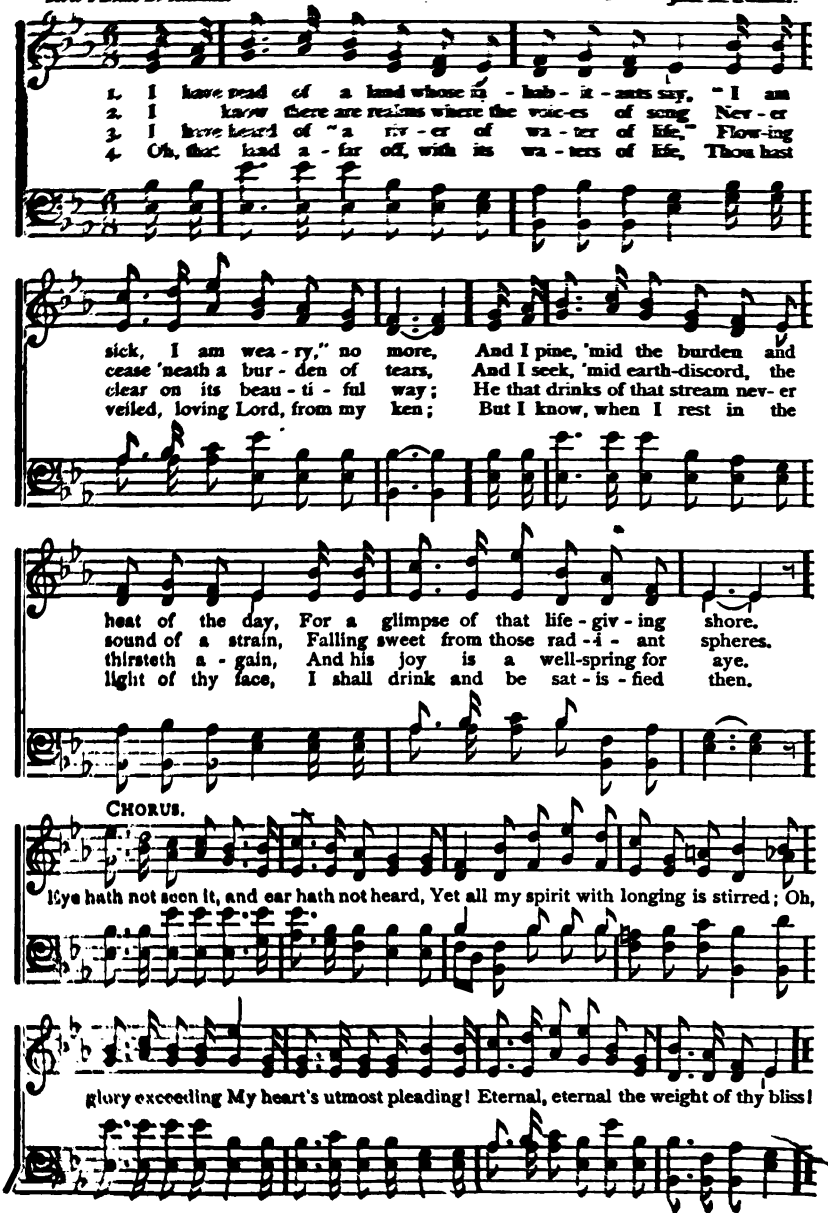
# Eye hath not Seen it.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.—1 Cor. ii. 9.

Mrs. Frank E. Hamm. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I have read of a land whose in - hab - it - ants say, "I am sick, I am wea - ry," no more, And I pine, 'mid the burden and heat of the day, For a glimpse of that life - giv - ing shore.
2. I know there are realms where the voic-es of song Nev - er cease 'neath a bur - den of tears, And I seek, 'mid earth-discord, the sound of a strain, Falling sweet from those rad - i - ant spheres.
3. I have heard of "a riv - er of wa - ter of life," Flow-ing clear on its beau - ti - ful way; He that drinks of that stream nev- er thirsteth a - gain, And his joy is a well-spring for aye.
4. Oh, that land a - far off, with its wa - ters of life, Thou hast veiled, loving Lord, from my ken; But I know, when I rest in the light of thy face, I shall drink and be sat - is - fied then.
CHORUS.
Eye hath not seen it, and ear hath not heard, Yet all my spirit with longing is stirred; Oh, glory exceeding My heart's utmost pleading! Eternal, eternal the weight of thy bliss!

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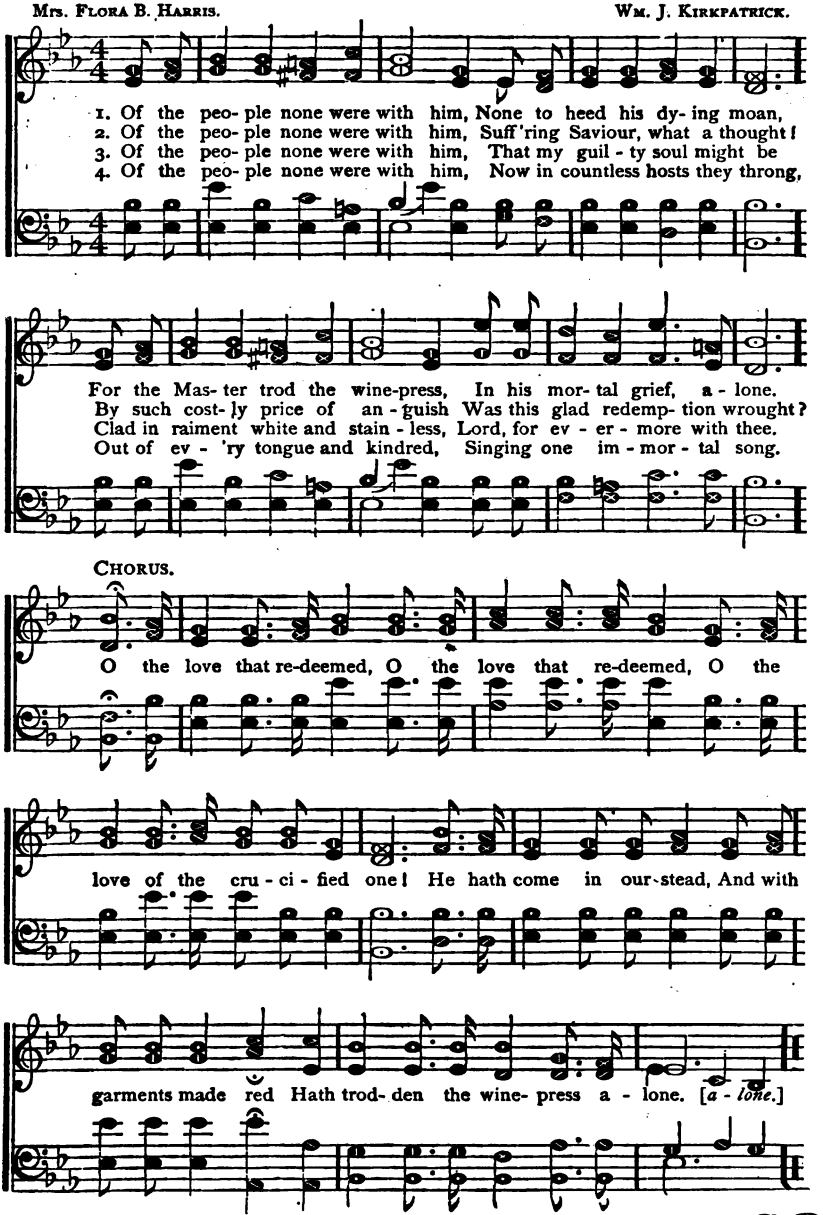
# 244 The Love that Redeemed.

Mrs. Flora B. Harris. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Of the peo- ple none were with him, None to heed his dy- ing moan,
2. Of the peo- ple none were with him, Suff'ring Saviour, what a thought!
3. Of the peo- ple none were with him, That my guil - ty soul might be
4. Of the peo- ple none were with him, Now in countless hosts they throng,
For the Mas- ter trod the wine-press, In his mor- tal grief, a - lone.
By such cost- ly price of an - guish Was this glad redemp- tion wrought?
Clad in raiment white and stain - less, Lord, for ev - er - more with thee.
Out of ev - 'ry tongue and kindred, Singing one im - mor - tal song.
Chorus.
O the love that re-deemed, O the love that re-deemed, O the
love of the cru - ci - fied one! He hath come in our-stead, And with
garments made red Hath trod- den the wine- press a - lone. [a - lone.]

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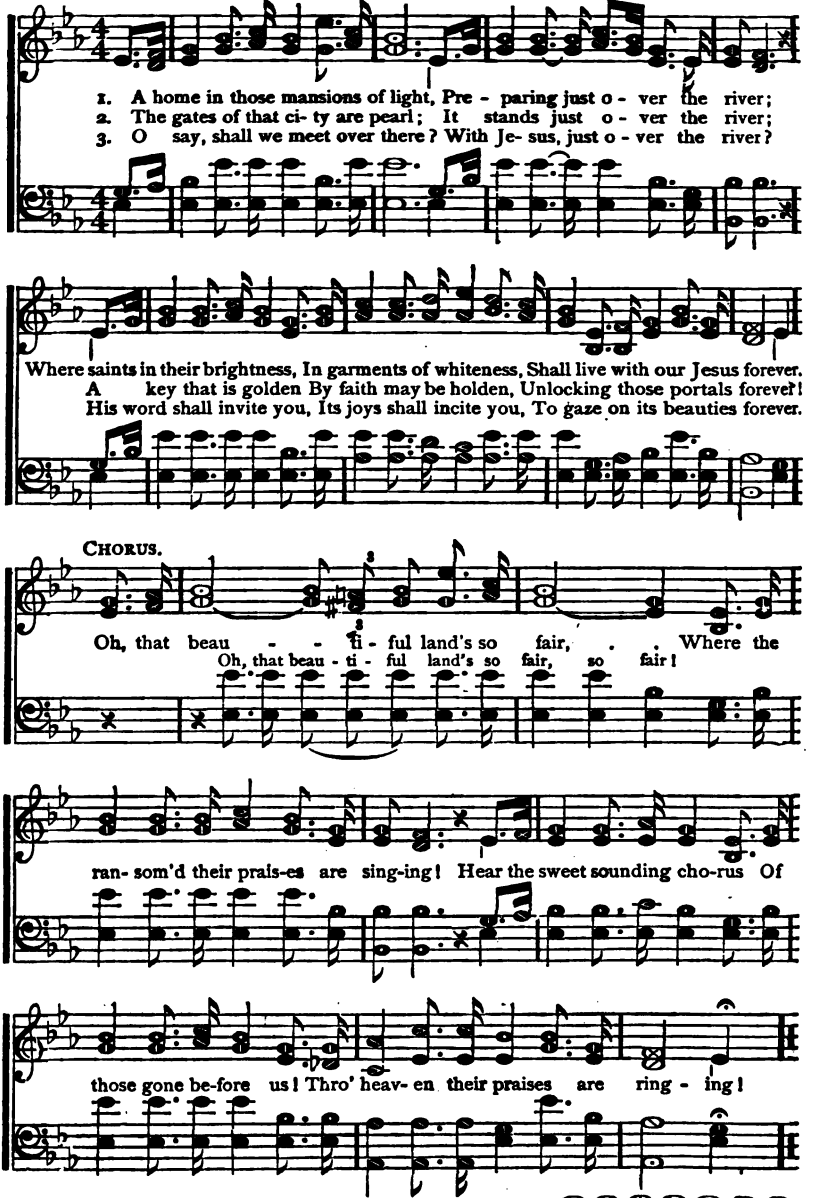
# 245 The Home beyond the River.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. A home in those mansions of light, Pre - paring just o - ver the river;
2. The gates of that ci- ty are pearl; It stands just o - ver the river;
3. O say, shall we meet over there? With Je- sus, just o - ver the river?
Where saints in their brightness, In garments of whiteness, Shall live with our Jesus forever.
A key that is golden By faith may be holden, Unlocking those portals forever!
His word shall invite you, Its joys shall incite you, To gaze on its beauties forever.
Chorus.
Oh, that beau - - ti - ful land's so fair, . . Where the
Oh, that beau - ti - ful land's so fair, so fair!
ran- som'd their prais-es are sing-ing! Hear the sweet sounding cho-rus Of
those gone be-fore us! Thro' heav- en their praises are ring - ing!

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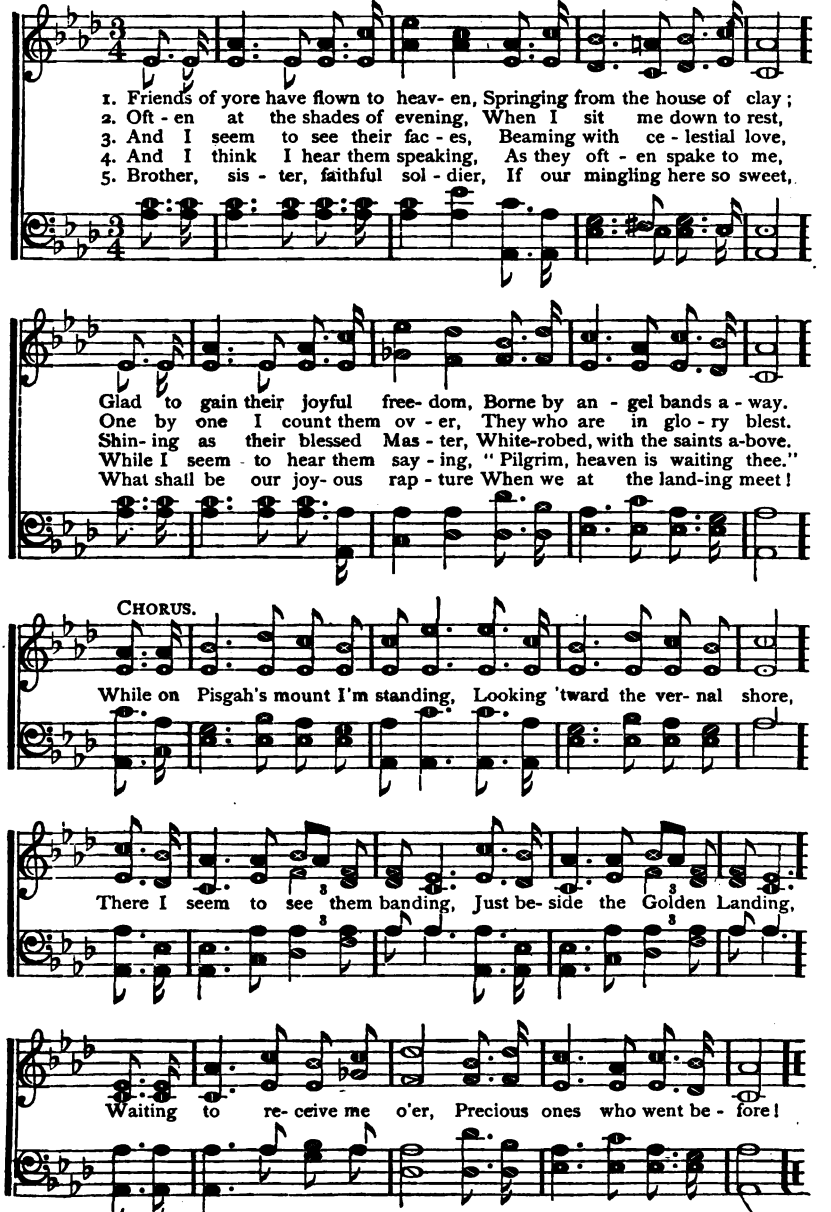
# At the Golden Landing.

EDJAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Friends of yore have flown to heav- en, Springing from the house of clay;
2. Oft - en at the shades of evening, When I sit me down to rest,
3. And I seem to see their fac - es, Beaming with ce - lestial love,
4. And I think I hear them speaking, As they oft - en spake to me,
5. Brother, sis - ter, faithful sol - dier, If our mingling here so sweet,
Glad to gain their joyful free- dom, Borne by an - gel bands a - way.
One by one I count them ov - er, They who are in glo - ry blest.
Shin- ing as their blessed Mas - ter, White-robed, with the saints a-bove.
While I seem to hear them say - ing, "Pilgrim, heaven is waiting thee."
What shall be our joy- ous rap - ture When we at the land-ing meet!
CHORUS.
While on Pisgah's mount I'm standing, Looking 'tward the ver- nal shore,
There I seem to see them banding, Just be- side the Golden Landing,
Waiting to re- ceive me o'er, Precious ones who went be - fore!

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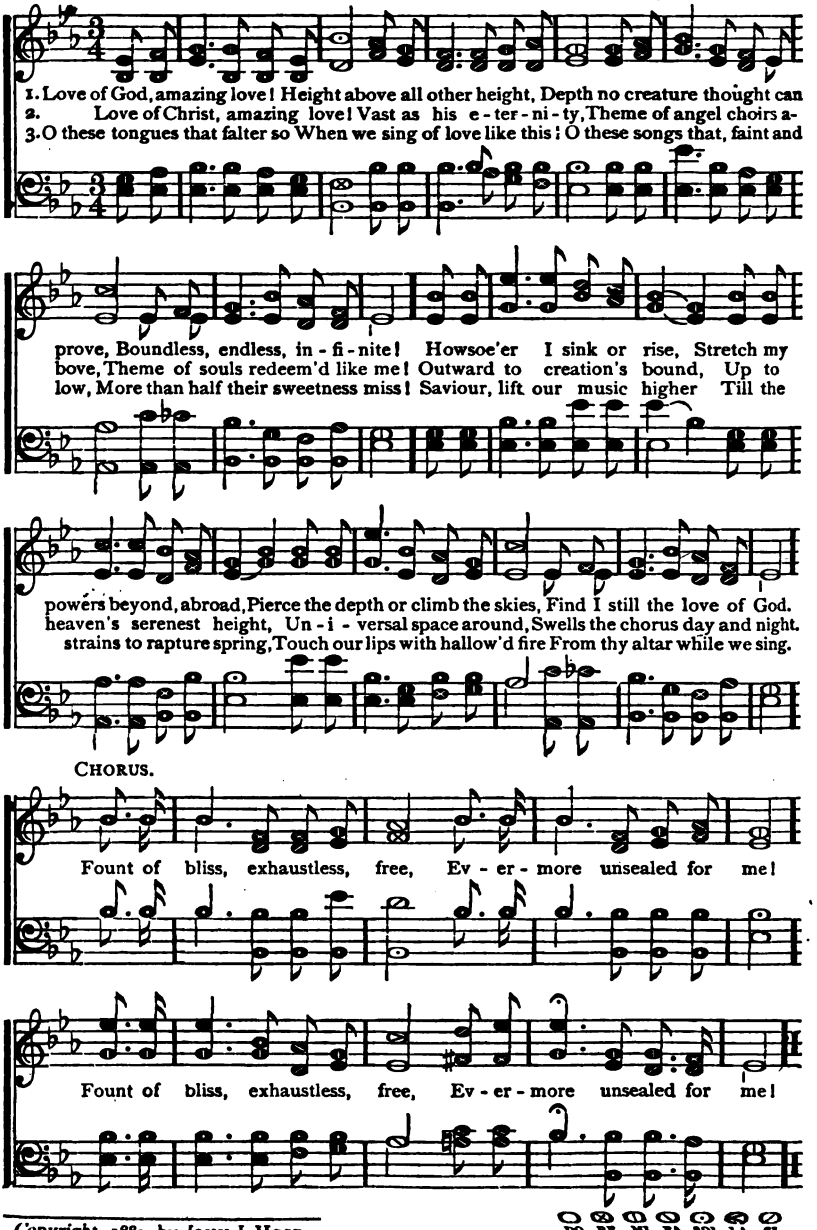
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

# Fount of Bliss.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Love of God, amazing love! Height above all other height, Depth no creature thought can
2. Love of Christ, amazing love! Vast as his e-ter-ni-ty, Theme of angel choirs a-
3. O these tongues that falter so When we sing of love like this! O these songs that, faint and
prove, Boundless, endless, in-fi-nite! Howsoe'er I sink or rise, Stretch my
bove, Theme of souls redeem'd like me! Outward to creation's bound, Up to
low, More than half their sweetness miss! Saviour, lift our music higher Till the
powers beyond, abroad, Pierce the depth or climb the skies, Find I still the love of God.
heaven's serenest height, Un-i-versal space around, Swells the chorus day and night.
strains to rapture spring, Touch our lips with hallow'd fire From thy altar while we sing.
CHORUS.
Fount of bliss, exhaustless, free, Ev-er-more unsealed for me!
Fount of bliss, exhaustless, free, Ev-er-more unsealed for me!

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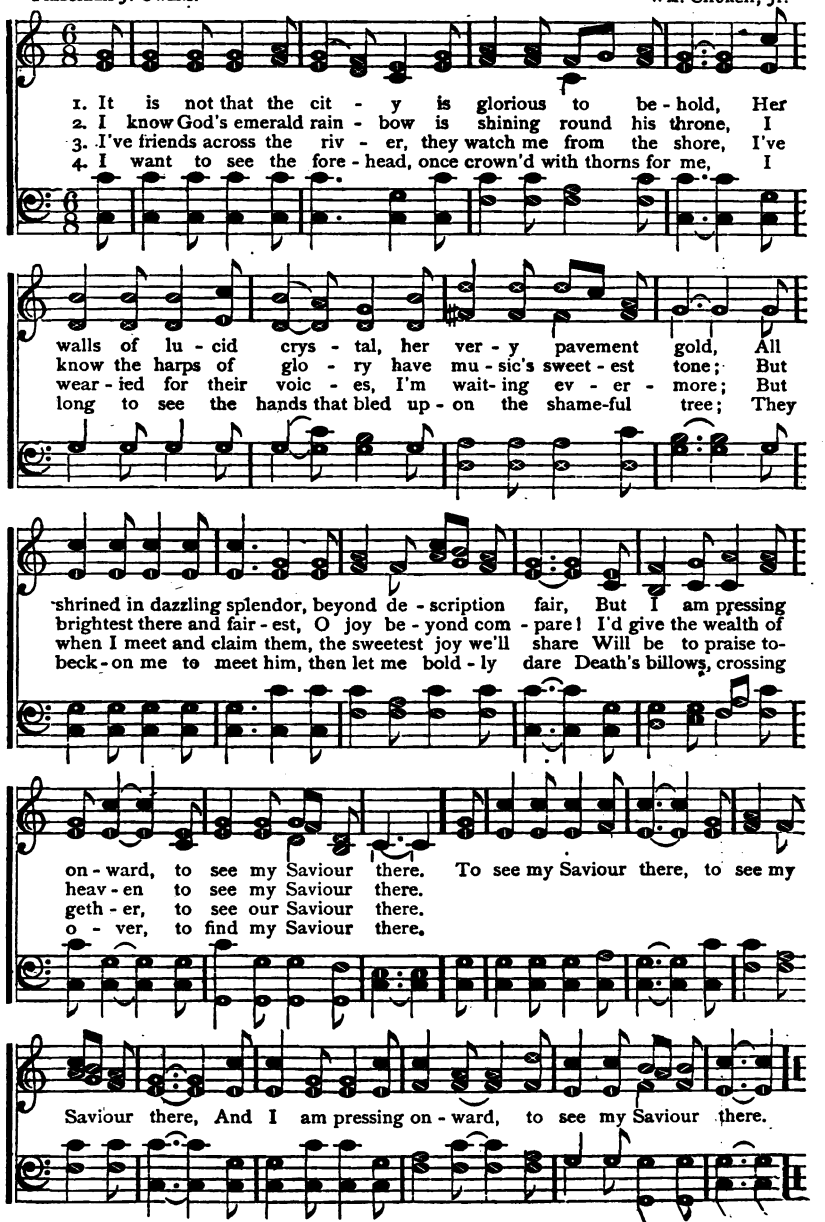
# 248 To see My Saviour There.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. CHURCH, Jr.


1. It is not that the cit - y is glorious to be - hold, Her
2. I know God's emerald rain - bow is shining round his throne, I
3. I've friends across the riv - er, they watch me from the shore, I've
4. I want to see the fore - head, once crown'd with thorns for me, I
walls of lu - cid crys - tal, her ver - y pavement gold, All
know the harps of glo - ry have mu - sic's sweet - est tone; But
wear - ied for their voic - es, I'm wait- ing ev - er - more; But
long to see the hands that bled up - on the shame-ful tree; They
shrined in dazzling splendor, beyond de - scription fair, But I am pressing
brightest there and fair - est, O joy be - yond com - pare! I'd give the wealth of
when I meet and claim them, the sweetest joy we'll share Will be to praise to-
beck - on me to meet him, then let me bold - ly dare Death's billows, crossing
on - ward, to see my Saviour there. To see my Saviour there, to see my
heav - en to see my Saviour there.
geth - er, to see our Saviour there.
o - ver, to find my Saviour there.
Saviour there, And I am pressing on - ward, to see my Saviour there.

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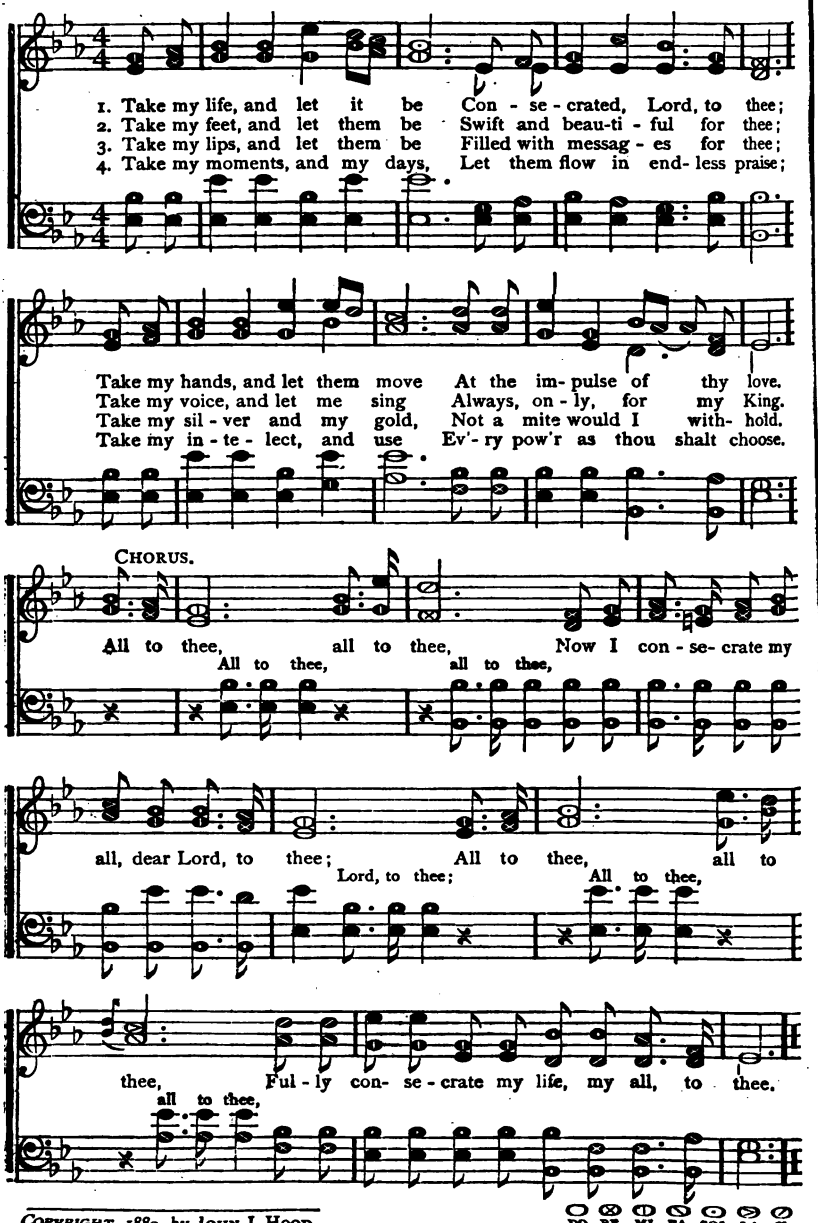
# All to Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
Chorus arr. for this work.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

JNO. R. SWLNEY.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crated, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messag - es for thee;
4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in end- less praise;
Take my hands, and let them move At the im- pulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Always, on - ly, for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with- hold.
Take my in - te - lect, and use Ev'- ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.
CHORUS.
All to thee, all to thee, Now I con - se- crate my
All to thee, all to thee,
all, dear Lord, to thee; All to thee, all to
Lord, to thee; All to thee,
thee, Ful - ly con- se - crate my life, my all, to thee.
all to thee,
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

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## All to Thee.—CONCLUDED.

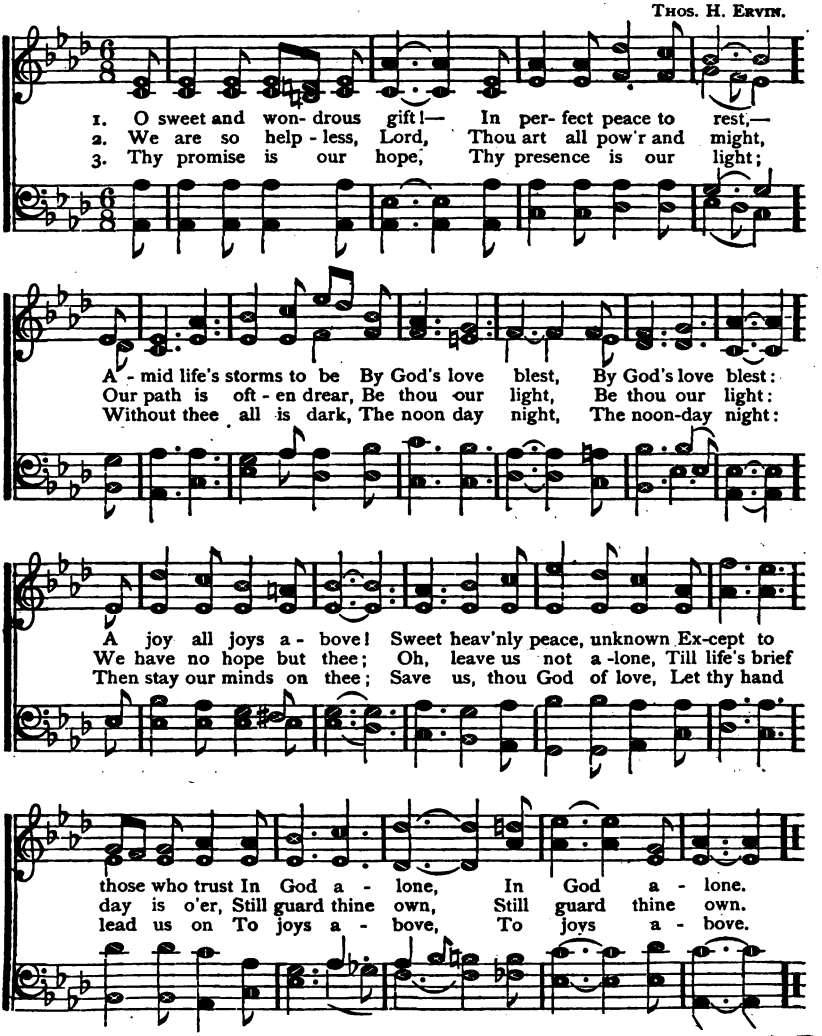
5 Take my will, and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

250

## Perfect Peace.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Isa. xxvi. 3.

THOS. H. ERVIN.

1. O sweet and won- drous gift!— In per- fect peace to rest,—
2. We are so help - less, Lord, Thou art all pow'r and might,
3. Thy promise is our hope, Thy presence is our light;
A - mid life's storms to be By God's love blest, By God's love blest:
Our path is oft - en drear, Be thou our light, Be thou our light:
Without thee all is dark, The noon day night, The noon-day night:
A joy all joys a - bove! Sweet heav'nly peace, unknown Ex-cept to
We have no hope but thee; Oh, leave us not a -lone, Till life's brief
Then stay our minds on thee; Save us, thou God of love, Let thy hand
those who trust In God a - lone, In God a - lone.
day is o'er, Still guard thine own, Still guard thine own.
lead us on To joys a - bove, To joys a - bove.
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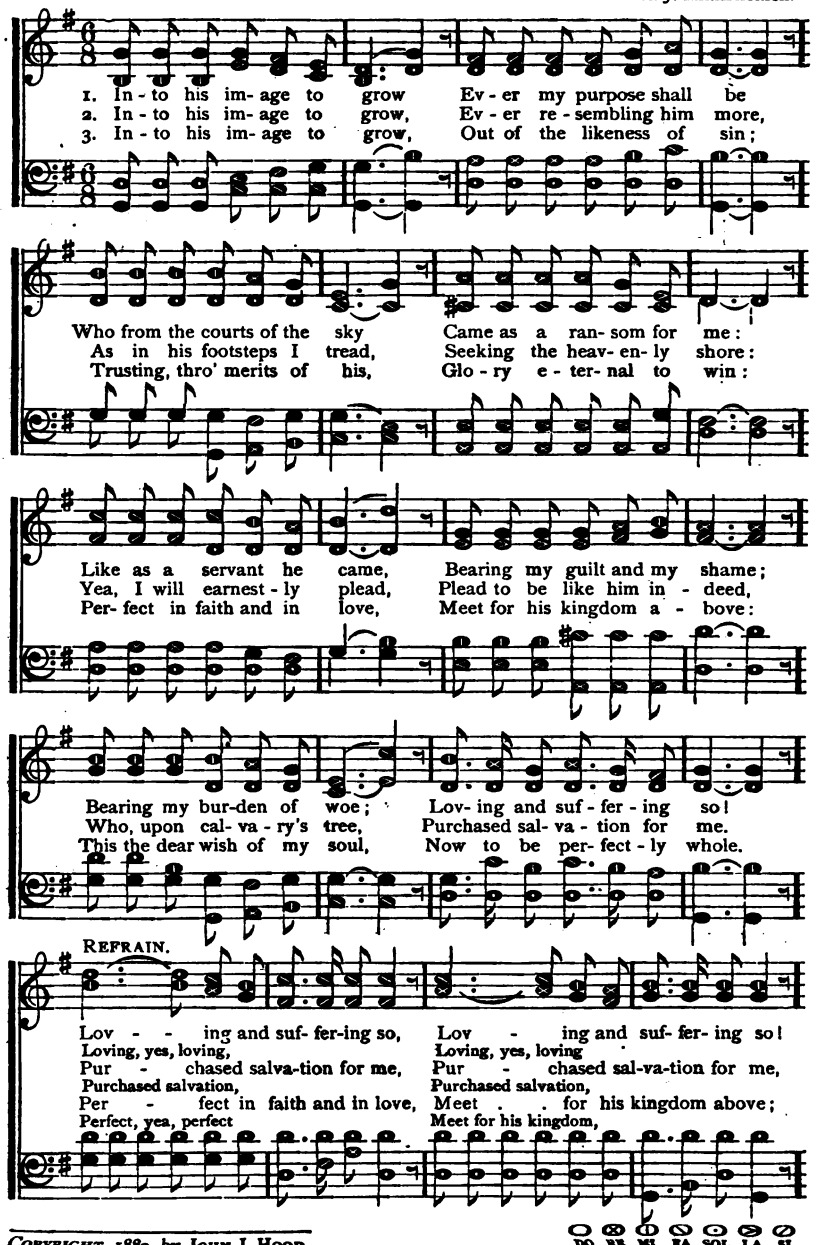
# Into His Image.

E. R. LATTA. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. In - to his im- age to grow Ev - er my purpose shall be
2. In - to his im- age to grow, Ev - er re - sembling him more,
3. In - to his im- age to grow, Out of the likeness of sin;
Who from the courts of the sky Came as a ran- som for me:
As in his footsteps I tread, Seeking the heav- en- ly shore:
Trusting, thro' merits of his, Glo - ry e - ter- nal to win:
Like as a servant he came, Bearing my guilt and my shame;
Yea, I will earnest - ly plead, Plead to be like him in - deed,
Per- fect in faith and in love, Meet for his kingdom a - bove:
Bearing my bur-den of woe; Lov- ing and suf - fer - ing so!
Who, upon cal- va - ry's tree, Purchased sal- va - tion for me.
This the dear wish of my soul, Now to be per- fect - ly whole.
REFRAIN.
Lov - - ing and suf- fer-ing so, Lov - ing and suf- fer- ing so!
Loving, yes, loving, Loving, yes, loving
Pur - chased salva-tion for me, Pur - chased sal-va-tion for me,
Purchased salvation, Purchased salvation,
Per - fect in faith and in love, Meet . . for his kingdom above;
Perfect, yea, perfect Meet for his kingdom,
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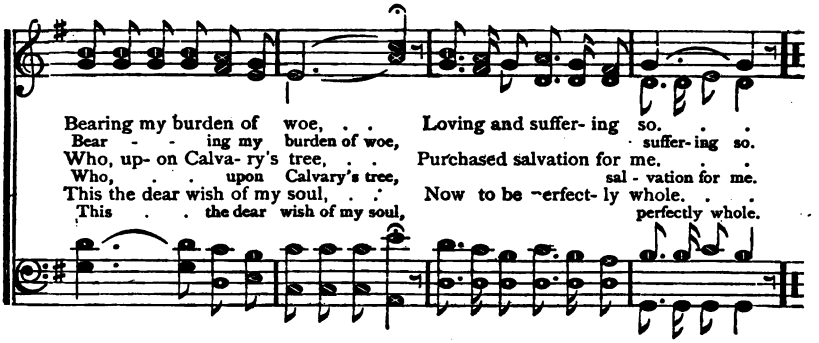
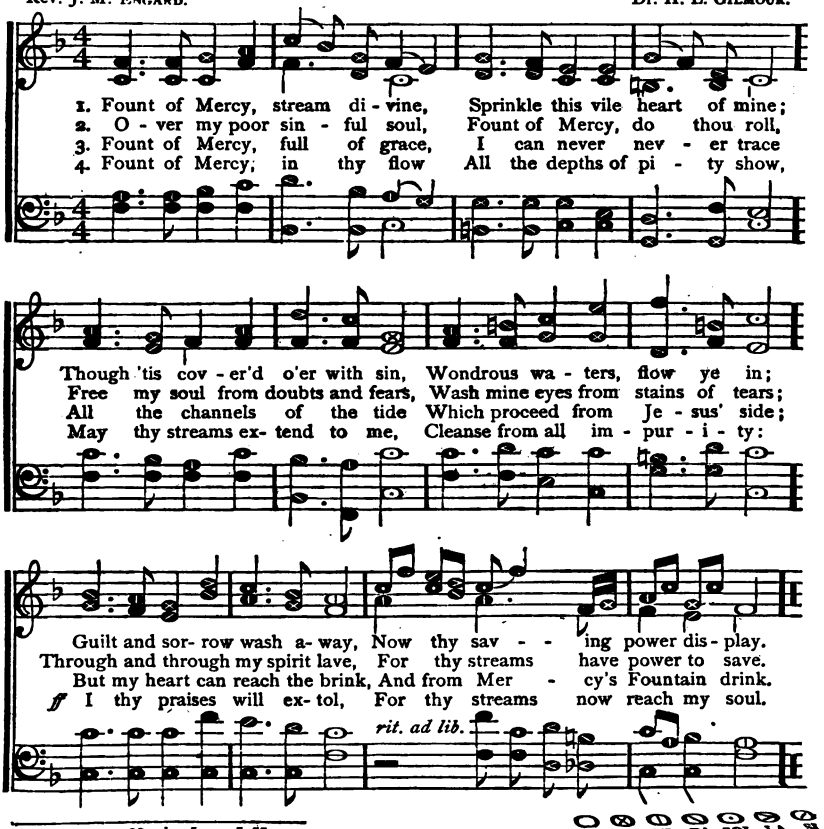
## Into His Image.—CONCLUDED.


Bearing my burden of woe, . . Loving and suffer- ing so. . .
Bear - - ing my burden of woe, suffer- ing so.
Who, up- on Calva- ry's tree, . . Purchased salvation for me. . .
Who, . . . upon Calvary's tree, sal - vation for me.
This the dear wish of my soul, . . Now to be -erfect- ly whole. . .
This . . . the dear wish of my soul, perfectly whole.

252

## Fount of Mercy.

Rev. J. M. Engard. Dr. H. L. Gilmour.

1. Fount of Mercy, stream di - vine, Sprinkle this vile heart of mine;
2. O - ver my poor sin - ful soul, Fount of Mercy, do thou roll,
3. Fount of Mercy, full of grace, I can never nev - er trace
4. Fount of Mercy, in thy flow All the depths of pi - ty show,
Though 'tis cov - er'd o'er with sin, Wondrous wa - ters, flow ye in;
Free my soul from doubts and fears, Wash mine eyes from stains of tears;
All the channels of the tide Which proceed from Je - sus' side;
May thy streams ex- tend to me, Cleanse from all im - pur - i - ty:
Guilt and sor- row wash a- way, Now thy sav - - ing power dis - play.
Through and through my spirit lave, For thy streams have power to save.
But my heart can reach the brink, And from Mer - cy's Fountain drink.
ff I thy praises will ex- tol, For thy streams now reach my soul.
rit. ad lib.

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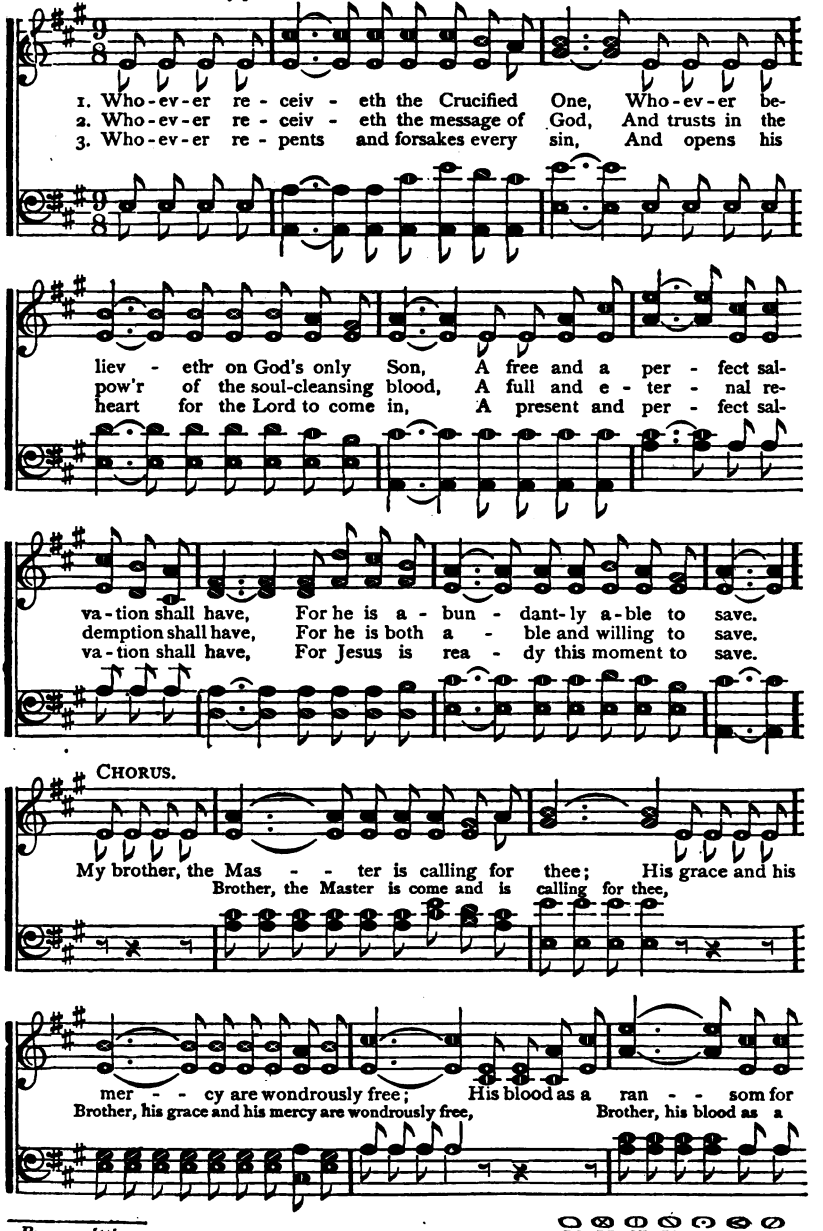
# Abundantly Able to Save.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. By per. P. P. Bliss.

1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the Crucified One, Who-ev-er be-
2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the message of God, And trusts in the
3. Who-ev-er re - pents and forsakes every sin, And opens his
liev - eth on God's only Son, A free and a per - fect sal-
pow'r of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal re-
heart for the Lord to come in, A present and per - fect sal-
va-tion shall have, For he is a - bun - dant-ly a-ble to save.
demption shall have, For he is both a - ble and willing to save.
va-tion shall have, For Jesus is rea - dy this moment to save.
CHORUS.
My brother, the Mas - - ter is calling for thee; His grace and his
Brother, the Master is come and is calling for thee,
mer - - cy are wondrously free; His blood as a ran - - som for
Brother, his grace and his mercy are wondrously free, Brother, his blood as a

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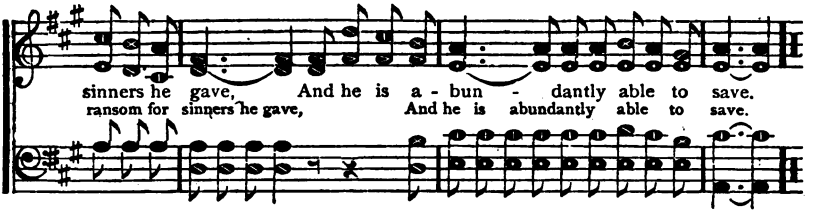
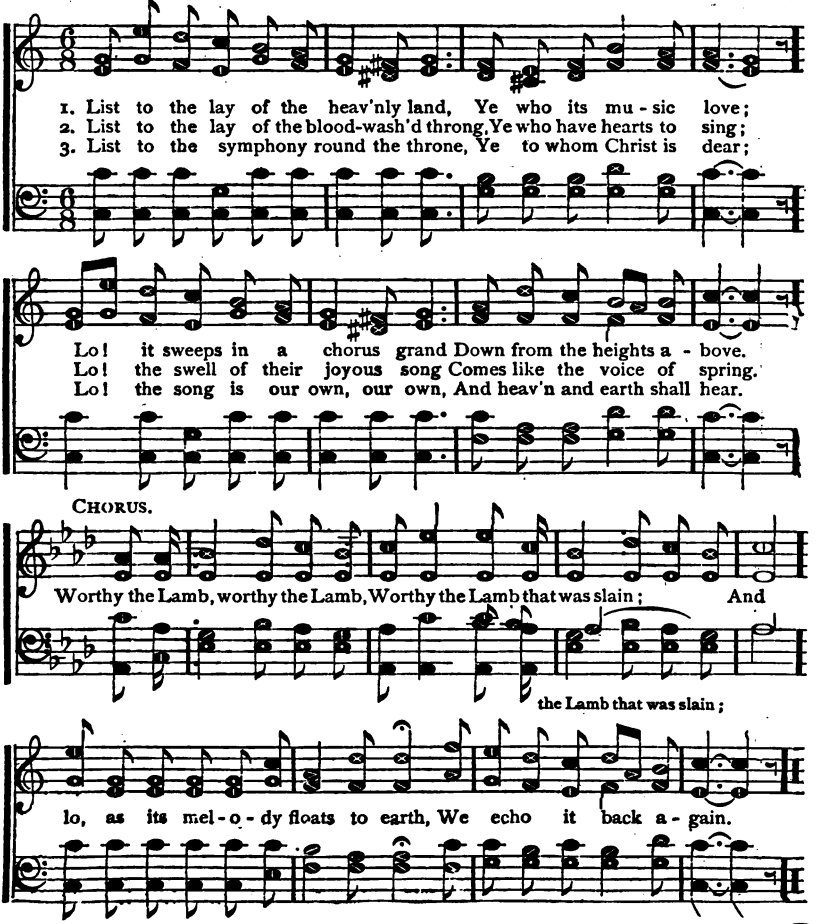
## Abundantly Able to Save.—CONCLUDED.




## 254 The Lay of the Heavenly Land.

Mrs. J. C. YULE. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. List to the lay of the heav'nly land, Ye who its mu - sic love;
2. List to the lay of the blood-wash'd throng, Ye who have hearts to sing;
3. List to the symphony round the throne, Ye to whom Christ is dear;
Lo! it sweeps in a chorus grand Down from the heights a - bove.
Lo! the swell of their joyous song Comes like the voice of spring.
Lo! the song is our own, our own, And heav'n and earth shall hear.
CHORUS.
Worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb that was slain; And
the Lamb that was slain;
lo, as its mel - o - dy floats to earth, We echo it back a - gain.

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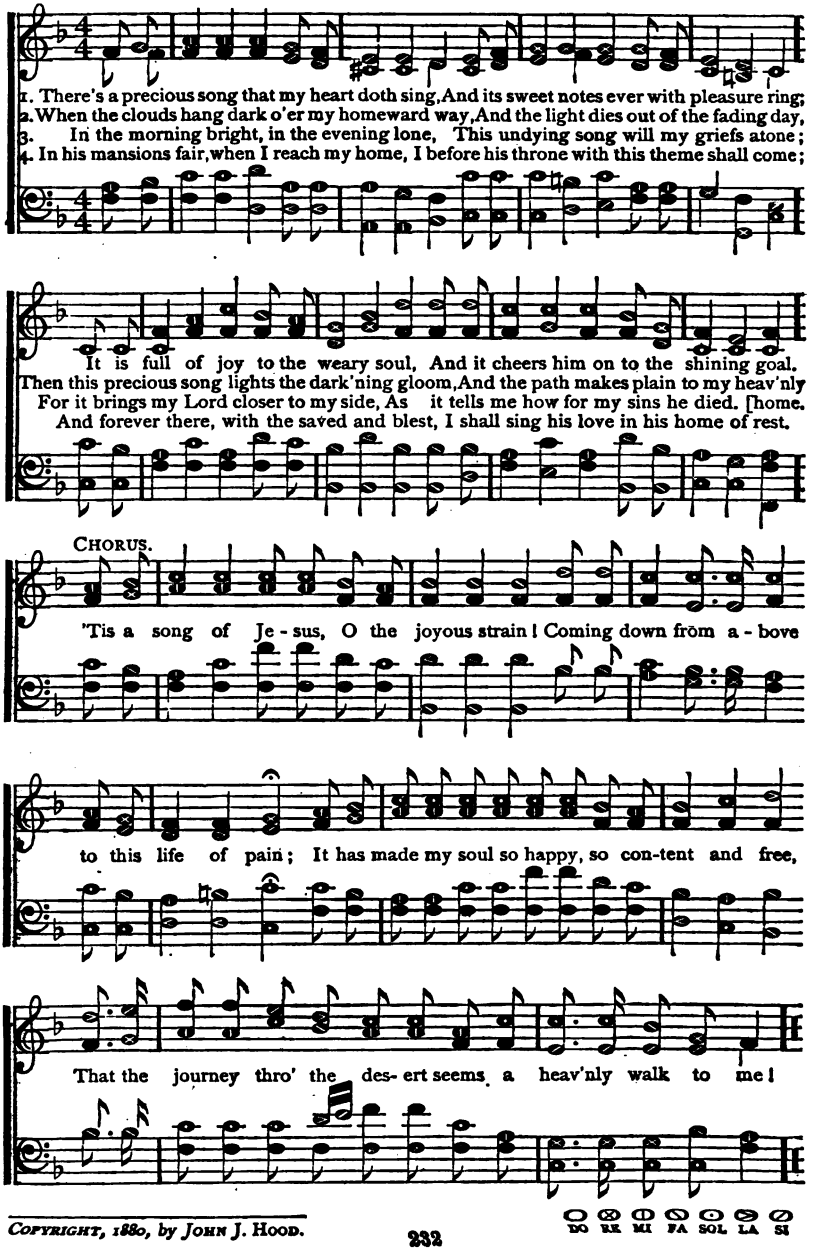
# The precious Song.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a precious song that my heart doth sing, And its sweet notes ever with pleasure ring;
2. When the clouds hang dark o'er my homeward way, And the light dies out of the fading day,
3. In the morning bright, in the evening lone, This undying song will my griefs atone;
4. In his mansions fair, when I reach my home, I before his throne with this theme shall come;
It is full of joy to the weary soul, And it cheers him on to the shining goal.
Then this precious song lights the dark'ning gloom, And the path makes plain to my heav'nly home.
For it brings my Lord closer to my side, As it tells me how for my sins he died.
And forever there, with the saved and blest, I shall sing his love in his home of rest.
CHORUS.
'Tis a song of Je - sus, O the joyous strain! Coming down from a - bove
to this life of pain; It has made my soul so happy, so con-tent and free,
That the journey thro' the des- ert seems a heav'nly walk to me!

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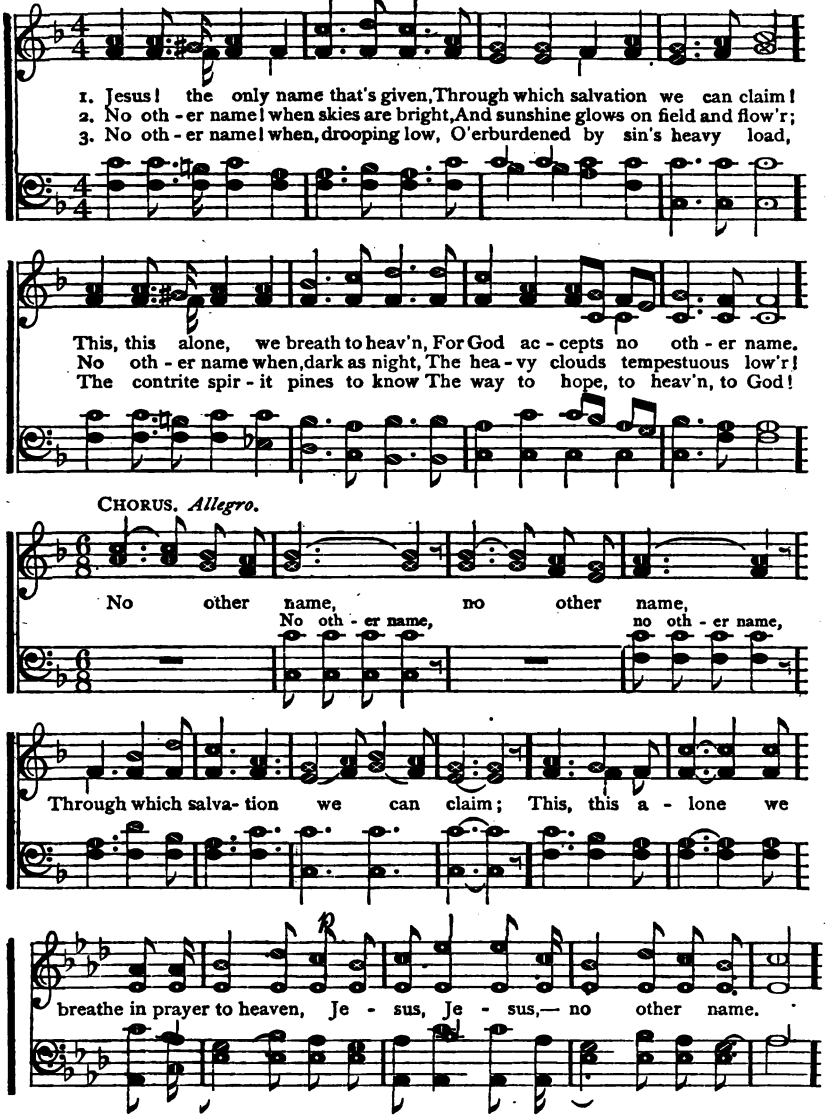
# No other Name.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Jesus! the only name that's given, Through which salvation we can claim!
2. No oth - er name! when skies are bright, And sunshine glows on field and flow'r;
3. No oth - er name! when, drooping low, O'erburdened by sin's heavy load,
This, this alone, we breath to heav'n, For God ac - cepts no oth - er name.
No oth - er name when, dark as night, The hea - vy clouds tempestuous low'r!
The contrite spir - it pines to know The way to hope, to heav'n, to God!
Chorus. Allegro.
No other name, no other name,
No oth - er name, no oth - er name,
Through which salva- tion we can claim; This, this a - lone we
breathe in prayer to heaven, Je - sus, Je - sus,— no other name.

4 No other name! when, like a flood,
Temptations beat upon the soul;
Faith, breathing that one name to God,
The raging billows shall control!

5 In peace or conflict, toil or rest,
In wealth or want, in praise or blame,
I'll wear it graven on my breast,
And dying, plead no other name!

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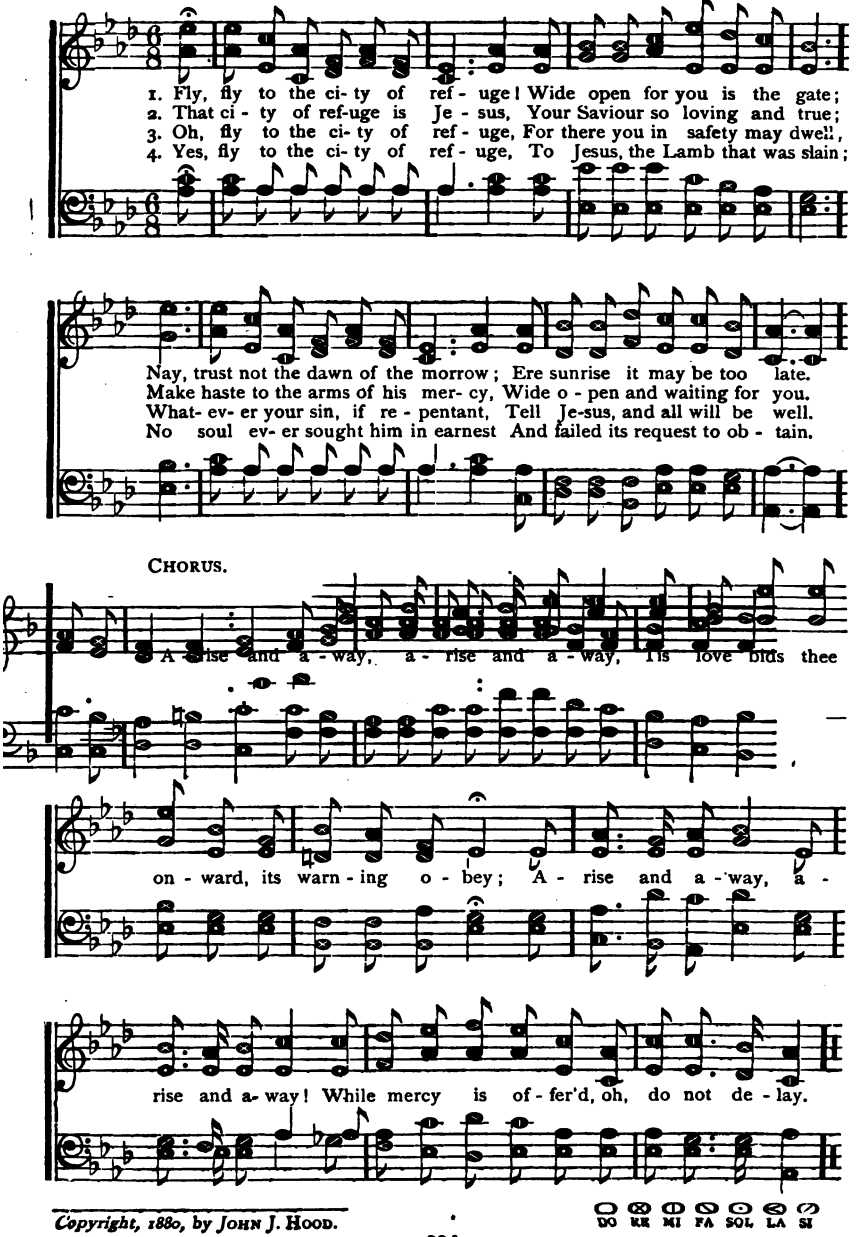
# The City of Refuge.

FANNY J. CROSBY. S. J. ROBSON.

1. Fly, fly to the ci- ty of ref - uge! Wide open for you is the gate;
2. That ci - ty of ref-uge is Je - sus, Your Saviour so loving and true;
3. Oh, fly to the ci- ty of ref - uge, For there you in safety may dwell,
4. Yes, fly to the ci- ty of ref - uge, To Jesus, the Lamb that was slain;
Nay, trust not the dawn of the morrow; Ere sunrise it may be too late.
Make haste to the arms of his mer- cy, Wide o - pen and waiting for you.
What- ev- er your sin, if re - pentant, Tell Je-sus, and all will be well.
No soul ev- er sought him in earnest And failed its request to ob - tain.
CHORUS.
A - rise and a - way, a - rise and a - way, 'Tis love bids thee
on - ward, its warn - ing o - bey; A - rise and a - way, a -
rise and a- way! While mercy is of - fer'd, oh, do not de - lay.

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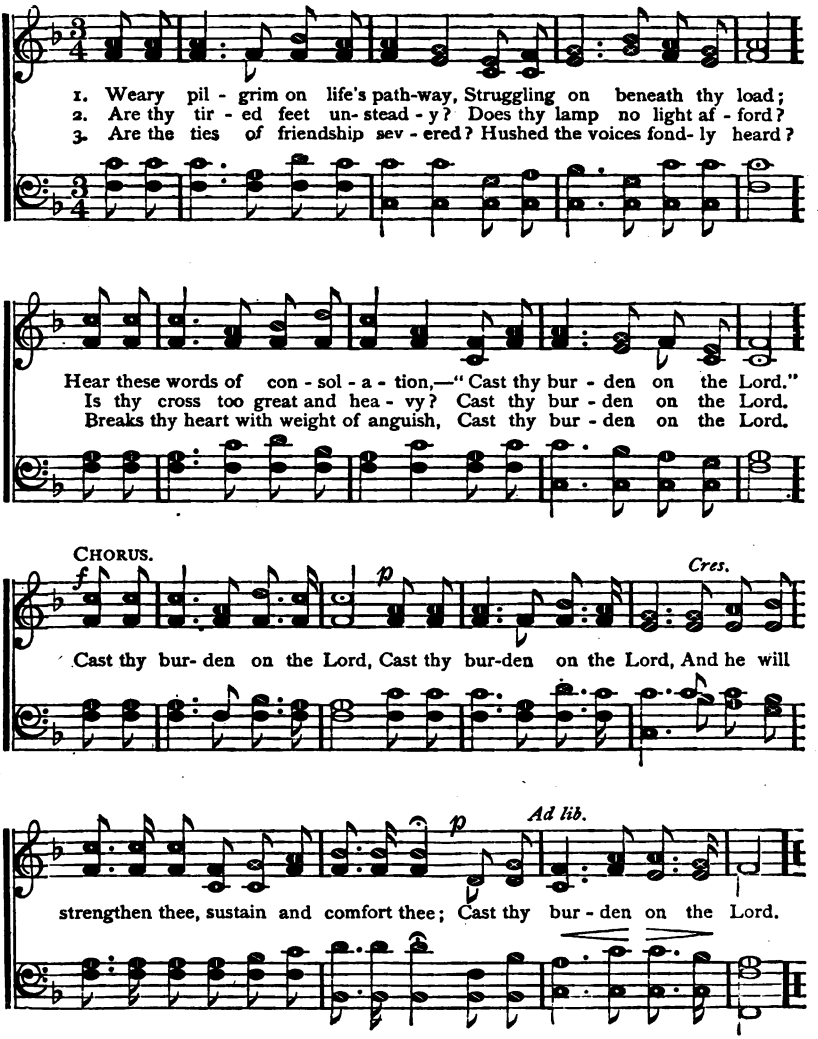
# 258 Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.—1 Pe. v. 7.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Weary pil - grim on life's path-way, Struggling on beneath thy load;
2. Are thy tir - ed feet un- stead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?
3. Are the ties of friendship sev - ered? Hushed the voices fond- ly heard?
Hear these words of con - sol - a - tion,—"Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."
Is thy cross too great and hea - vy? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
Chorus.
f
p
Cres.
Cast thy bur- den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And he will
p
Ad lib.
strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?
Does thy mind forget his word?
Does thy strength succumb to weakness?
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

5 He will hold thee up from falling,
He will guide thy steps aright;
He will strengthen each endeavor;
He will keep thee by his might.

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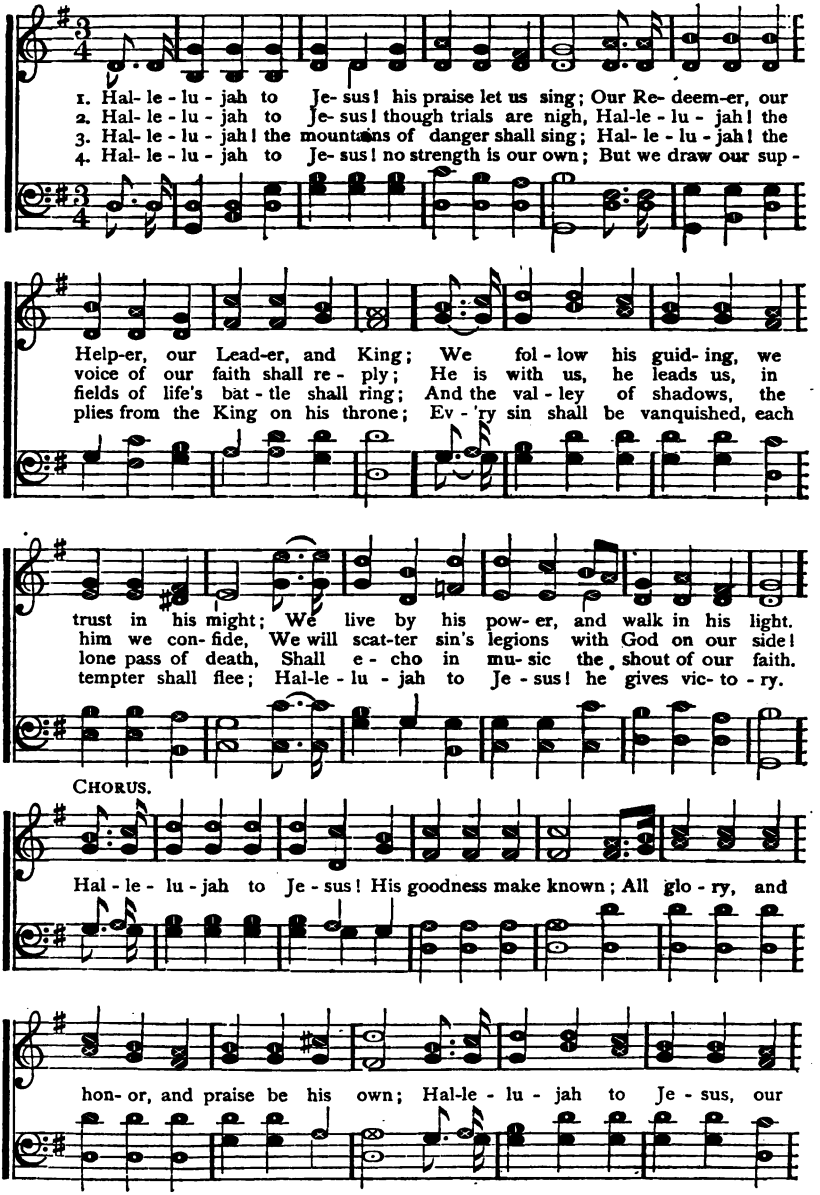
# Hallelujah to Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hal- le - lu - jah to Je- sus! his praise let us sing; Our Re- deem-er, our
2. Hal- le - lu - jah to Je- sus! though trials are nigh, Hal-le - lu - jah! the
3. Hal- le - lu - jah! the mountains of danger shall sing; Hal- le - lu - jah! the
4. Hal- le - lu - jah to Je- sus! no strength is our own; But we draw our sup -
Help-er, our Lead-er, and King; We fol - low his guid- ing, we
voice of our faith shall re - ply; He is with us, he leads us, in
fields of life's bat - tle shall ring; And the val - ley of shadows, the
plies from the King on his throne; Ev - 'ry sin shall be vanquished, each
trust in his might; We live by his pow- er, and walk in his light.
him we con- fide, We will scat-ter sin's legions with God on our side!
lone pass of death, Shall e - cho in mu- sic the shout of our faith.
tempter shall flee; Hal-le - lu - jah to Je - sus! he gives vic- to - ry.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus! His goodness make known; All glo - ry, and
hon- or, and praise be his own; Hal-le - lu - jah to Je - sus, our

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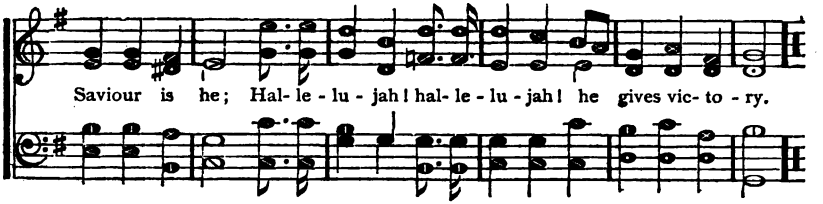
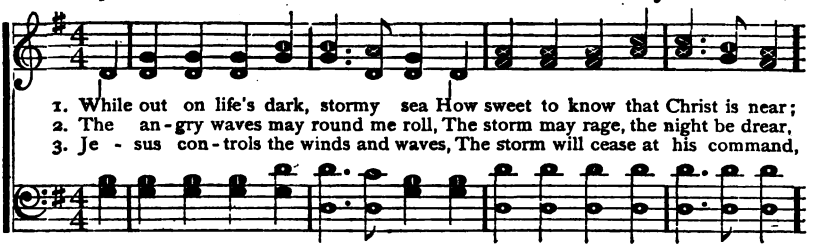
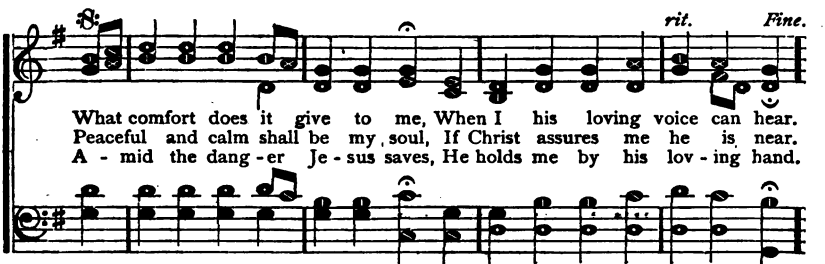
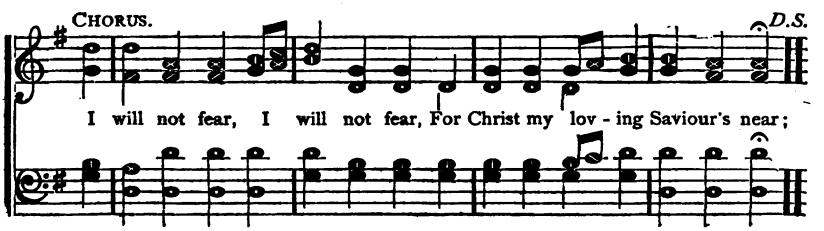
## Hallelujah, etc.—CONCLUDED.

## 260 I will not Fear.

CHAS. J. BUTLER. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. While out on life's dark, stormy sea How sweet to know that Christ is near;
2. The an - gry waves may round me roll, The storm may rage, the night be drear,
3. Je - sus con - trols the winds and waves, The storm will cease at his command,


rit.
Fine.
What comfort does it give to me, When I his loving voice can hear.
Peaceful and calm shall be my soul, If Christ assures me he is near.
A - mid the dang - er Je - sus saves, He holds me by his lov - ing hand.
D. S. Far, far a - bove the tempest wild I hear him say, "Fear not my child."




4 I'll trust in his almighty power,
Since he has bid me not to fear;
I know that in life's darkest hour
Jesus my Saviour will be near.

5 My little bark he'll safely guide
Into the port of endlest rest,
And there with him I shall abide
And naught my soul shall e'er molest.

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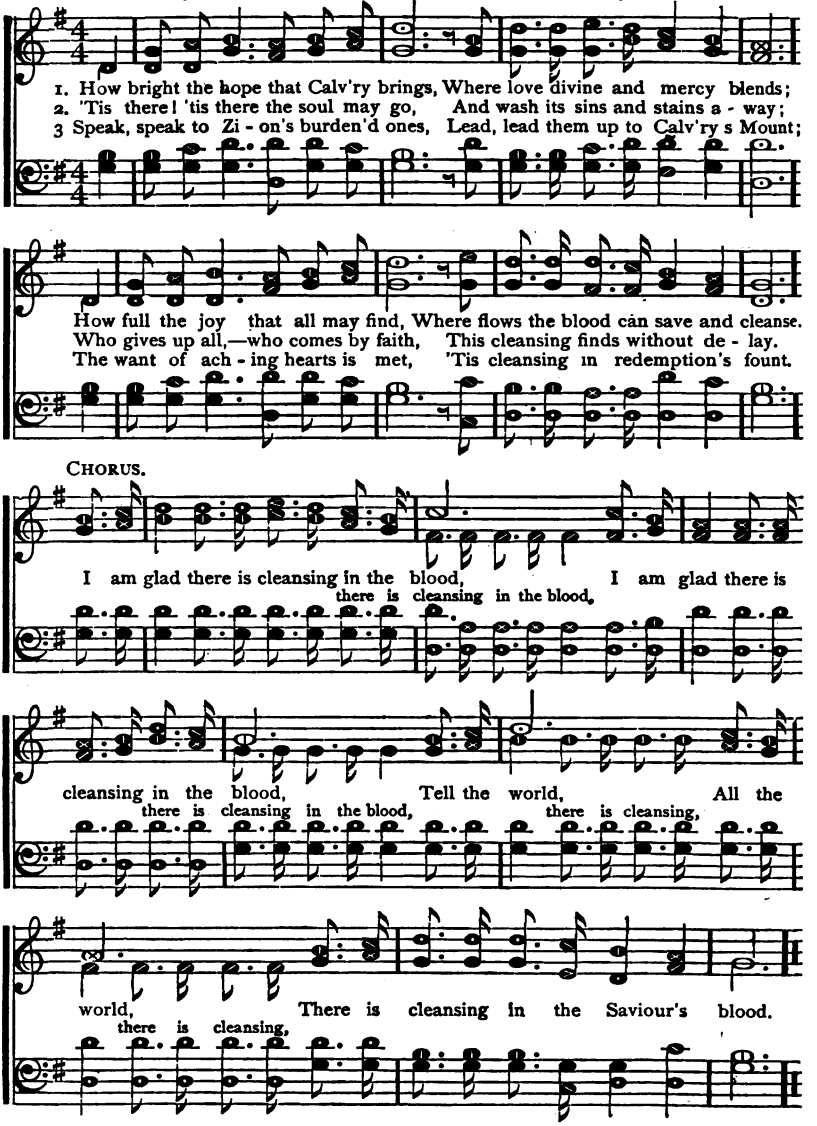
# 261 I am Glad there is Cleansing.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. Arr. by ALICE HARTSOUGH.

1. How bright the hope that Calv'ry brings, Where love divine and mercy blends;
2. 'Tis there! 'tis there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a - way;
3 Speak, speak to Zi - on's burden'd ones, Lead, lead them up to Calv'ry s Mount;
How full the joy that all may find, Where flows the blood can save and cleanse.
Who gives up all,—who comes by faith, This cleansing finds without de - lay.
The want of ach - ing hearts is met, 'Tis cleansing in redemption's fount.
CHORUS.
I am glad there is cleansing in the blood, I am glad there is
there is cleansing in the blood,
cleansing in the blood, Tell the world, All the
there is cleansing in the blood, there is cleansing,
world, There is cleansing in the Saviour's blood.
there is cleansing,

4 Why need we struggle on in self,
We cannot make one black spot white;
'Tis Christ's own blood, and that alone,
Can change and cleanse the heart aright.

5 I come! I come! and glad I am
That Jesus calls the lost and vile;
There thousands have a cleansing found,
I'll heed the Saviour's welcome smile.

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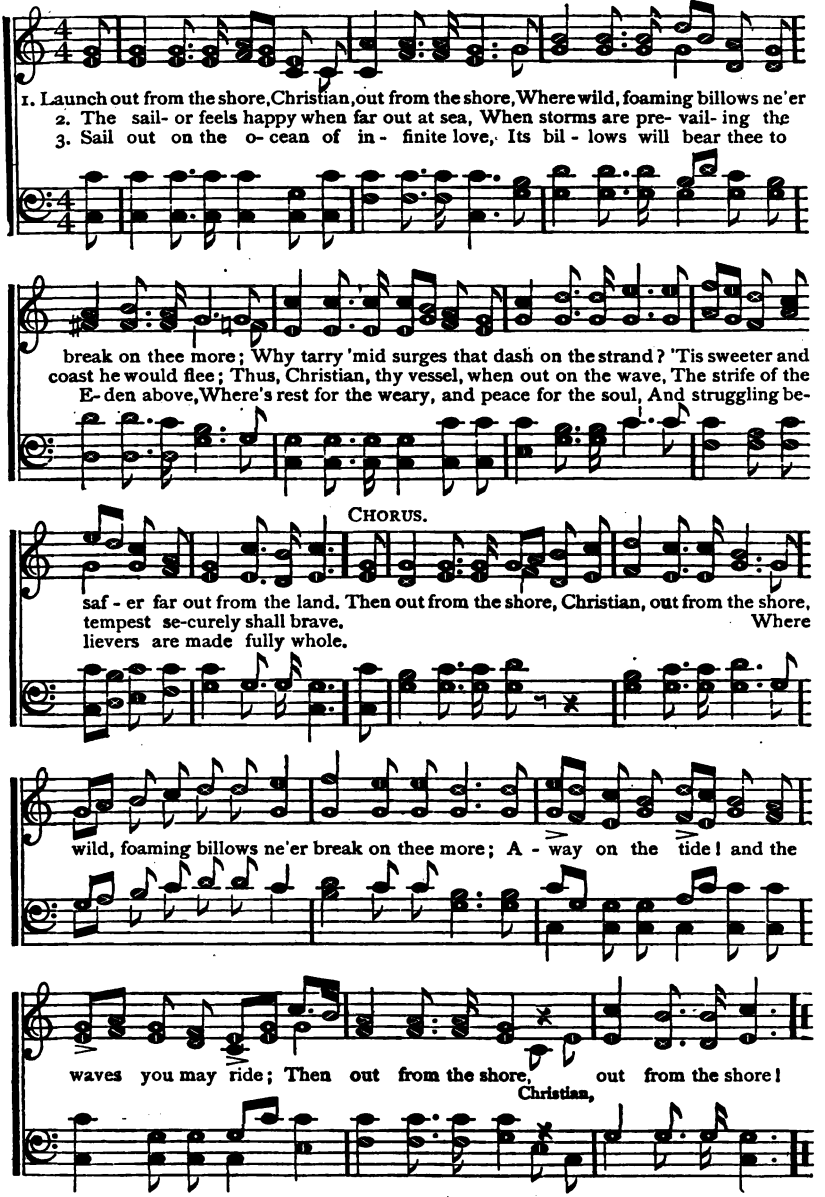
*By permission.*

# 262 Out from the Shore.

Rev. W. H. Burrell. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Launch out from the shore, Christian, out from the shore, Where wild, foaming billows ne'er
2. The sail- or feels happy when far out at sea, When storms are pre- vail- ing the
3. Sail out on the o- cean of in - finite love, Its bil - lows will bear thee to
break on thee more; Why tarry 'mid surges that dash on the strand? 'Tis sweeter and
coast he would flee; Thus, Christian, thy vessel, when out on the wave, The strife of the
E- den above, Where's rest for the weary, and peace for the soul, And struggling be-
Chorus.
saf - er far out from the land. Then out from the shore, Christian, out from the shore,
tempest se-curely shall brave. Where
lievers are made fully whole.
wild, foaming billows ne'er break on thee more; A - way on the tide! and the
waves you may ride; Then out from the shore, out from the shore!
Christian,

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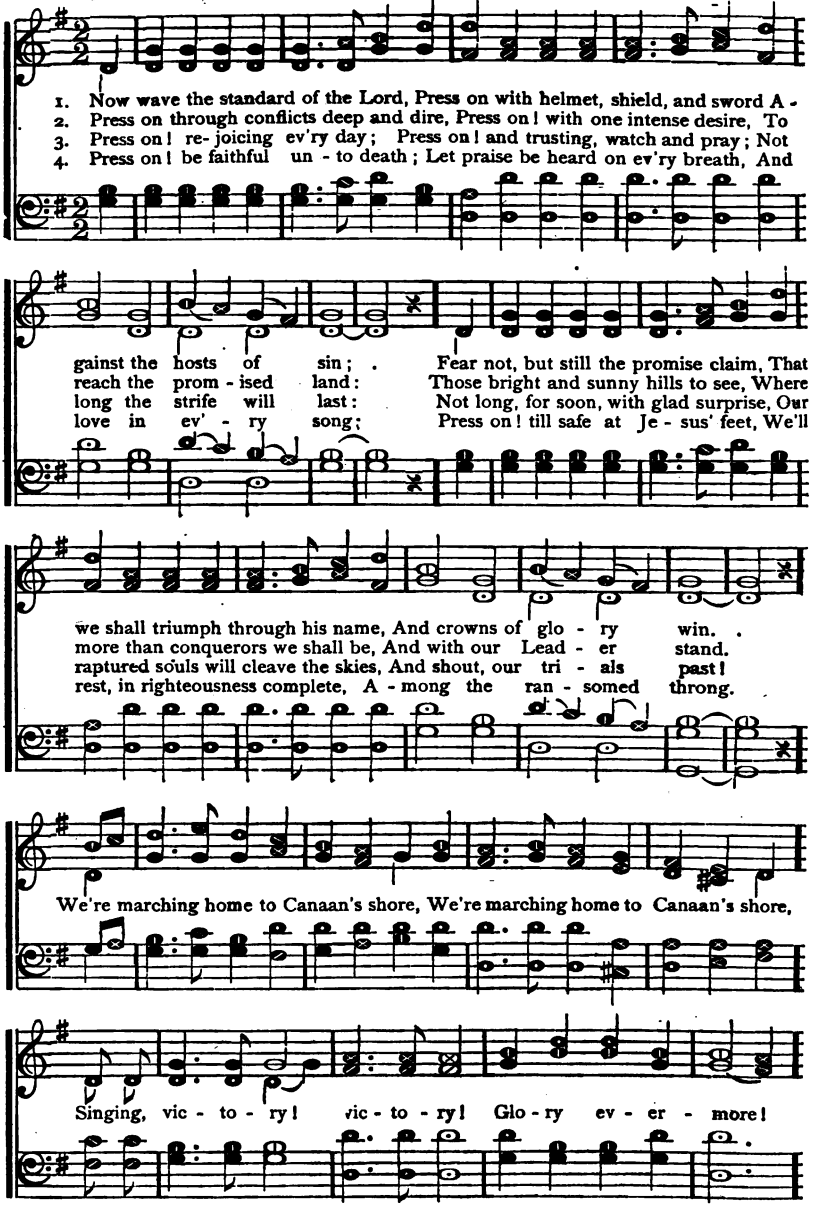
# 263 Marching Home to Canaan's Shore.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Now wave the standard of the Lord, Press on with helmet, shield, and sword A-
2. Press on through conflicts deep and dire, Press on! with one intense desire, To
3. Press on! re-joicing ev'ry day; Press on! and trusting, watch and pray; Not
4. Press on! be faithful un-to death; Let praise be heard on ev'ry breath, And
gainst the hosts of sin; Fear not, but still the promise claim, That
reach the prom-ised land: Those bright and sunny hills to see, Where
long the strife will last: Not long, for soon, with glad surprise, Our
love in ev'-ry song; Press on! till safe at Je-sus' feet, We'll
we shall triumph through his name, And crowns of glo-ry win.
more than conquerors we shall be, And with our Lead-er stand.
raptured souls will cleave the skies, And shout, our tri-als past!
rest, in righteousness complete, A-mong the ran-somed throng.
We're marching home to Canaan's shore, We're marching home to Canaan's shore,
Singing, vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! Glo-ry ev-er-more!

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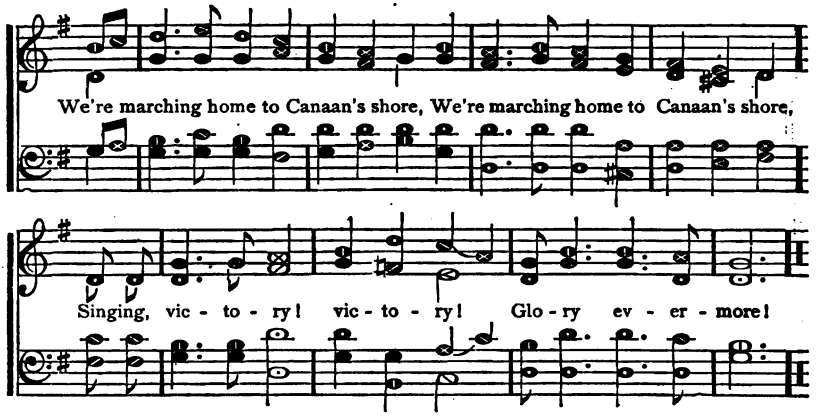
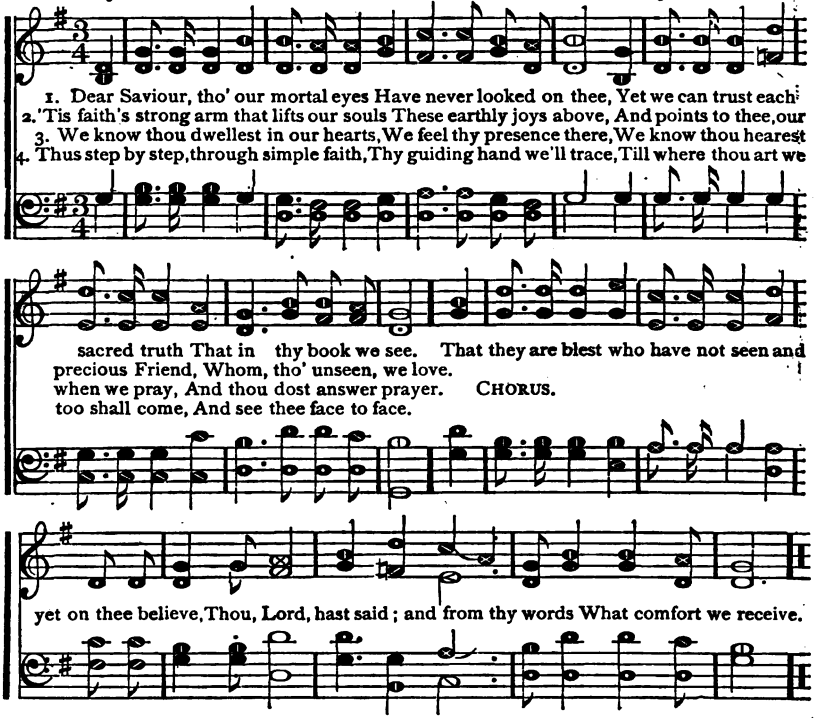
## Marching Home, etc.—CONCLUDED.

## 264 Faith.

"The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Dear Saviour, tho' our mortal eyes Have never looked on thee, Yet we can trust each
2. 'Tis faith's strong arm that lifts our souls These earthly joys above, And points to thee, our
3. We know thou dwellest in our hearts, We feel thy presence there, We know thou hearest
4. Thus step by step, through simple faith, Thy guiding hand we'll trace, Till where thou art we
sacred truth That in thy book we see. That they are blest who have not seen and
precious Friend, Whom, tho' unseen, we love.
when we pray, And thou dost answer prayer. CHORUS.
too shall come, And see thee face to face.
yet on thee believe, Thou, Lord, hast said; and from thy words What comfort we receive.

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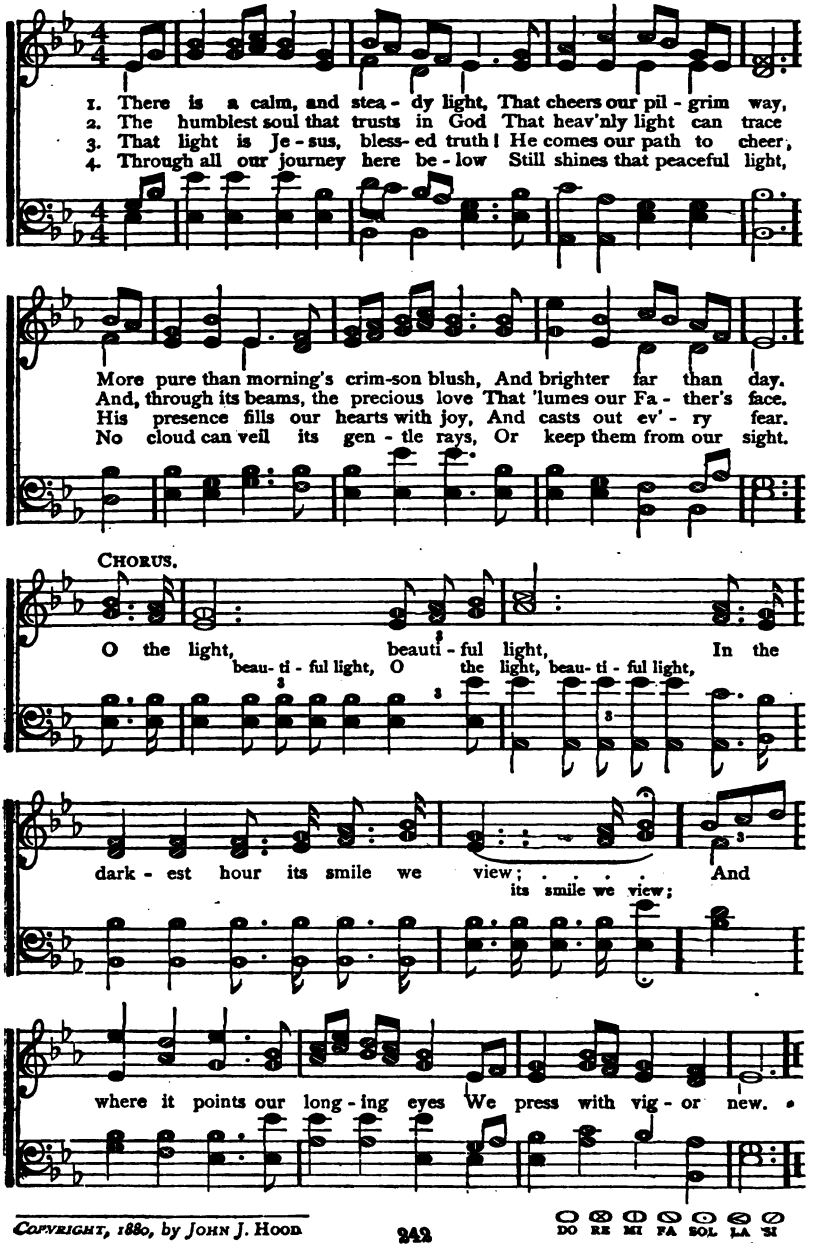
# Jesus our Light.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is a calm, and stea - dy light, That cheers our pil - grim way,
2. The humblest soul that trusts in God That heav'nly light can trace
3. That light is Je - sus, bless - ed truth! He comes our path to cheer,
4. Through all our journey here be - low Still shines that peaceful light,
More pure than morning's crim-son blush, And brighter far than day.
And, through its beams, the precious love That 'lumes our Fa - ther's face.
His presence fills our hearts with joy, And casts out ev' - ry fear.
No cloud can veil its gen - tle rays, Or keep them from our sight.
CHORUS.
O the light, beauti - ful light, In the
beau- ti - ful light, O the light, beau- ti - ful light,
dark - est hour its smile we view; . . . . And
its smile we view;
where it points our long - ing eyes We press with vig - or new.

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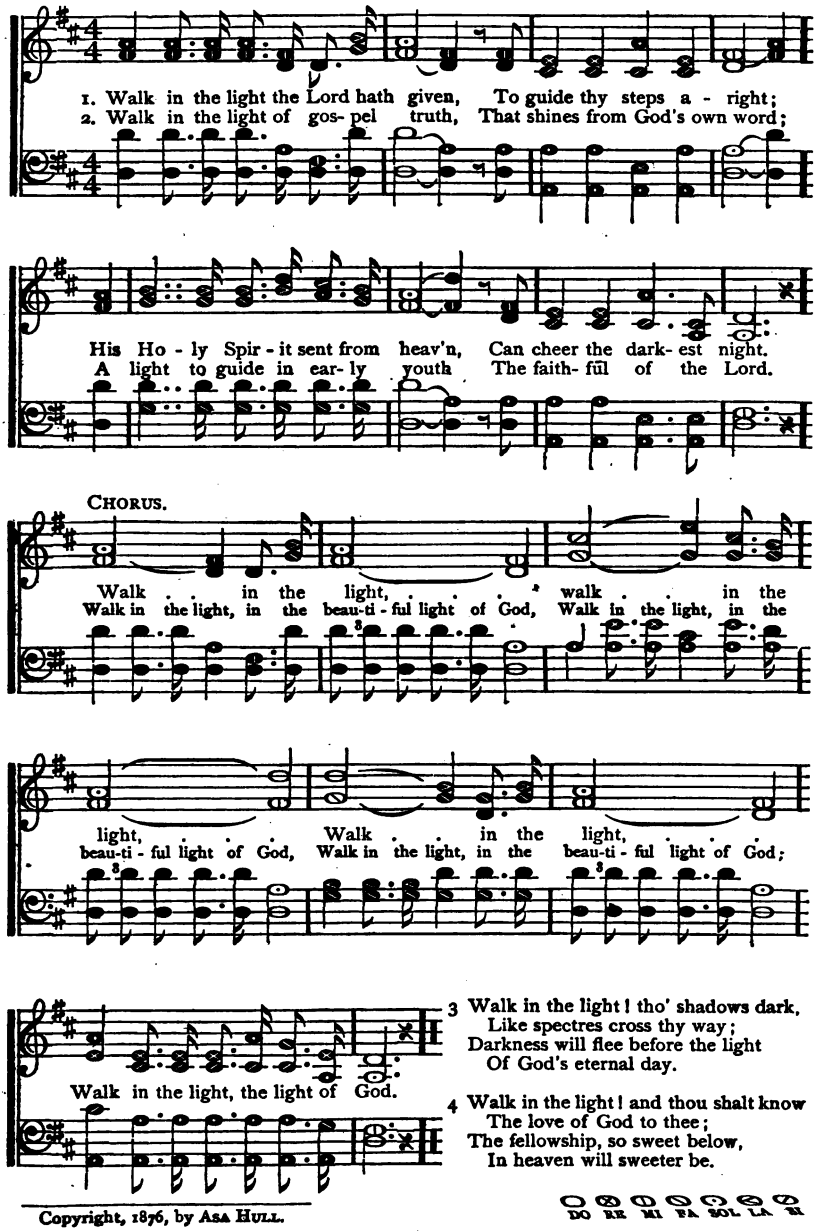
# Walk in the Light.

ASA HULL. Isaiah ii. 5. GEO. C. HUGG.


1. Walk in the light the Lord hath given, To guide thy steps a - right;
2. Walk in the light of gos- pel truth, That shines from God's own word;
His Ho - ly Spir - it sent from heav'n, Can cheer the dark- est night.
A light to guide in ear- ly youth The faith- ful of the Lord.
CHORUS.
Walk . . in the light, . . . walk . . in the
Walk in the light, in the beau-ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the
light, . . . Walk . . in the light, . .
beau-ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the beau-ti - ful light of God;
Walk in the light, the light of God.

3 Walk in the light! tho' shadows dark,
Like spectres cross thy way;
Darkness will flee before the light
Of God's eternal day.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt know
The love of God to thee;
The fellowship, so sweet below,
In heaven will sweeter be.

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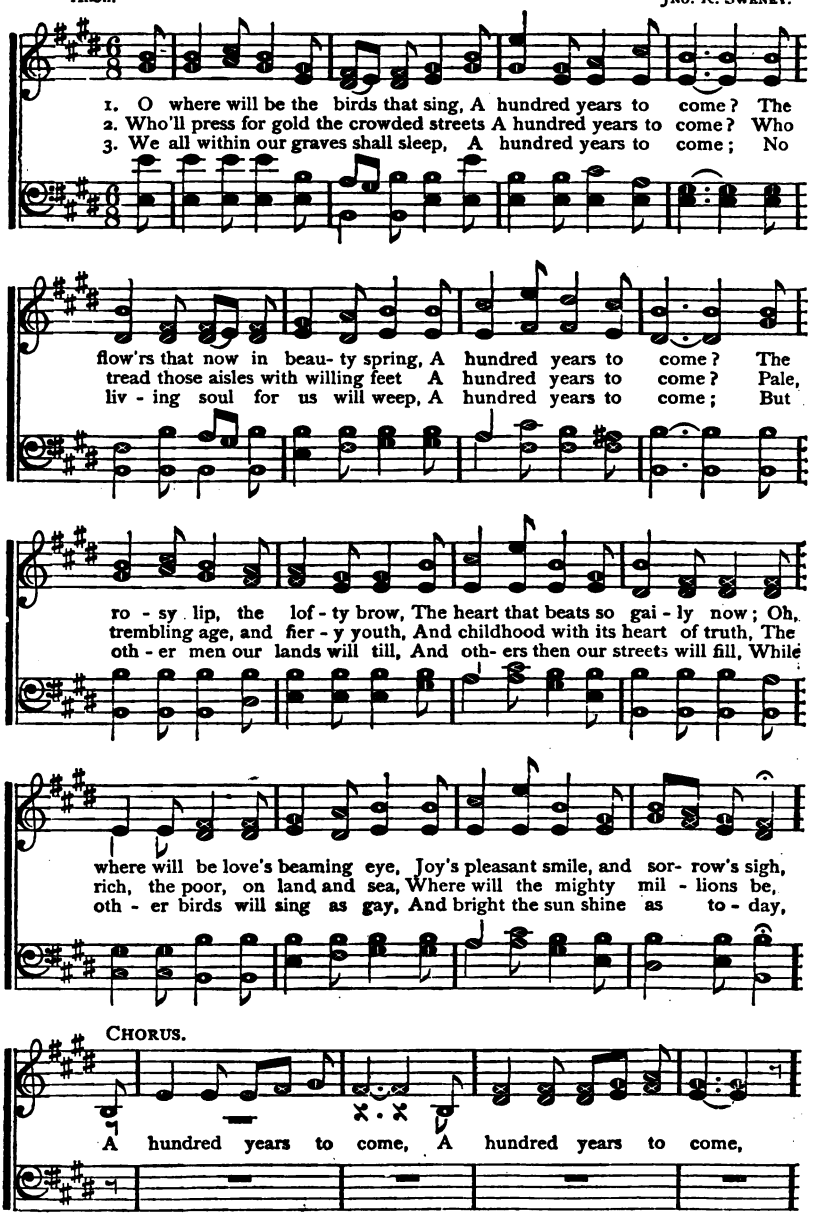
# A hundred Years to come.

Anon. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O where will be the birds that sing, A hundred years to come? The
2. Who'll press for gold the crowded streets A hundred years to come? Who
3. We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come; No
flow'rs that now in beau- ty spring, A hundred years to come? The
tread those aisles with willing feet A hundred years to come? Pale,
liv - ing soul for us will weep, A hundred years to come; But
ro - sy lip, the lof - ty brow, The heart that beats so gai - ly now; Oh,
trembling age, and fier - y youth, And childhood with its heart of truth, The
oth - er men our lands will till, And oth- ers then our streets will fill, While
where will be love's beaming eye, Joy's pleasant smile, and sor- row's sigh,
rich, the poor, on land and sea, Where will the mighty mil - lions be,
oth - er birds will sing as gay, And bright the sun shine as to - day,
Chorus.
A hundred years to come, A hundred years to come,

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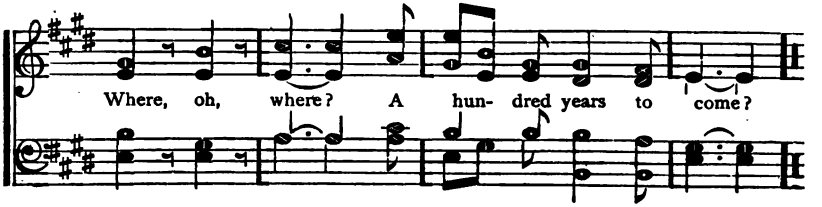
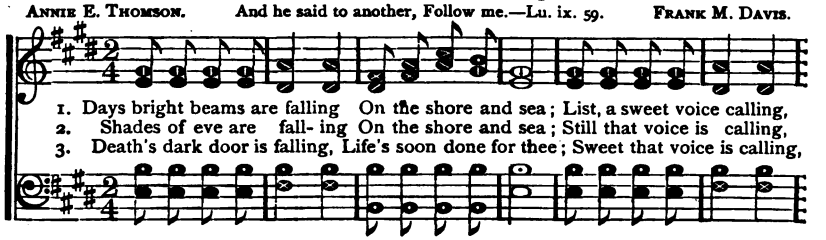
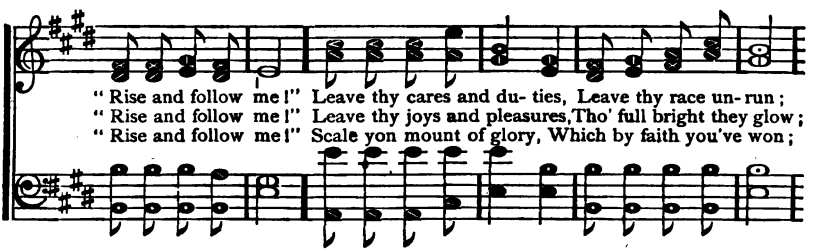
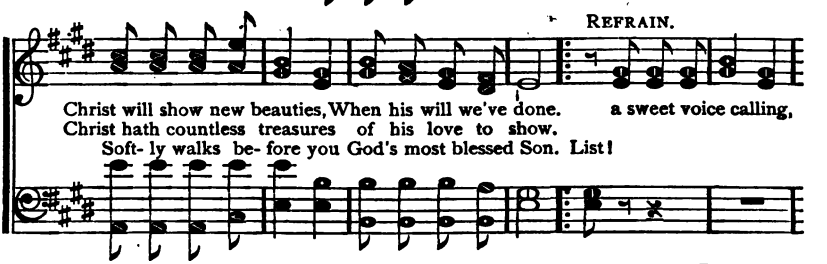
## A hundred Years, etc.—CONCLUDED.

## 268 Rise and follow Me.

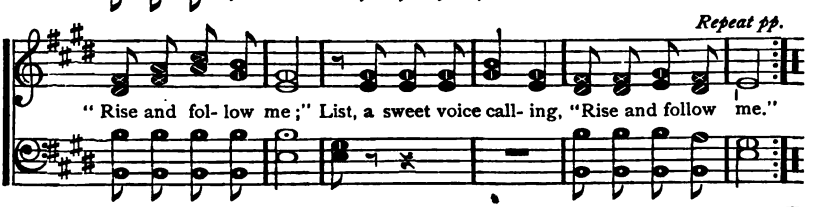
ANNIE E. THOMSON. And he said to another, Follow me.—LU. ix. 59. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. Days bright beams are falling On the shore and sea; List, a sweet voice calling,
2. Shades of eve are fall- ing On the shore and sea; Still that voice is calling,
3. Death's dark door is falling, Life's soon done for thee; Sweet that voice is calling,

"Rise and follow me!" Leave thy cares and du- ties, Leave thy race un- run;
"Rise and follow me!" Leave thy joys and pleasures, Tho' full bright they glow;
"Rise and follow me!" Scale yon mount of glory, Which by faith you've won;

REFRAIN.


Christ will show new beauties, When his will we've done. a sweet voice calling,
Christ hath countless treasures of his love to show.
Soft- ly walks be- fore you God's most blessed Son. List!

*Repeat pp.*




From "New Pearls of Song," by per.

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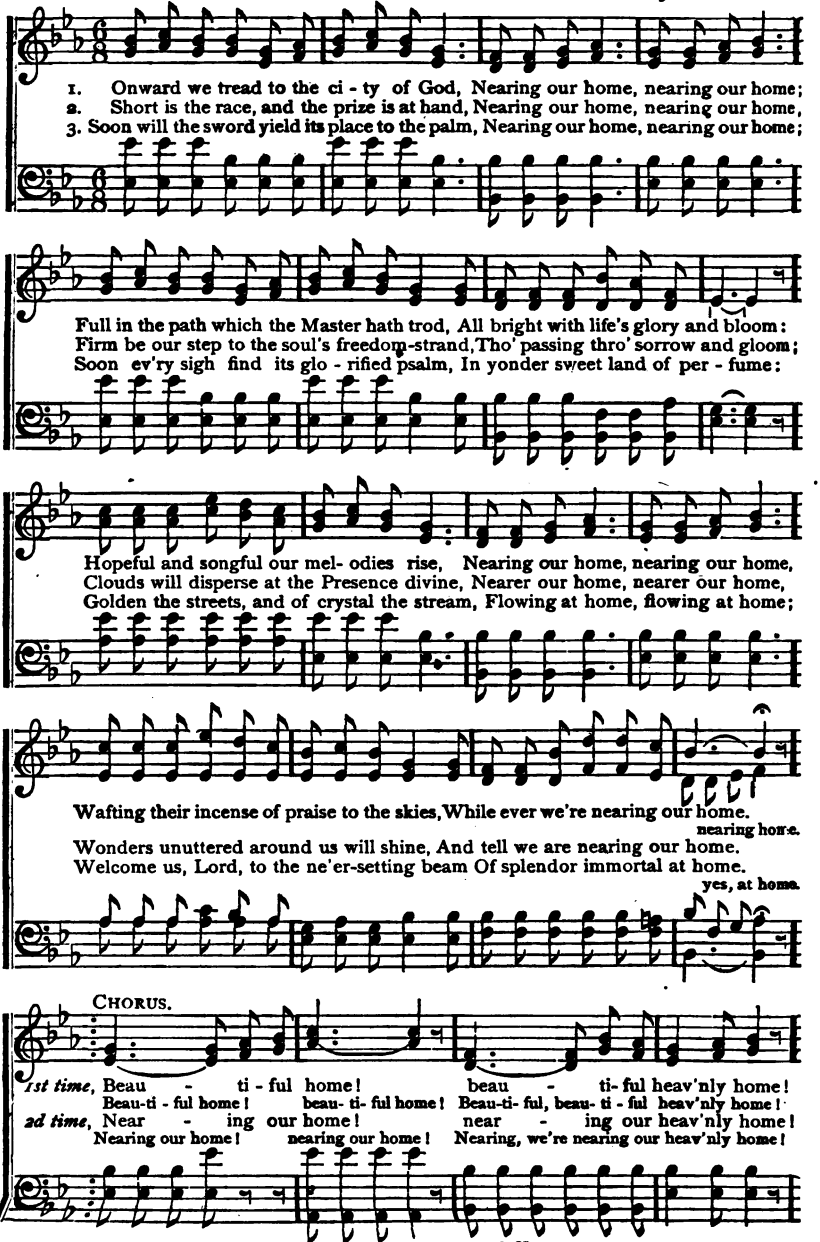
# Nearing our Home.

W. H. RUDDIMAN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Onward we tread to the ci - ty of God, Nearing our home, nearing our home;
2. Short is the race, and the prize is at hand, Nearing our home, nearing our home,
3. Soon will the sword yield its place to the palm, Nearing our home, nearing our home;
Full in the path which the Master hath trod, All bright with life's glory and bloom:
Firm be our step to the soul's freedom-strand, Tho' passing thro' sorrow and gloom;
Soon ev'ry sigh find its glo - rified psalm, In yonder sweet land of per - fume:
Hopeful and songful our mel- odies rise, Nearing our home, nearing our home,
Clouds will disperse at the Presence divine, Nearer our home, nearer our home,
Golden the streets, and of crystal the stream, Flowing at home, flowing at home;
Wafting their incense of praise to the skies, While ever we're nearing our home.
nearing home.
Wonders unuttered around us will shine, And tell we are nearing our home.
Welcome us, Lord, to the ne'er-setting beam Of splendor immortal at home.
yes, at home.
CHORUS.
1st time, Beau - ti - ful home! beau - ti- ful heav'nly home!
Beau-ti - ful home! beau- ti- ful home! Beau-ti- ful, beau- ti - ful heav'nly home!
2d time, Near - ing our home! near - ing our heav'nly home!
Nearing our home! nearing our home! Nearing, we're nearing our heav'nly home!

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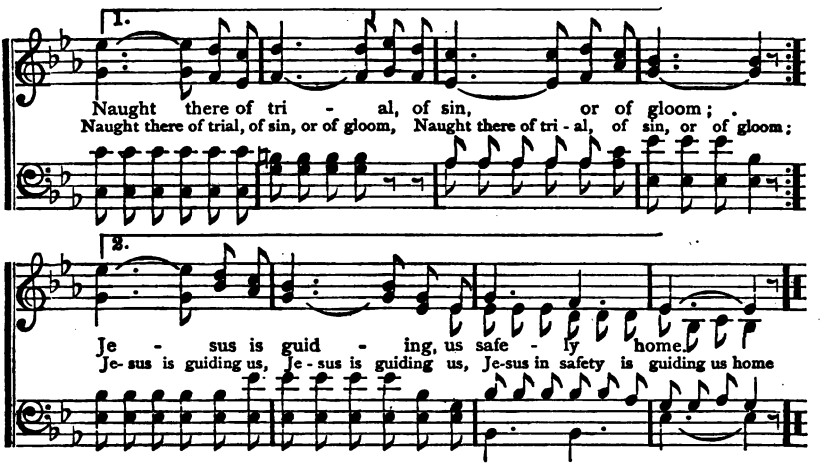
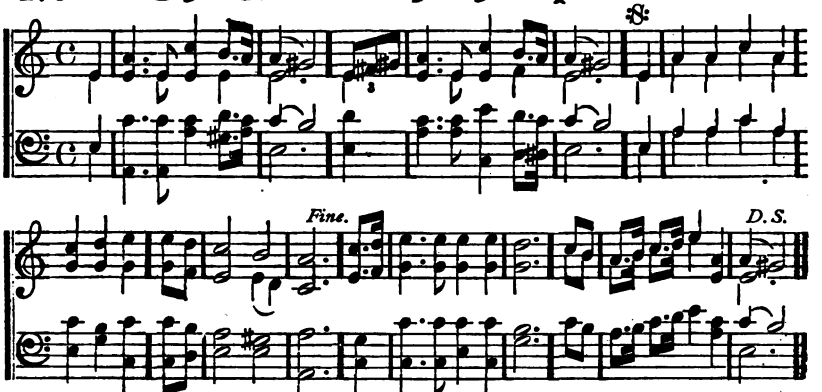
## Nearing our Home.—CONCLUDED.

1.
Naught there of tri - al, of sin, or of gloom;
Naught there of trial, of sin, or of gloom, Naught there of tri - al, of sin, or of gloom;
2.
Je - sus is guid - ing, us safe - ly home.
Je-sus is guiding us, Je-sus is guiding us, Je-sus in safety is guiding us home

## 270 The God of Abrah'm praise.

1 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I Am,
By earth and heav'n confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield *and tower.*

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me, all my happy days,
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

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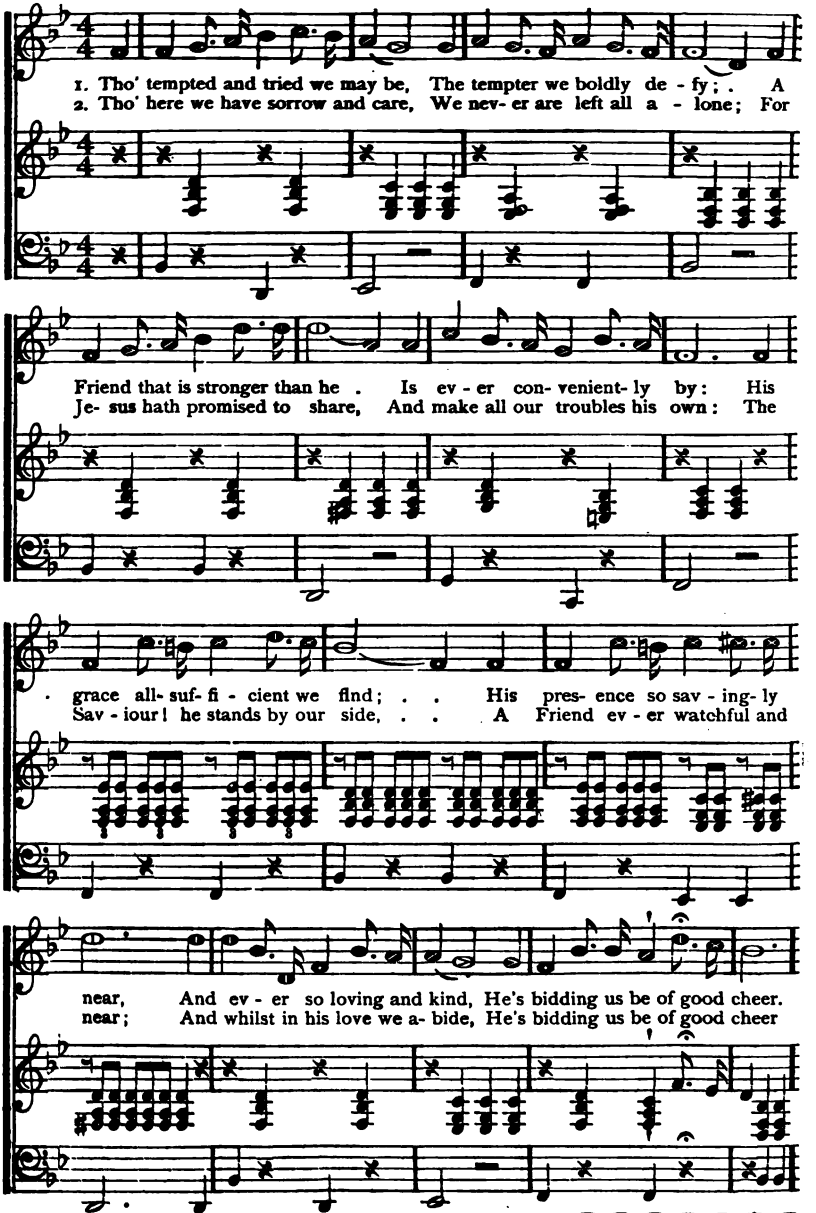
# Be of Good Cheer.

W. H. Flaville. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Tho' tempted and tried we may be, The tempter we boldly de - fy; . A
2. Tho' here we have sorrow and care, We nev- er are left all a - lone; For
Friend that is stronger than he . Is ev - er con- venient- ly by: His
Je- sus hath promised to share, And make all our troubles his own: The
. grace all- suf- fi - cient we find; . . His pres- ence so sav - ing- ly
Sav - iour! he stands by our side, . . A Friend ev - er watchful and
near, And ev - er so loving and kind, He's bidding us be of good cheer.
near; And whilst in his love we a- bide, He's bidding us be of good cheer

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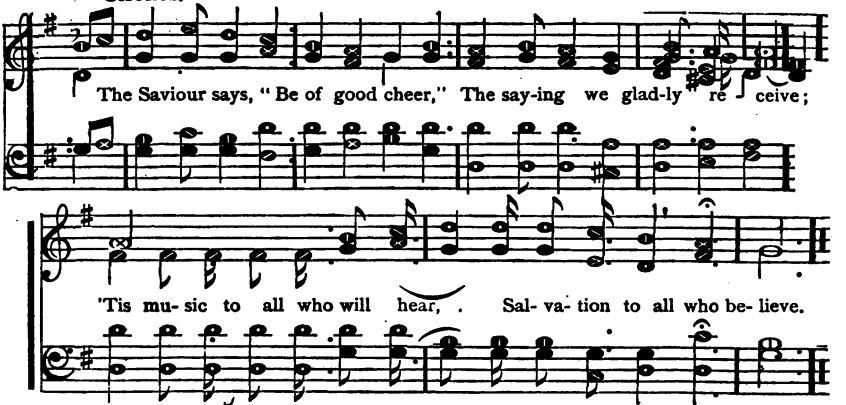
## Be of Good Cheer.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

3 Oh, who can be fearful, or fall,
Or fail to be earnest and brave,
Whilst He is salvation to all
Who'll trust in his power to save?
Then be of good cheer and go on;
Your Saviour the path will make clear,—
His voice, in sweet whispers, anon,
Is bidding us be of good cheer.

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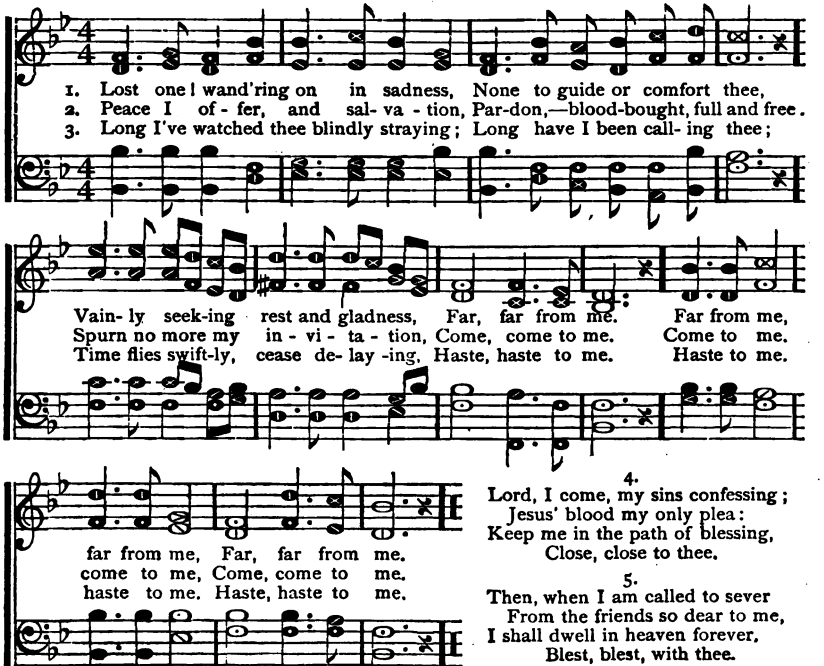
## Lost One.

J. M. WIGNER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lost one! wand'ring on in sadness, None to guide or comfort thee,
2. Peace I of- fer, and sal- va - tion, Par-don,—blood-bought, full and free.
3. Long I've watched thee blindly straying; Long have I been call- ing thee;
Vain- ly seek-ing rest and gladness, Far, far from me. Far from me,
Spurn no more my in - vi - ta - tion, Come, come to me. Come to me.
Time flies swift-ly, cease de- lay -ing, Haste, haste to me. Haste to me.
far from me, Far, far from me.
come to me, Come, come to me.
haste to me. Haste, haste to me.

4.
Lord, I come, my sins confessing;
Jesus' blood my only plea:
Keep me in the path of blessing,
Close, close to thee.

5.
Then, when I am called to sever
From the friends so dear to me,
I shall dwell in heaven forever,
Blest, blest, with thee.

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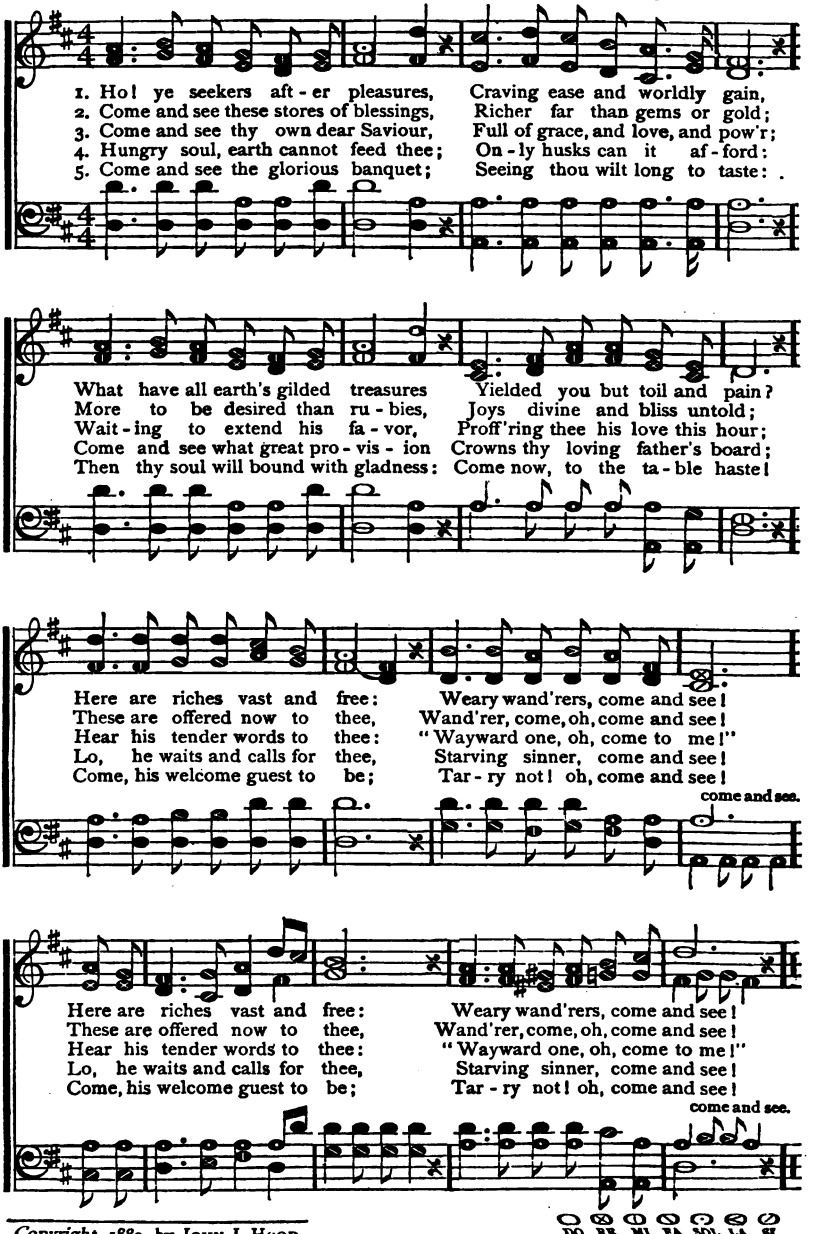
# Come and See.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ho! ye seekers aft-er pleasures, Craving ease and worldly gain,
2. Come and see these stores of blessings, Richer far than gems or gold;
3. Come and see thy own dear Saviour, Full of grace, and love, and pow'r;
4. Hungry soul, earth cannot feed thee; On-ly husks can it af-ford:
5. Come and see the glorious banquet; Seeing thou wilt long to taste:
What have all earth's gilded treasures Yielded you but toil and pain?
More to be desired than ru-bies, Joys divine and bliss untold;
Wait-ing to extend his fa-vor, Proff'ring thee his love this hour;
Come and see what great pro-vis-ion Crowns thy loving father's board;
Then thy soul will bound with gladness: Come now, to the ta-ble haste!
Here are riches vast and free: Weary wand'rers, come and see!
These are offered now to thee, Wand'rer, come, oh, come and see!
Hear his tender words to thee: "Wayward one, oh, come to me!"
Lo, he waits and calls for thee, Starving sinner, come and see!
Come, his welcome guest to be; Tar-ry not! oh, come and see!
come and see.
Here are riches vast and free: Weary wand'rers, come and see!
These are offered now to thee, Wand'rer, come, oh, come and see!
Hear his tender words to thee: "Wayward one, oh, come to me!"
Lo, he waits and calls for thee, Starving sinner, come and see!
Come, his welcome guest to be; Tar-ry not! oh, come and see!
come and see.

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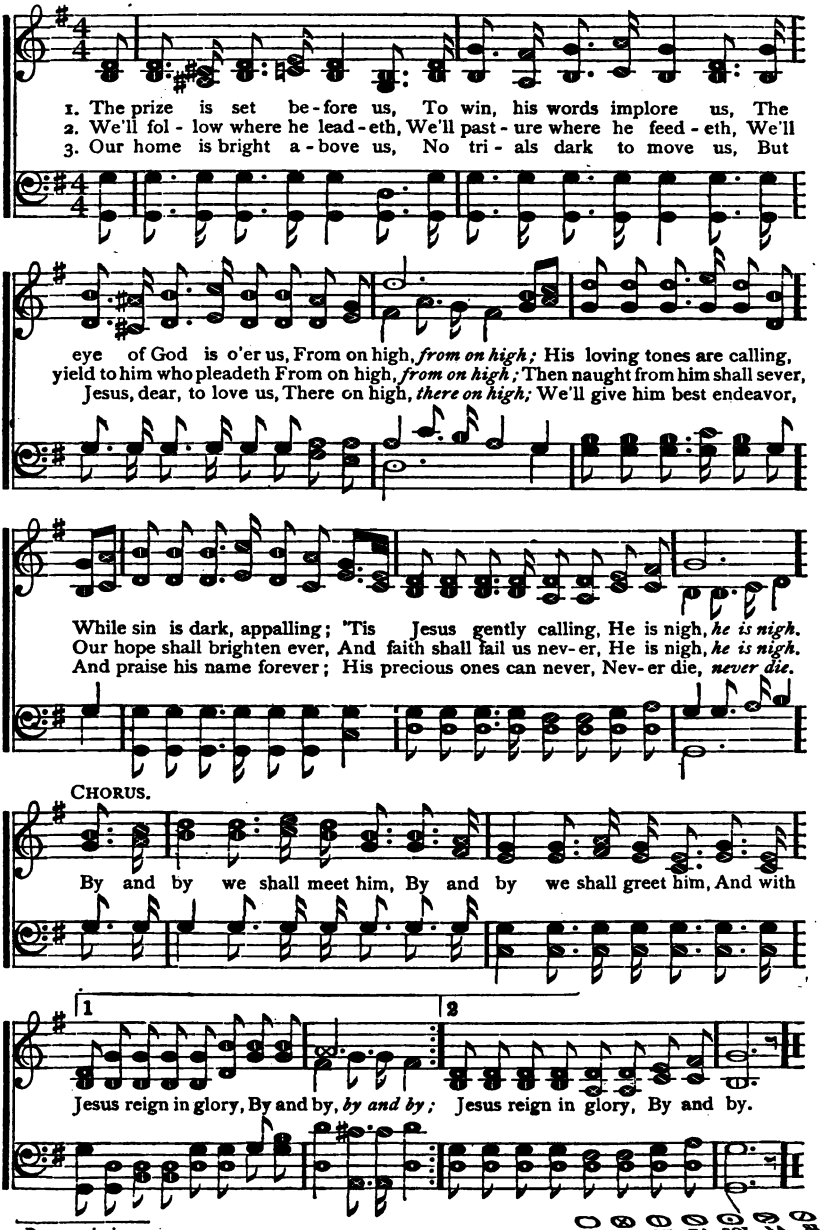
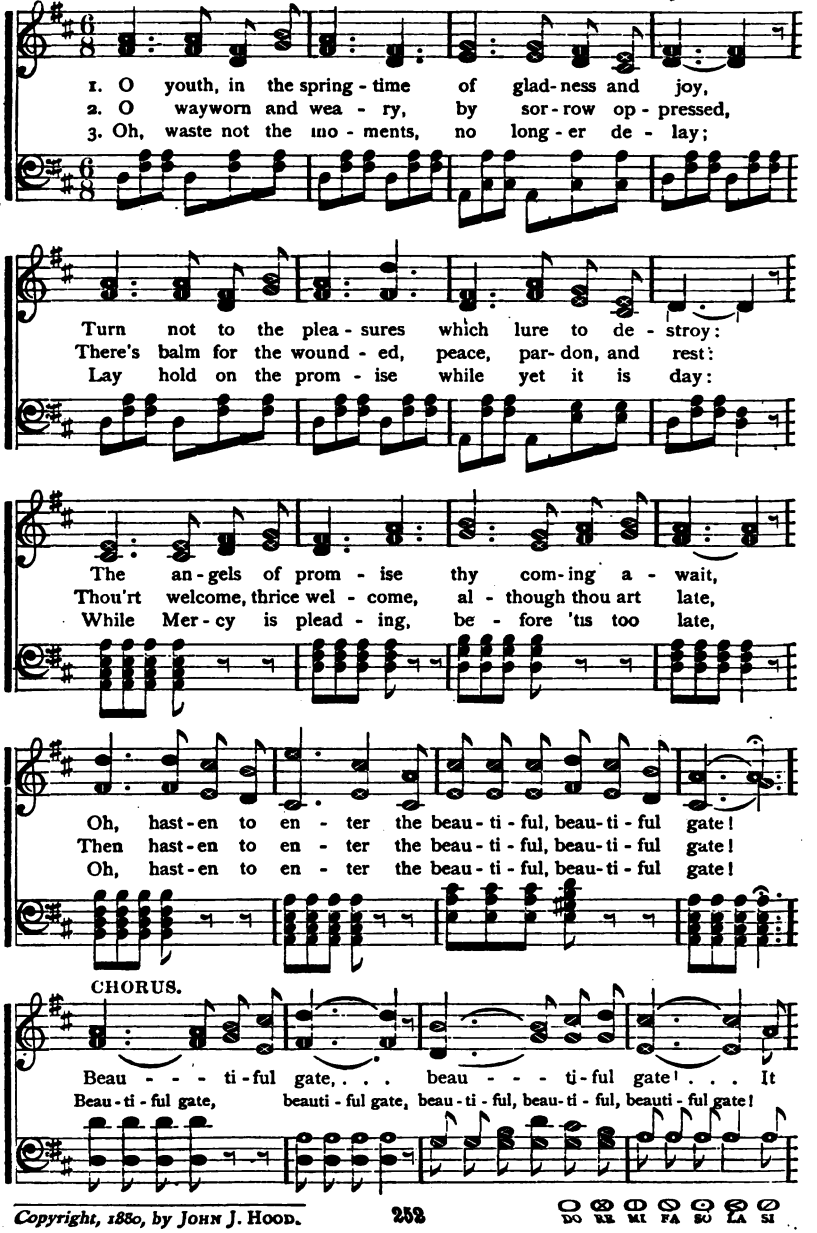
# Triumph By and by.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. H. R. Palmer.

1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, his words implore us, The
2. We'll fol-low where he lead-eth, We'll past-ure where he feed-eth, We'll
3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But
eye of God is o'er us, From on high, *from on high;* His loving tones are calling,
yield to him who pleadeth From on high, *from on high;* Then naught from him shall sever,
Jesus, dear, to love us, There on high, *there on high;* We'll give him best endeavor,
While sin is dark, appalling; 'Tis Jesus gently calling, He is nigh, *he is nigh.*
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, *he is nigh.*
And praise his name forever; His precious ones can never, Nev-er die, *never die.*
CHORUS.
By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with
1
2
Jesus reign in glory, By and by, *by and by;* Jesus reign in glory, By and by.

By permission.

# 275 The Beautiful Gate.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. "Enter ye in at the strait gate."—Matt. vii. 13. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O youth, in the spring - time of glad - ness and joy,
2. O wayworn and wea - ry, by sor - row op - pressed,
3. Oh, waste not the mo - ments, no long - er de - lay;
Turn not to the plea - sures which lure to de - stroy:
There's balm for the wound - ed, peace, par - don, and rest:
Lay hold on the prom - ise while yet it is day:
The an - gels of prom - ise thy com - ing a - wait,
Thou'rt welcome, thrice wel - come, al - though thou art late,
While Mer - cy is plead - ing, be - fore 'tis too late,
Oh, hast - en to en - ter the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful gate!
Then hast - en to en - ter the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful gate!
Oh, hast - en to en - ter the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful gate!
CHORUS.
Beau - - - ti - ful gate, . . . beau - - - ti - ful gate! . . . It
Beau - ti - ful gate, beauti - ful gate, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beauti - ful gate!

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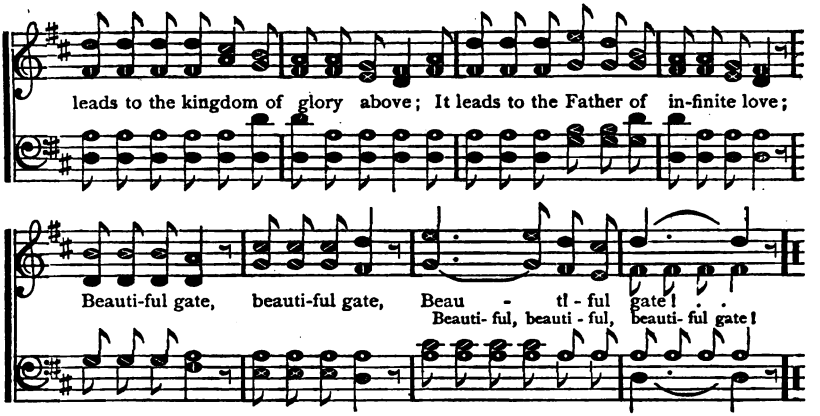
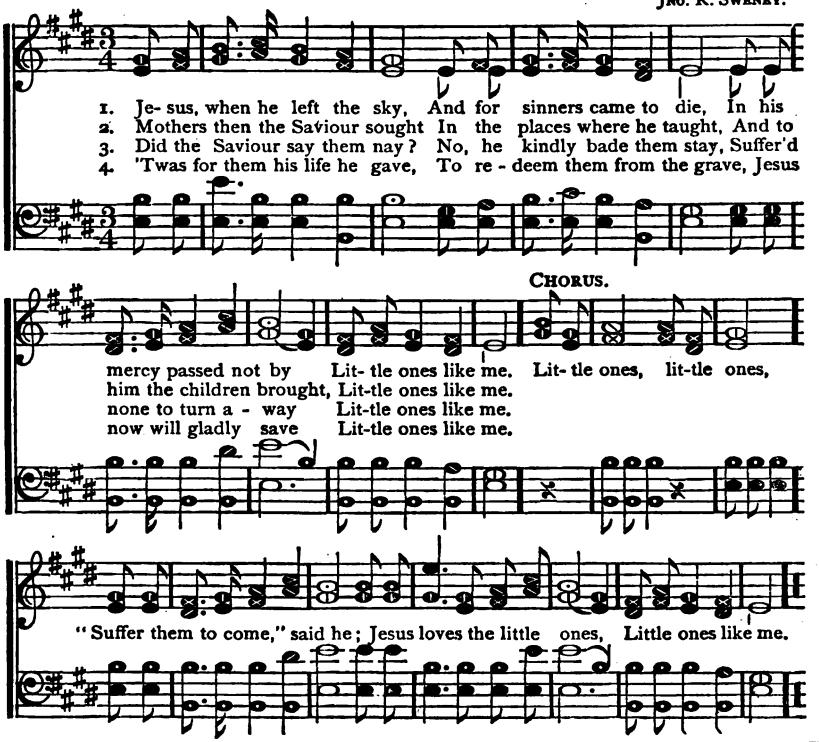
## The Beautiful Gate.—CONCLUDED.


leads to the kingdom of glory above; It leads to the Father of in-finite love;
Beauti-ful gate, beauti-ful gate, Beau - ti - ful gate!
Beauti- ful, beauti - ful, beauti- ful gate!

276

## Little Ones like Me.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je- sus, when he left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In his
2. Mothers then the Saviour sought In the places where he taught, And to
3. Did the Saviour say them nay? No, he kindly bade them stay, Suffer'd
4. 'Twas for them his life he gave, To re - deem them from the grave, Jesus
CHORUS.
mercy passed not by Lit- tle ones like me. Lit- tle ones, lit-tle ones,
him the children brought, Lit-tle ones like me.
none to turn a - way Lit-tle ones like me.
now will gladly save Lit-tle ones like me.
"Suffer them to come," said he; Jesus loves the little ones, Little ones like me.

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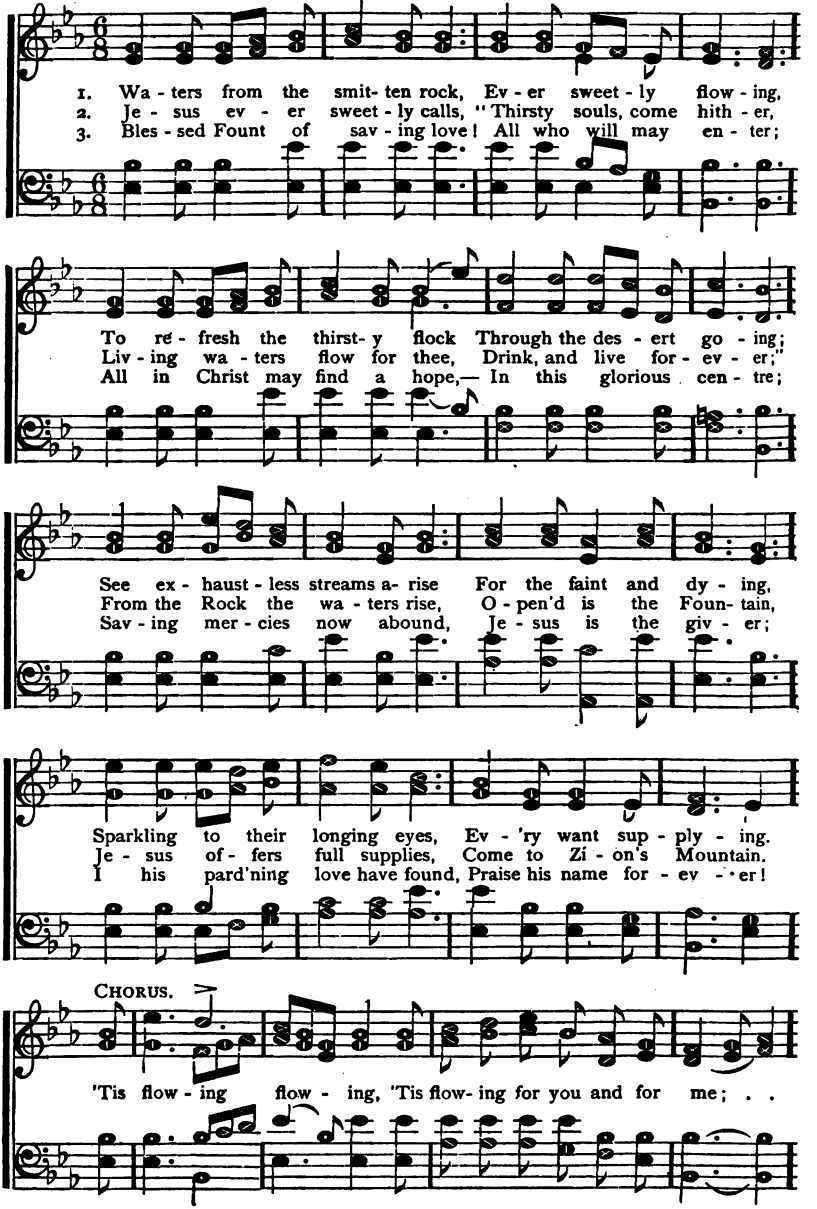
# The Flowing Fount.

Arranged by C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Wa - ters from the smit- ten rock, Ev - er sweet - ly flow - ing,
2. Je - sus ev - er sweet - ly calls, "Thirsty souls, come hith - er,
3. Bles - sed Fount of sav - ing love! All who will may en - ter;
To re - fresh the thirst- y flock Through the des - ert go - ing;
Liv - ing wa - ters flow for thee, Drink, and live for - ev - er;"
All in Christ may find a hope,— In this glorious cen - tre;
See ex - haust - less streams a- rise For the faint and dy - ing,
From the Rock the wa - ters rise, O - pen'd is the Foun- tain,
Sav - ing mer - cies now abound, Je - sus is the giv - er;
Sparkling to their longing eyes, Ev - 'ry want sup - ply - ing.
Je - sus of - fers full supplies, Come to Zi - on's Mountain.
I his pard'ning love have found, Praise his name for - ev - er!
CHORUS.
'Tis flow - ing flow - ing, 'Tis flow- ing for you and for me; . .

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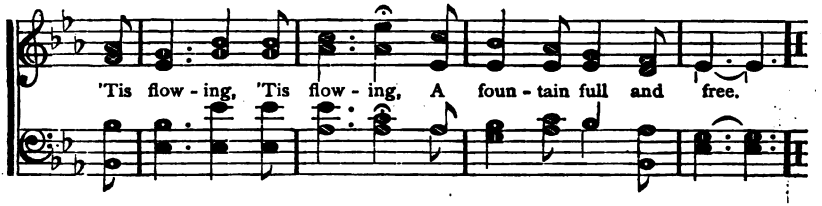
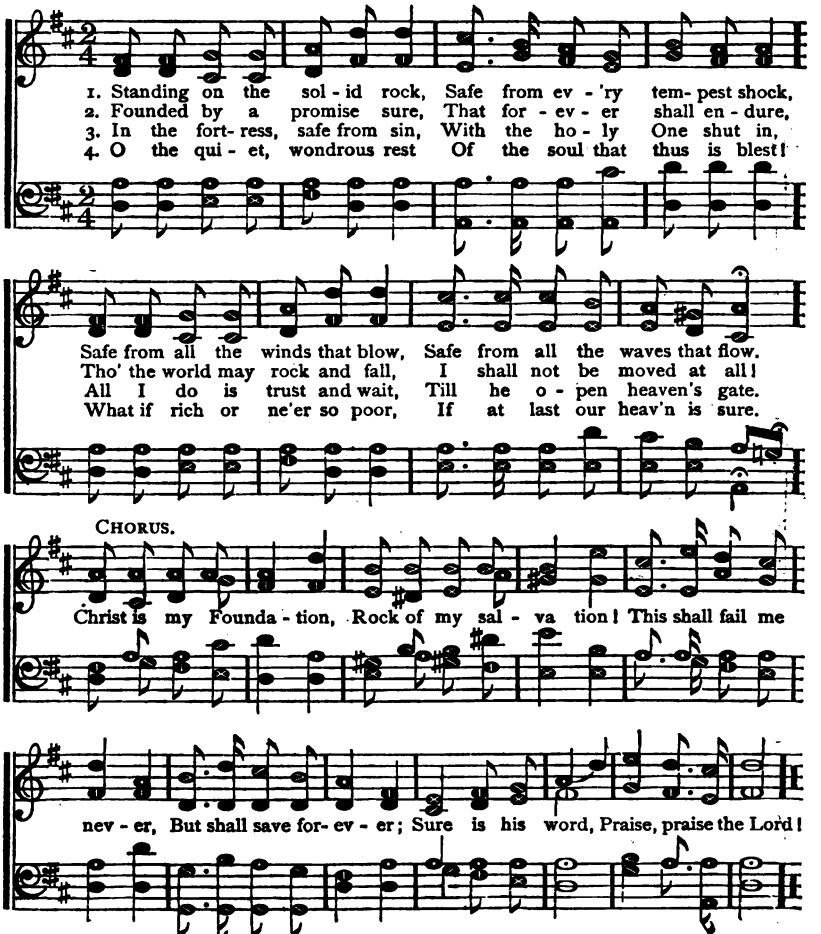
## The Flowing Fount.—CONCLUDED.

## 280 The Solid Rock.

EDGAR PAGE. "That Rock was Christ." S. J. ROBSON.

1. Standing on the sol - id rock, Safe from ev - 'ry tem- pest shock,
2. Founded by a promise sure, That for - ev - er shall en - dure,
3. In the fort- ress, safe from sin, With the ho - ly One shut in,
4. O the qui - et, wondrous rest Of the soul that thus is blest!
Safe from all the winds that blow, Safe from all the waves that flow.
Tho' the world may rock and fall, I shall not be moved at all!
All I do is trust and wait, Till he o - pen heaven's gate.
What if rich or ne'er so poor, If at last our heav'n is sure.
CHORUS.
Christ is my Founda - tion, Rock of my sal - va tion! This shall fail me
nev - er, But shall save for- ev - er; Sure is his word, Praise, praise the Lord!

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*Quartet—R*

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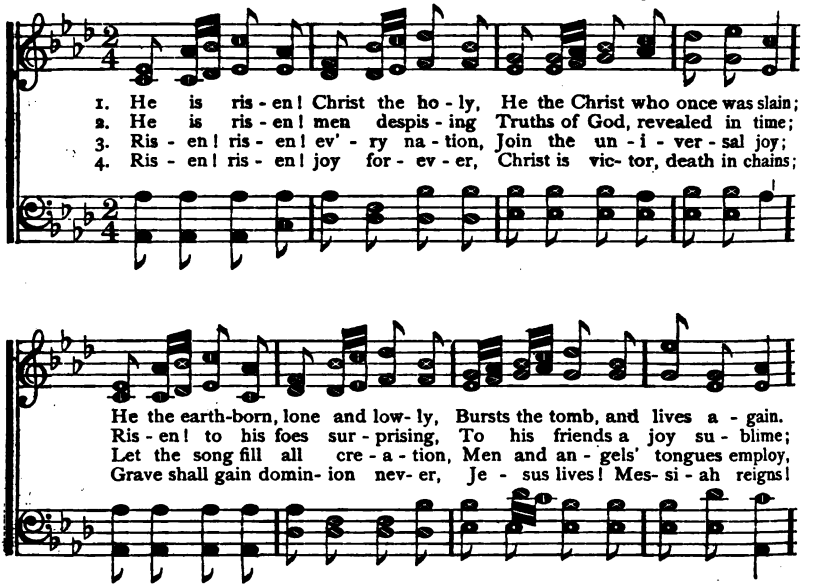
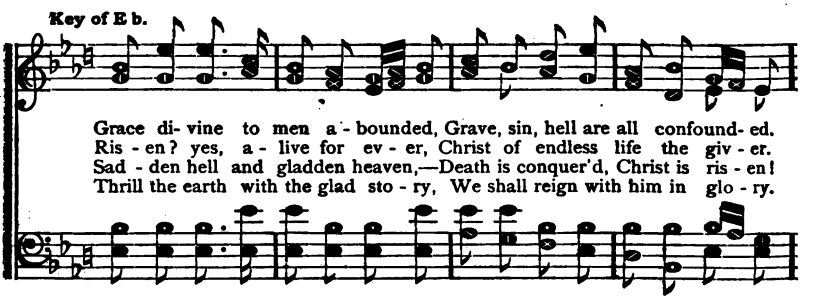
# He is Risen.

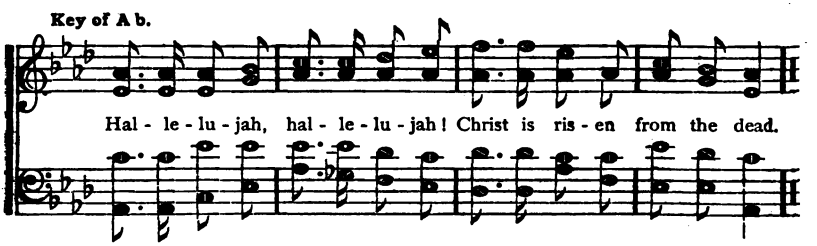
Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. He is ris - en! Christ the ho - ly, He the Christ who once was slain;
2. He is ris - en! men despis - ing Truths of God, revealed in time;
3. Ris - en! ris - en! ev' - ry na - tion, Join the un - i - ver - sal joy;
4. Ris - en! ris - en! joy for - ev - er, Christ is vic- tor, death in chains;
He the earth-born, lone and low- ly, Bursts the tomb, and lives a - gain.
Ris - en! to his foes sur - prising, To his friends a joy su - blime;
Let the song fill all cre - a - tion, Men and an - gels' tongues employ,
Grave shall gain domin- ion nev- er, Je - sus lives! Mes- si - ah reigns!

Key of E b.


Grace di- vine to men a - bounded, Grave, sin, hell are all confound- ed.
Ris - en? yes, a - live for ev - er, Christ of endless life the giv - er.
Sad - den hell and gladden heaven,—Death is conquer'd, Christ is ris - en!
Thrill the earth with the glad sto - ry, We shall reign with him in glo - ry.

Key of A b.

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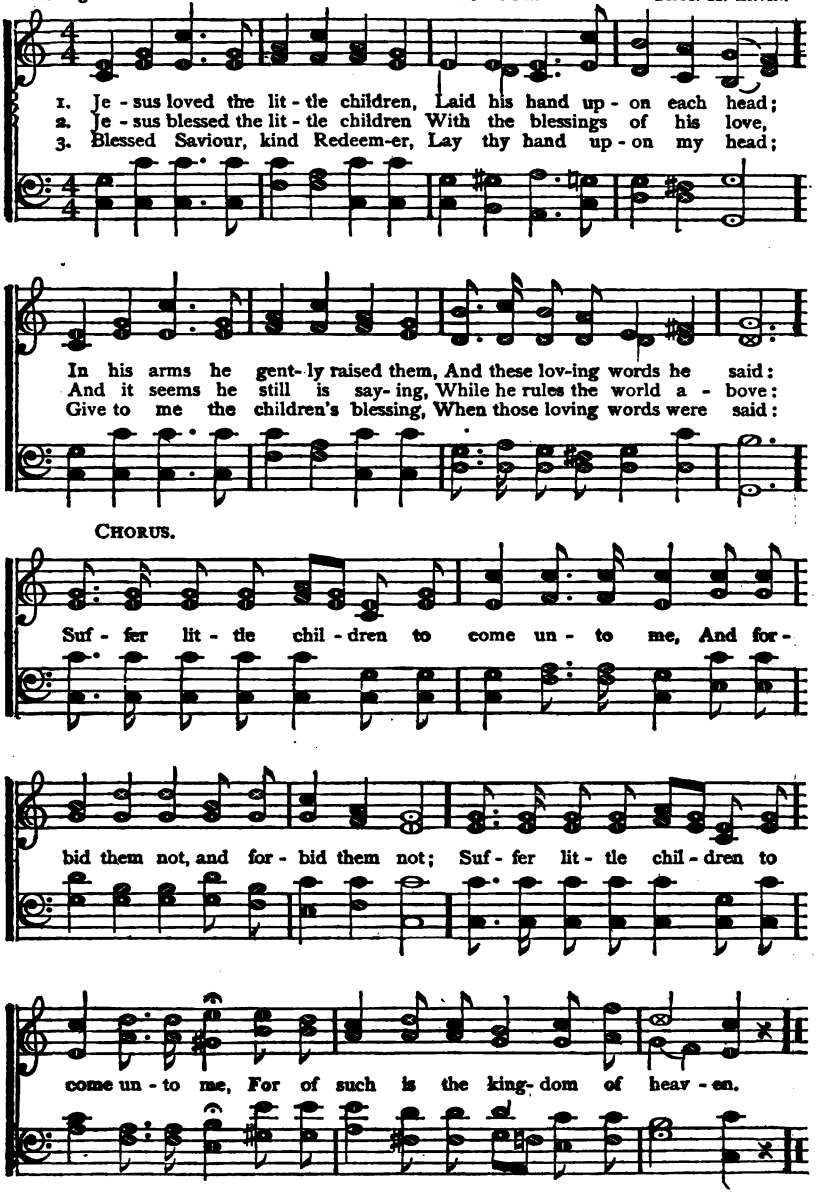
# 282 The Children's Blessing.

Arranged. FOR THE INANT-SCHOOL. Thos. H. Ervin.

1. Je - sus loved the lit - tle children, Laid his hand up - on each head;
2. Je - sus blessed the lit - tle children With the blessings of his love,
3. Blessed Saviour, kind Redeem-er, Lay thy hand up - on my head;
In his arms he gent- ly raised them, And these lov-ing words he said:
And it seems he still is say- ing, While he rules the world a - bove:
Give to me the children's blessing, When those loving words were said:
CHORUS.
Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me, And for-
bid them not, and for - bid them not; Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to
come un - to me, For of such is the king- dom of heav - en.

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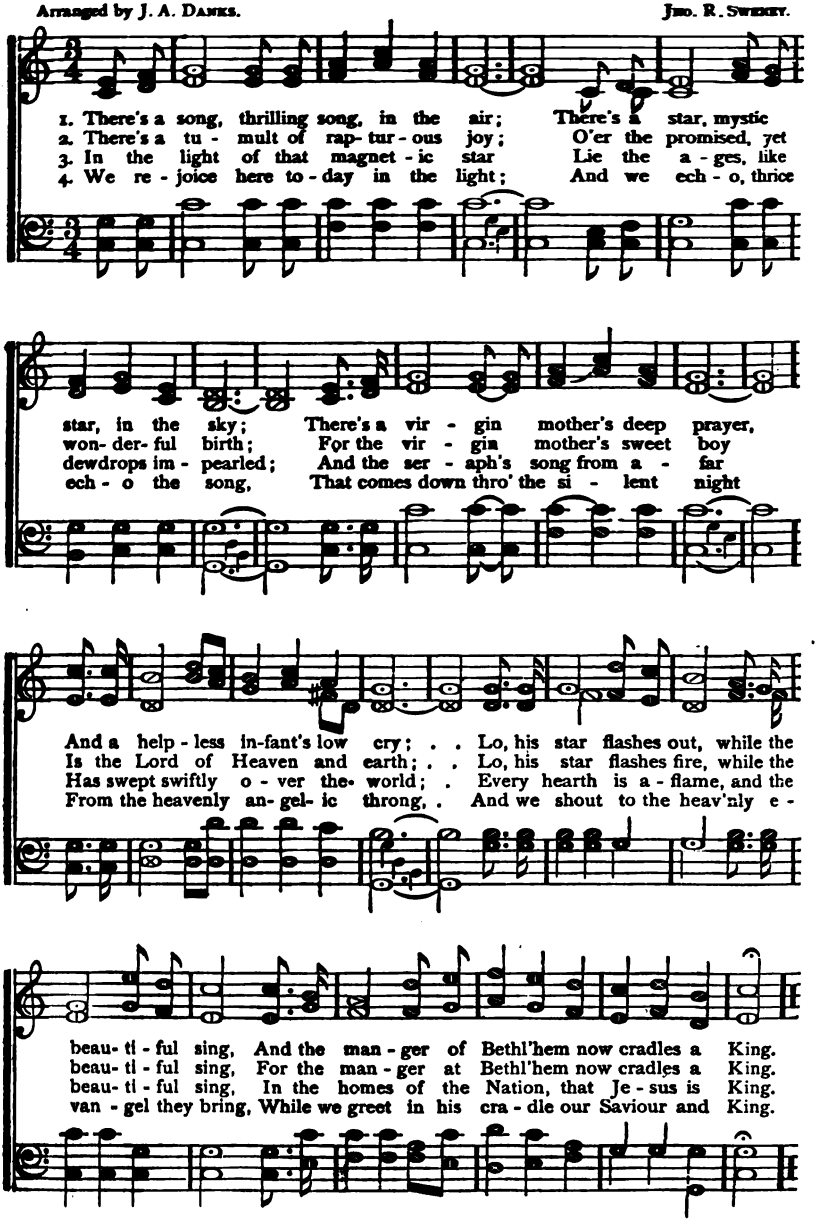
# Mystic Star.

Arranged by J. A. Danks. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's a song, thrilling song, in the air; There's a star, mystic
2. There's a tu - mult of rap- tur - ous joy; O'er the promised, yet
3. In the light of that magnet - ic star Lie the a - ges, like
4. We re - joice here to - day in the light; And we ech - o, thrice
star, in the sky; There's a vir - gin mother's deep prayer,
won- der- ful birth; For the vir - gin mother's sweet boy
dewdrops im - pearled; And the ser - aph's song from a - far
ech - o the song, That comes down thro' the si - lent night
And a help - less in-fant's low cry; . . Lo, his star flashes out, while the
Is the Lord of Heaven and earth; . . Lo, his star flashes fire, while the
Has swept swiftly o - ver the world; . Every hearth is a - flame, and the
From the heavenly an- gel- ic throng, . And we shout to the heav'nly e -
beau- ti - ful sing, And the man - ger of Bethl'hem now cradles a King.
beau- ti - ful sing, For the man - ger at Bethl'hem now cradles a King.
beau- ti - ful sing, In the homes of the Nation, that Je - sus is King.
van - gel they bring, While we greet in his cra - dle our Saviour and King.

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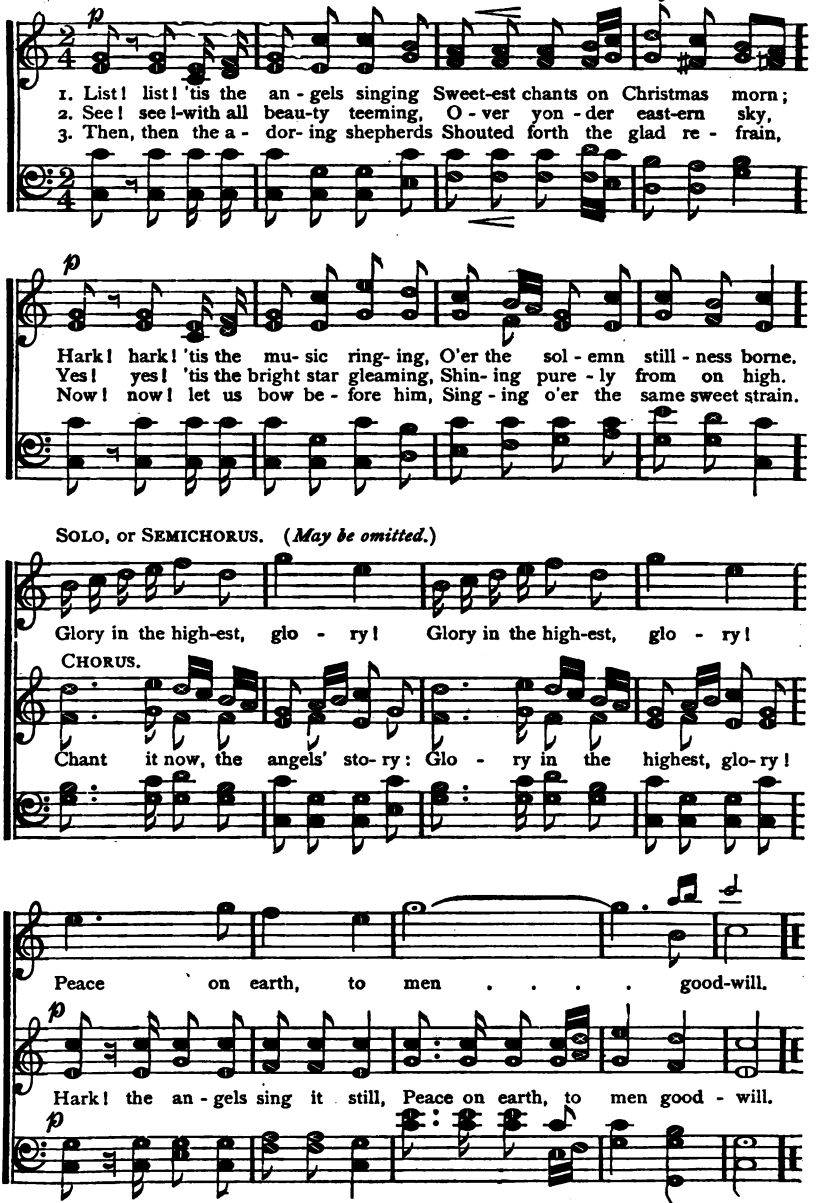
# The Angels' Story.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. List! list! 'tis the an - gels singing Sweet-est chants on Christmas morn;
2. See! see!-with all beau-ty teeming, O - ver yon - der east-ern sky,
3. Then, then the a - dor- ing shepherds Shouted forth the glad re - frain,
Hark! hark! 'tis the mu- sic ring- ing, O'er the sol - emn still - ness borne.
Yes! yes! 'tis the bright star gleaming, Shin- ing pure - ly from on high.
Now! now! let us bow be - fore him, Sing - ing o'er the same sweet strain.
Solo, or Semichorus. (May be omitted.)
Glory in the high-est, glo - ry! Glory in the high-est, glo - ry!
Chorus.
Chant it now, the angels' sto- ry: Glo - ry in the highest, glo- ry!
Peace on earth, to men . . . . good-will.
Hark! the an - gels sing it still, Peace on earth, to men good - will.

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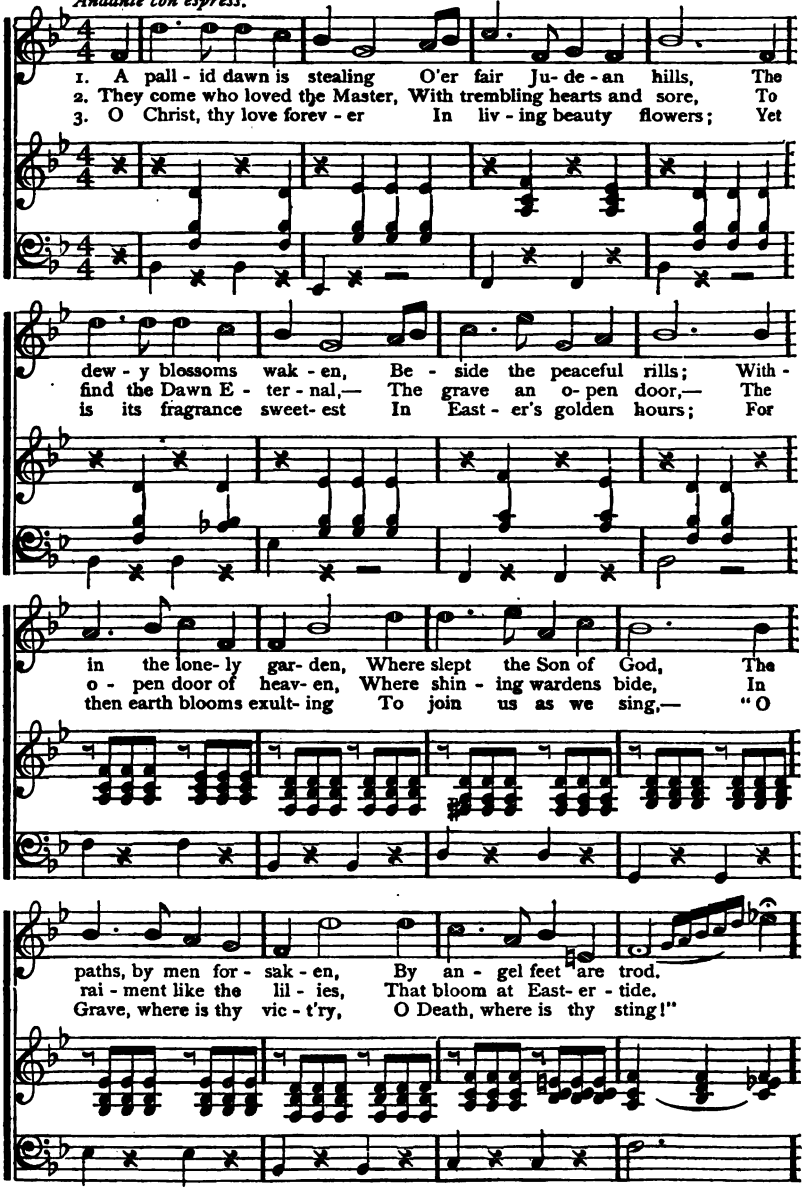
# A pallid Dawn is stealing.

MRS. FLORA B. HARRIS. AN EASTER SONG. JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Andante con espress.*

1. A pall - id dawn is stealing O'er fair Ju- de - an hills, The
2. They come who loved the Master, With trembling hearts and sore, To
3. O Christ, thy love forev - er In liv - ing beauty flowers; Yet
dew - y blossoms wak - en, Be - side the peaceful rills; With -
find the Dawn E - ter - nal,— The grave an o- pen door,— The
is its fragrance sweet- est In East - er's golden hours; For
in the lone- ly gar- den, Where slept the Son of God, The
o - pen door of heav- en, Where shin - ing wardens bide, In
then earth blooms exult- ing To join us as we sing,— "O
paths, by men for - sak - en, By an - gel feet are trod.
rai - ment like the lil - ies, That bloom at East- er - tide.
Grave, where is thy vic - t'ry, O Death, where is thy sting!"

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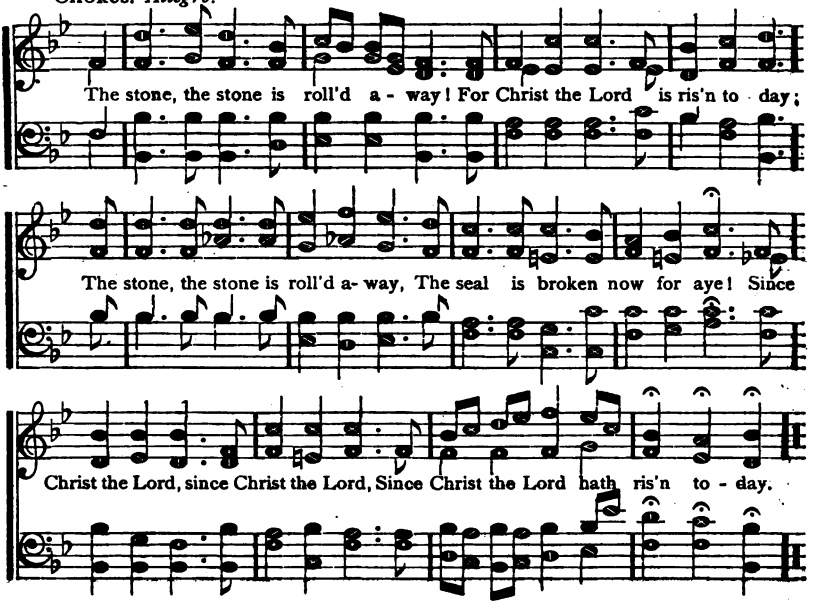
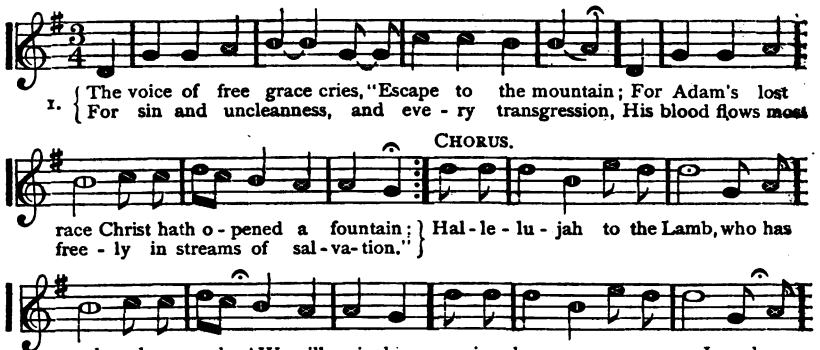
## A pallid Dawn, etc.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

The stone, the stone is roll'd a - way! For Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day;
The stone, the stone is roll'd a- way, The seal is broken now for aye! Since
Christ the Lord, since Christ the Lord, Since Christ the Lord hath ris'n to - day.

## 286 Free Grace.

Arr. by J. J. MATTHIAS.

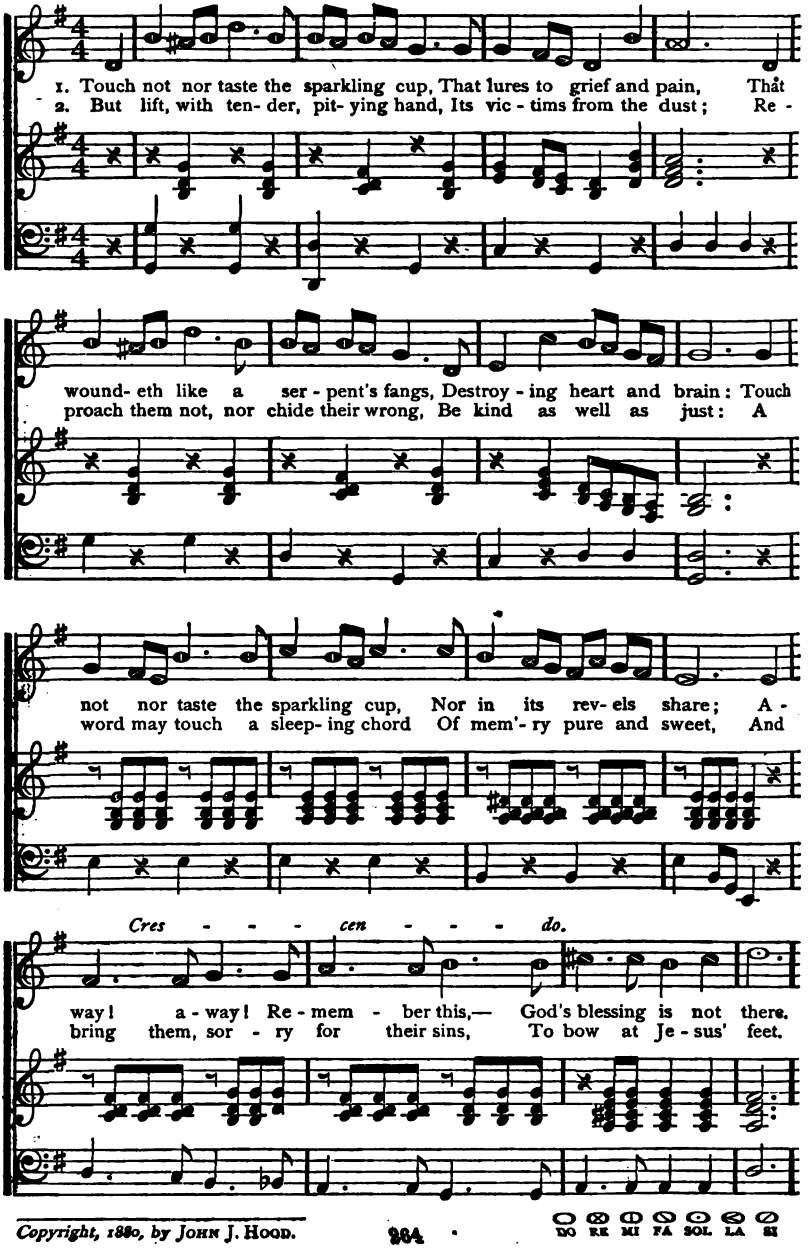

1. The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost
For sin and uncleanness, and eve - ry transgression, His blood flows most -
CHORUS.
race Christ hath o - pened a fountain; Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has
free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion."
purchased our pardon! We will praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption forever and ever.

# 287 Touch not nor Taste.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Touch not nor taste the sparkling cup, That lures to grief and pain, That
2. But lift, with ten- der, pit- ying hand, Its vic - tims from the dust; Re -
wound- eth like a ser - pent's fangs, Destroy - ing heart and brain: Touch
proach them not, nor chide their wrong, Be kind as well as just: A
not nor taste the sparkling cup, Nor in its rev- els share; A -
word may touch a sleep- ing chord Of mem'- ry pure and sweet, And
Cres - - - cen - - - do.
way! a - way! Re - mem - ber this,— God's blessing is not there.
bring them, sor - ry for their sins, To bow at Je - sus' feet.

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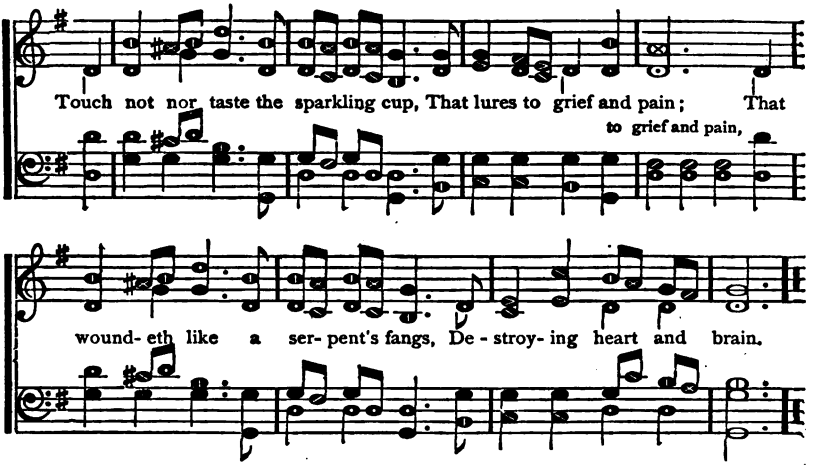
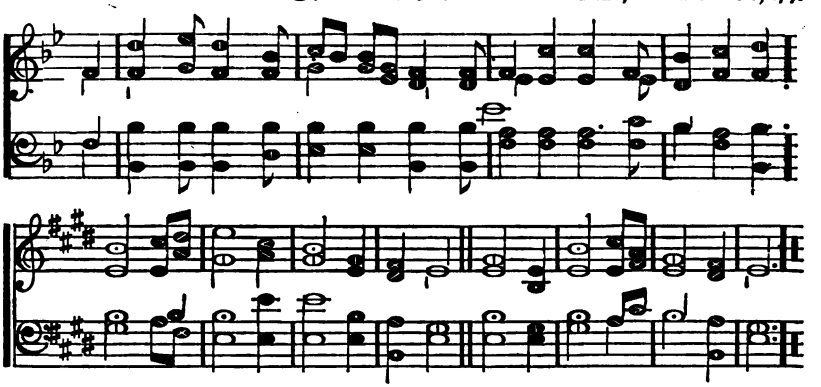
## Touch not, etc.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Touch not nor taste the sparkling cup, That lures to grief and pain; That
to grief and pain,
wound- eth like a ser- pent's fangs, De - stroy- ing heart and brain.

3 Go, seek them out,—poor, wand'ring sheep,
That, on the mountain cold,
Are hungry,—starving now for bread,—
Go, lead them to the fold:
There comes a cheering thought to those
Who toil in patient love,—
Each soul reclaimed shall be a star
To deck their crown above.

## 288 God is Love. Tune, BARTIMEUS, 8, 7.

1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove
From the gloom his mercy streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every-where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

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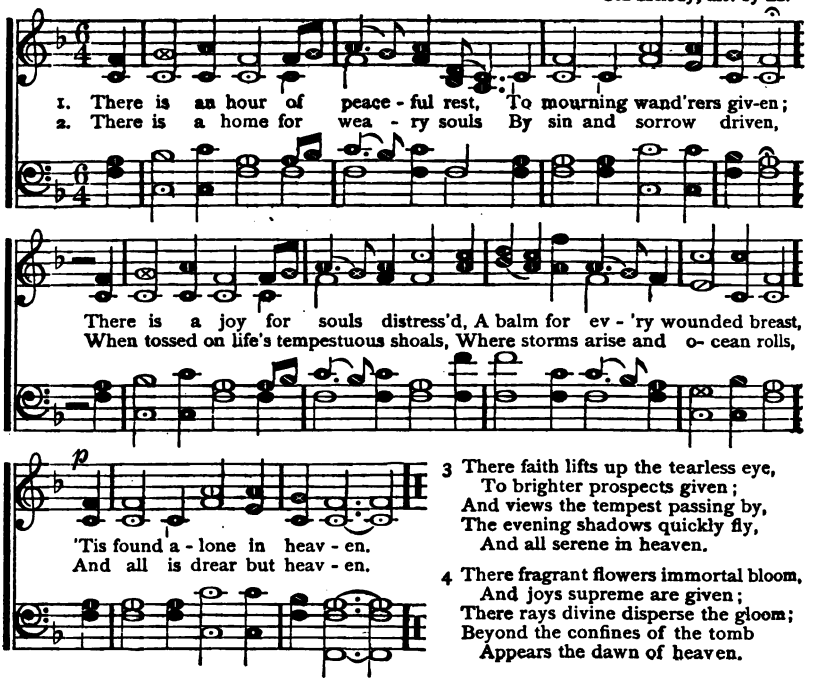
## Peaceful Rest.

Old Melody, arr. by Ed.


1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv-en;
2. There is a home for wea - ry souls By sin and sorrow driven,
There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for ev - 'ry wounded breast,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and o- cean rolls,
p
'Tis found a - lone in heav - en.
And all is drear but heav - en.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

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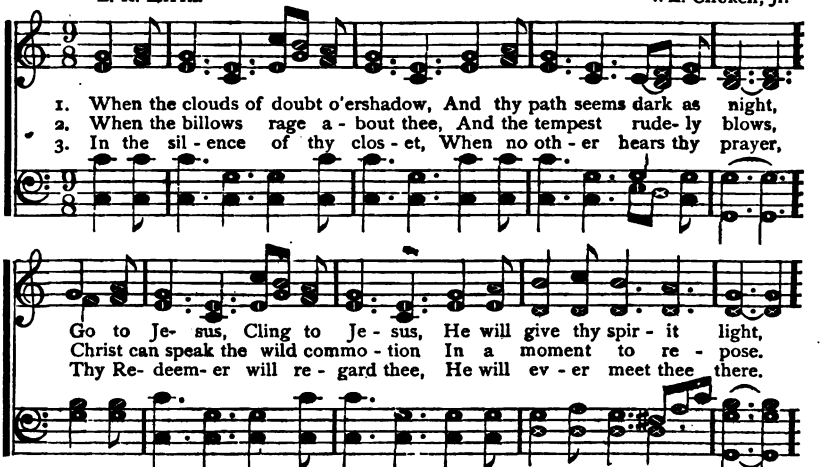
## Cling to Jesus.

E. R. Latta. Wm. Church, Jr.


1. When the clouds of doubt o'ershadow, And thy path seems dark as night,
2. When the billows rage a - bout thee, And the tempest rude- ly blows,
3. In the sil - ence of thy clos - et, When no oth - er hears thy prayer,
Go to Je- sus, Cling to Je - sus, He will give thy spir - it light,
Christ can speak the wild commo - tion In a moment to re - pose.
Thy Re- deem- er will re - gard thee, He will ev - er meet thee there.

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## Cling to Jesus.—CONCLUDED.

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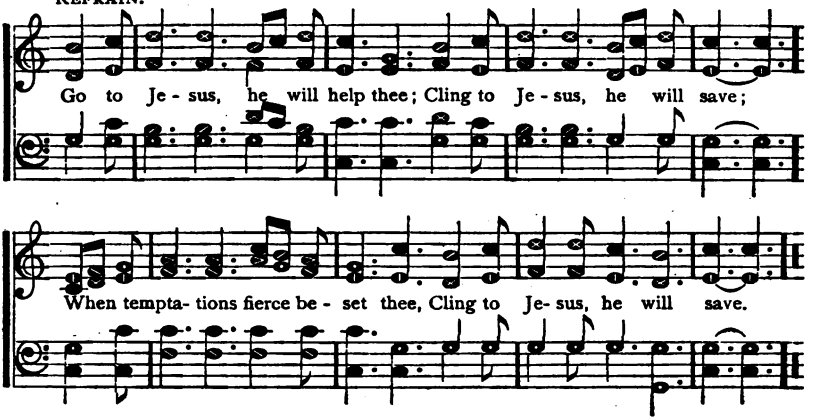
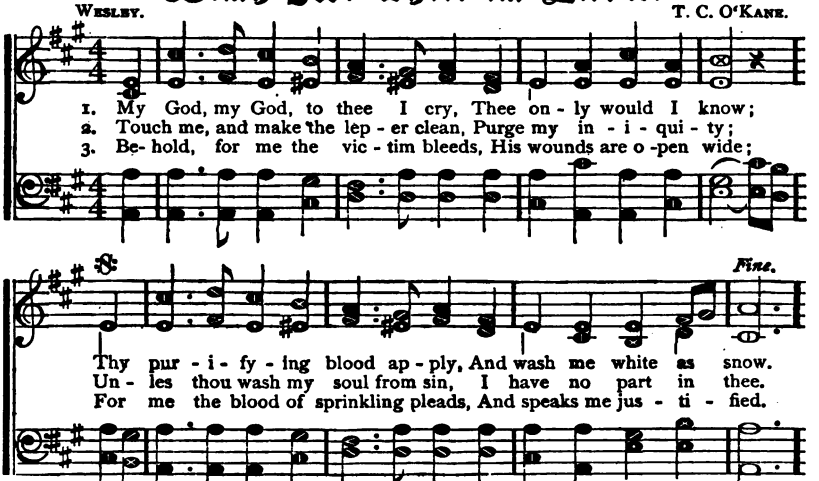
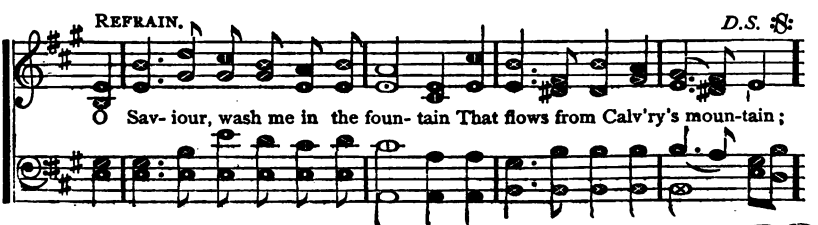

## 291 Wash Me white as Snow.

WESLEY. T. C. O'KANE.


1. My God, my God, to thee I cry, Thee on - ly would I know;
2. Touch me, and make the lep - er clean, Purge my in - i - qui - ty;
3. Be- hold, for me the vic - tim bleeds, His wounds are o -pen wide;
Fine.
Thy pur - i - fy - ing blood ap - ply, And wash me white as snow.
Un - les thou wash my soul from sin, I have no part in thee.
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads, And speaks me jus - ti - fied.
D.S. O cleanse my heart from ev - 'ry sin, And make me pure with - in.

REFRAIN. D.S.

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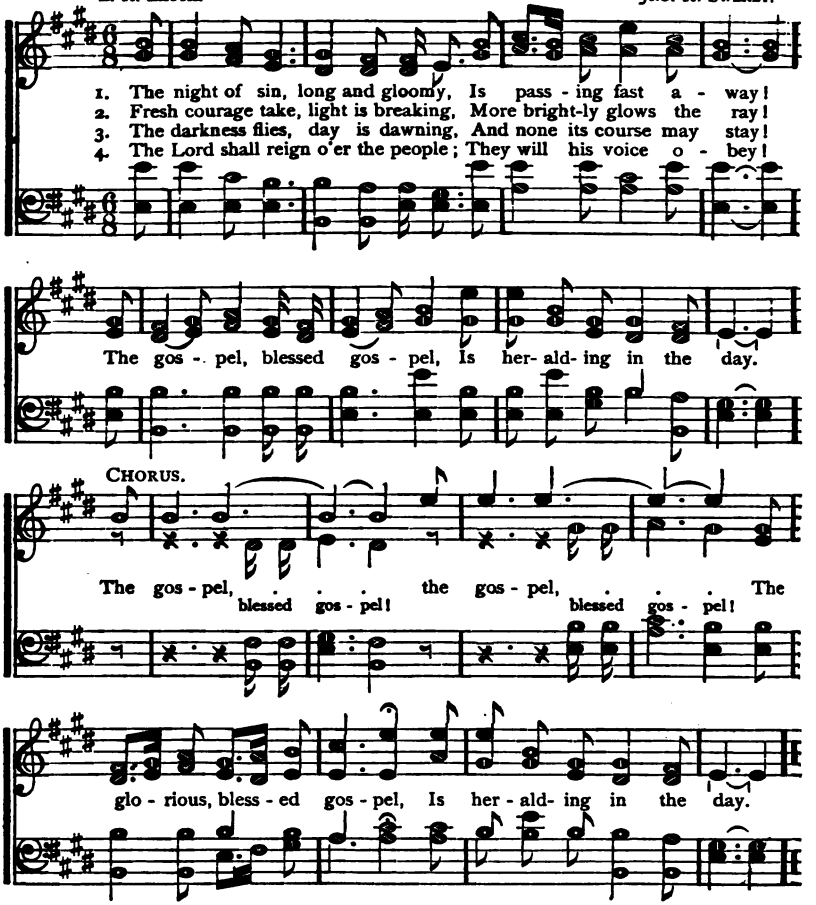
## 292 The Herald of Day.

E. R. LATTA. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The night of sin, long and gloomy, Is pass - ing fast a - way!
2. Fresh courage take, light is breaking, More bright-ly glows the ray!
3. The darkness flies, day is dawning, And none its course may stay!
4. The Lord shall reign o'er the people; They will his voice o - bey!
The gos - pel, blessed gos - pel, Is her- ald- ing in the day.
CHORUS.
The gos - pel, blessed gos - pel! the gos - pel, blessed gos - pel! The
glo - rious, bless - ed gos - pel, Is her - ald- ing in the day.

## 293 ONLY TRUST HIM.

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

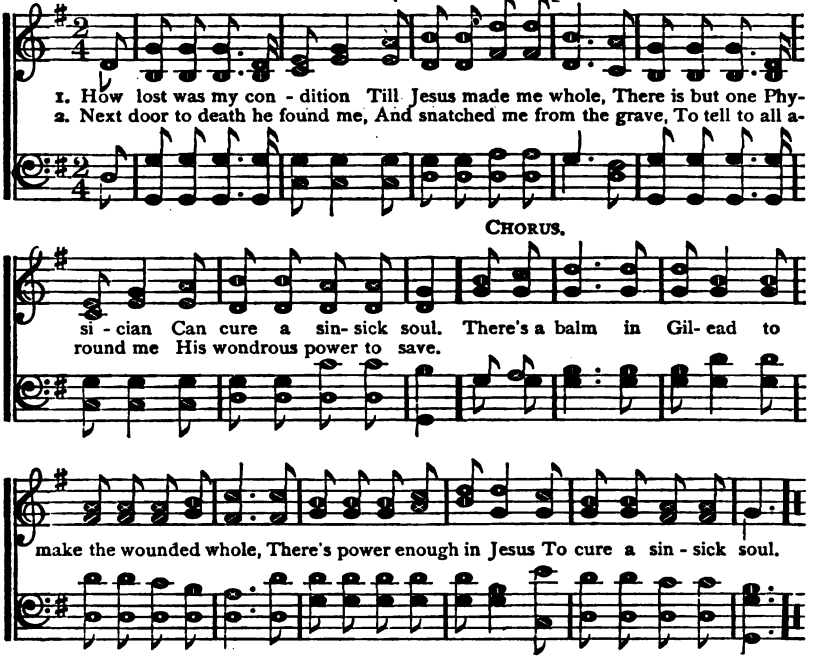
*Cho.*—Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

## 294 Balm in Gilead.

Old Melody arr., Music of Chorus by J. R. S.

1. How lost was my con - dition Till Jesus made me whole, There is but one Phy-
2. Next door to death he found me, And snatched me from the grave, To tell to all a-
CHORUS.
si - cian Can cure a sin- sick soul. There's a balm in Gil- ead to
round me His wondrous power to save.
make the wounded whole, There's power enough in Jesus To cure a sin - sick soul.

3 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

4 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.

6 Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only, Look and live.

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## 295 CROWN HIM.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of sorrows" now
From the fight return victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow.

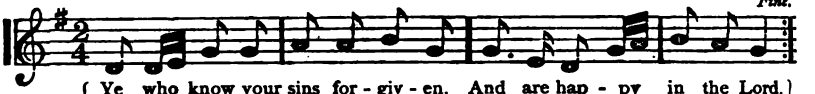
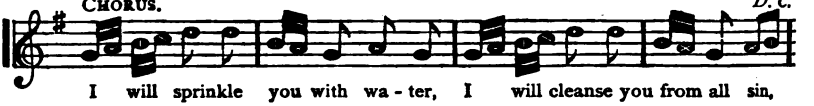
*Cho.*—Crown him! crown him!
Angels crown him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings. :‖

2 Crown the Saviour! angels crown him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings,
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.

4 Hark! the bursts of acclamation!
Hark! these loud triumphant chords,
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh, what joy the sight affords.

## 296 I will Sprinkle.

Old melody, arr. by Ed.

1. { Ye who know your sins for - giv - en, And are hap - py in the Lord, / Have you read that gracious promise, Which is left up - on re - cord? }
*D. C.* Sanc - ti - fy and make you ho - ly, I will dwell and reign within.

I will sprinkle you with wa - ter, I will cleanse you from all sin,

2 Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,—
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.

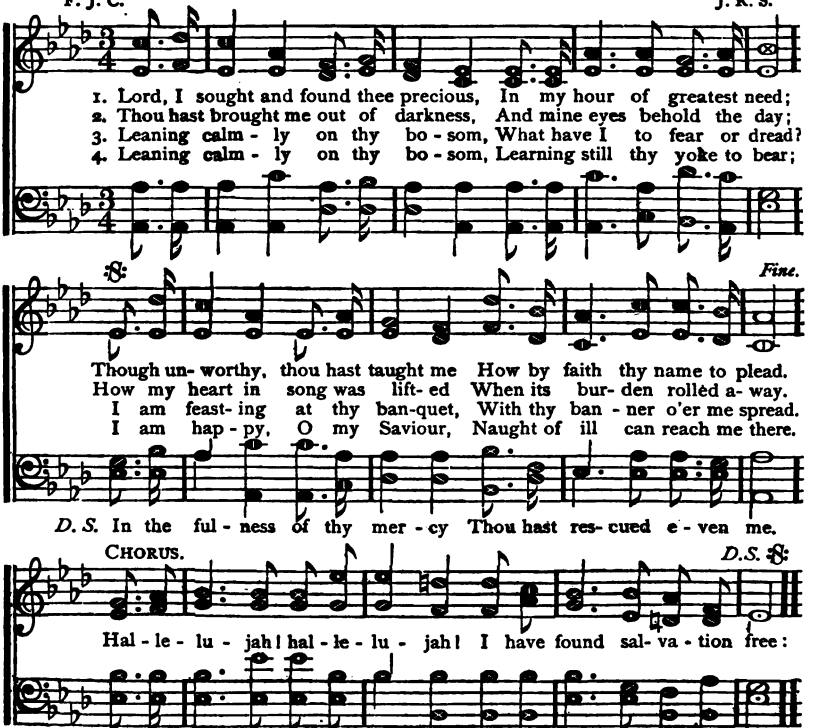
3 Be as holy, and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
Jesus only Jesus know.

4 Spread, O spread the joyful tidings,
Tell, O tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conform-ed
To the image of his Son.

5 O may ev'ry soul be fill-ed
With the Holy Ghost to-day;
He is coming, he is coming;
O prepare, prepare the way.

## 297 Thou hast Rescued even Me.

F. J. C. J. R. S.




1. Lord, I sought and found thee precious, In my hour of greatest need;
2. Thou hast brought me out of darkness, And mine eyes behold the day;
3. Leaning calm - ly on thy bo - som, What have I to fear or dread?
4. Leaning calm - ly on thy bo - som, Learning still thy yoke to bear;

Though un- worthy, thou hast taught me How by faith thy name to plead.
How my heart in song was lift- ed When its bur- den rolled a- way.
I am feast- ing at thy ban-quet, With thy ban - ner o'er me spread.
I am hap - py, O my Saviour, Naught of ill can reach me there.

*D. S.* In the ful - ness of thy mer - cy Thou hast res- cued e - ven me.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I have found sal- va - tion free:

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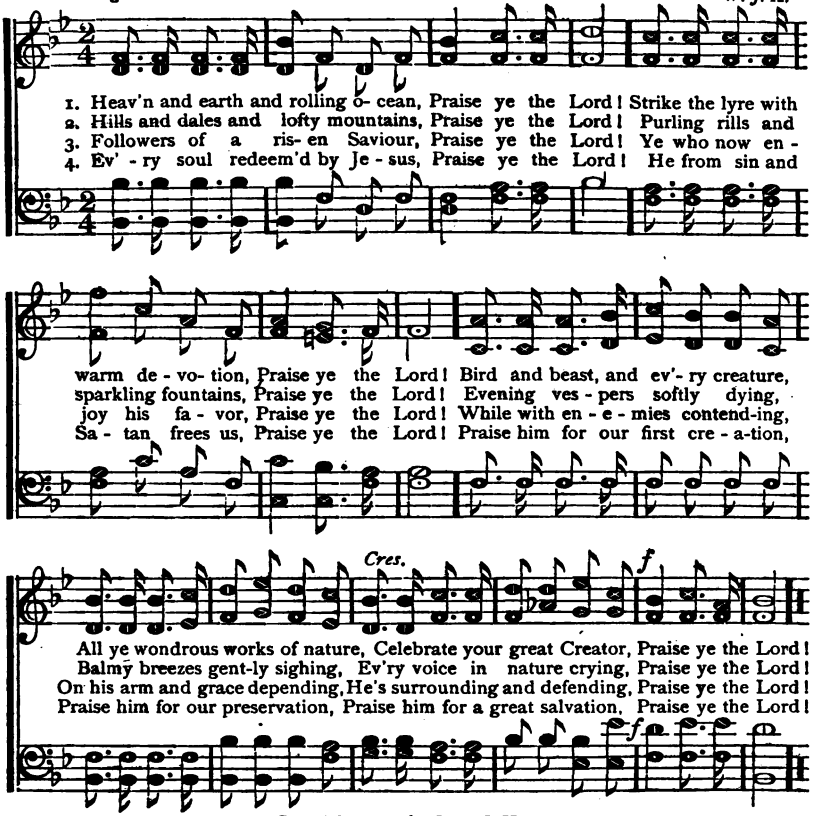
298 **Praise ye the Lord.**

Arranged. W. J. K.

1. Heav'n and earth and rolling o- cean, Praise ye the Lord! Strike the lyre with
2. Hills and dales and lofty mountains, Praise ye the Lord! Purling rills and
3. Followers of a ris- en Saviour, Praise ye the Lord! Ye who now en -
4. Ev' - ry soul redeem'd by Je - sus, Praise ye the Lord! He from sin and
warm de - vo- tion, Praise ye the Lord! Bird and beast, and ev'- ry creature,
sparkling fountains, Praise ye the Lord! Evening ves - pers softly dying,
joy his fa - vor, Praise ye the Lord! While with en - e - mies contend-ing,
Sa - tan frees us, Praise ye the Lord! Praise him for our first cre - a-tion,
Cres.
f
All ye wondrous works of nature, Celebrate your great Creator, Praise ye the Lord!
Balmy breezes gent-ly sighing, Ev'ry voice in nature crying, Praise ye the Lord!
On his arm and grace depending, He's surrounding and defending, Praise ye the Lord!
Praise him for our preservation, Praise him for a great salvation, Praise ye the Lord!
f

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299 **OH, HOW HE LOVES!** Same tune.

1 One there is above all others,
Oh, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how he loves!

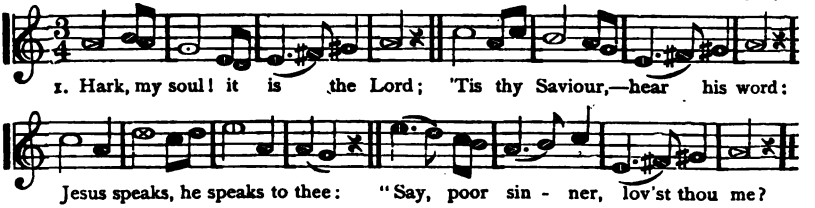
2 'Tis eternal life to know him,
Oh, how he loves!
Think, oh, think how much we owe him,
Oh, how he loves!
With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To his fold he safely brought us,
Oh, how he loves!

3 Blessed Jesus! would you know him?
Oh, how he loves!
Give yourself entirely to him,
Oh, how he loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how he loves!

4 All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward all your foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory he will guide you,
Oh, how he loves!

## 300 He speaks to Thee.

Old Melody. 7s.




2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

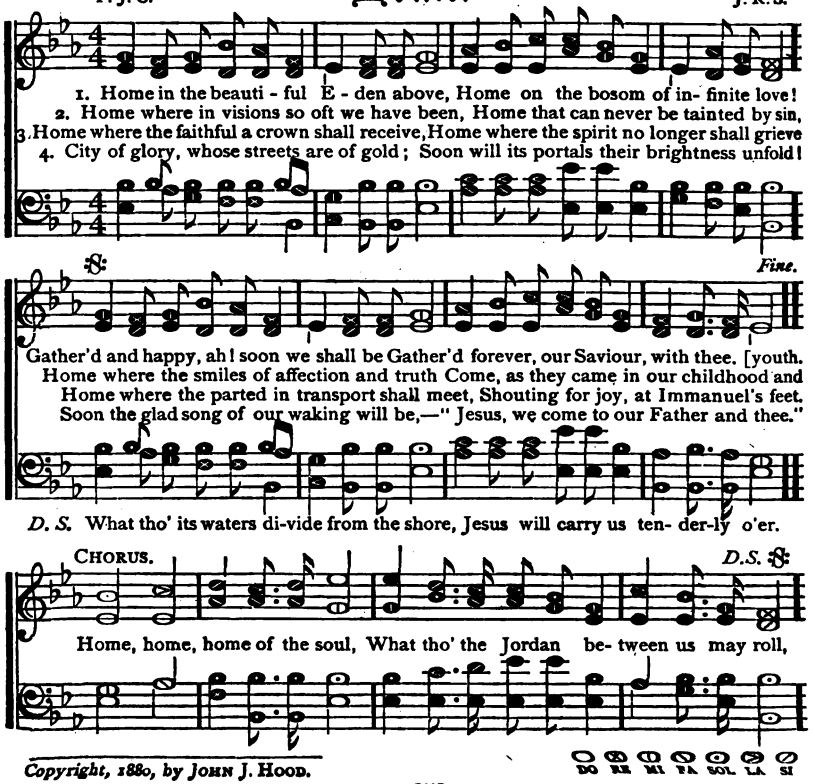
3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

## 301 Home.

F. J. C. J. R. S.

1. Home in the beauti - ful E - den above, Home on the bosom of in- finite love!
2. Home where in visions so oft we have been, Home that can never be tainted by sin,
3. Home where the faithful a crown shall receive, Home where the spirit no longer shall grieve
4. City of glory, whose streets are of gold; Soon will its portals their brightness unfold!
Fine.
Gather'd and happy, ah! soon we shall be Gather'd forever, our Saviour, with thee. [youth.
Home where the smiles of affection and truth Come, as they came in our childhood and
Home where the parted in transport shall meet, Shouting for joy, at Immanuel's feet.
Soon the glad song of our waking will be,—" Jesus, we come to our Father and thee."
D. S. What tho' its waters di-vide from the shore, Jesus will carry us ten- der-ly o'er.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Home, home, home of the soul, What tho' the Jordan be- tween us may roll,

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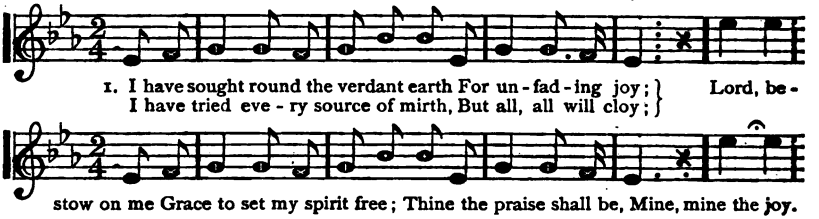
## 302 I have sought.

Tune, HAPPY LAND.

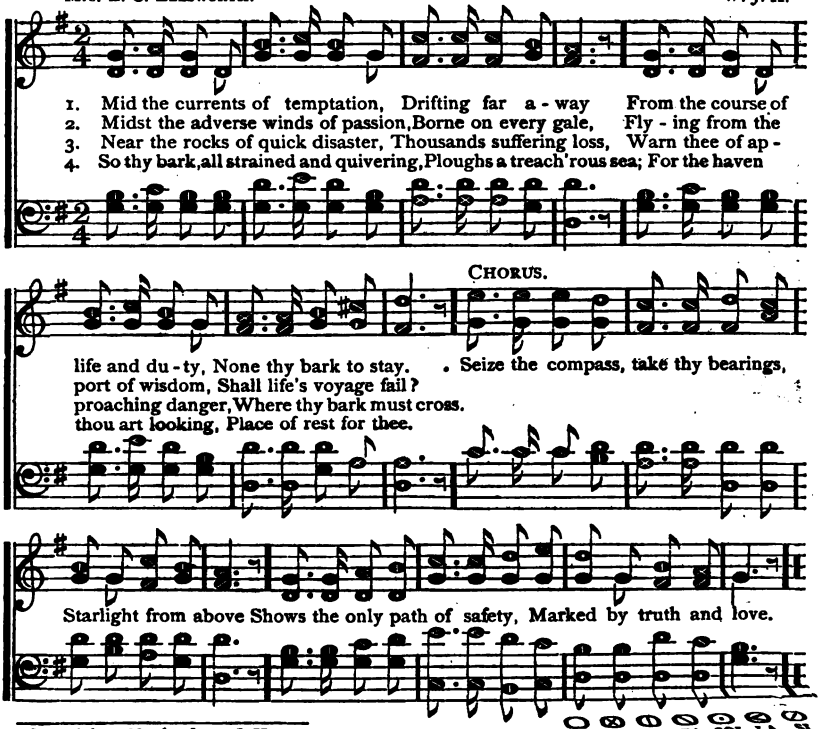

1. I have sought round the verdant earth For un - fad - ing joy;
I have tried eve - ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy;
Lord, be -
stow on me Grace to set my spirit free; Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered in mazes dark
Of doubt and distress;
I have had not a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief
Filled my lab'ring soul with grief;
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 Then I turned to Thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
Then I trusted Thy holy word
That taught me to pray;
Here I found release—
In Thy word my soul found peace.
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore;
All my heart's richest tribute bring
To Thee, God of power;
And in heaven above,
Saved by Thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move
For evermore.

## 303 Take thy Bearings.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. W. J. K.

1. Mid the currents of temptation, Drifting far a - way From the course of
2. Midst the adverse winds of passion, Borne on every gale, Fly - ing from the
3. Near the rocks of quick disaster, Thousands suffering loss, Warn thee of ap -
4. So thy bark, all strained and quivering, Ploughs a treach'rous sea; For the haven
CHORUS.
life and du - ty, None thy bark to stay. Seize the compass, take thy bearings,
port of wisdom, Shall life's voyage fail?
proaching danger, Where thy bark must cross.
thou art looking, Place of rest for thee.
Starlight from above Shows the only path of safety, Marked by truth and love.
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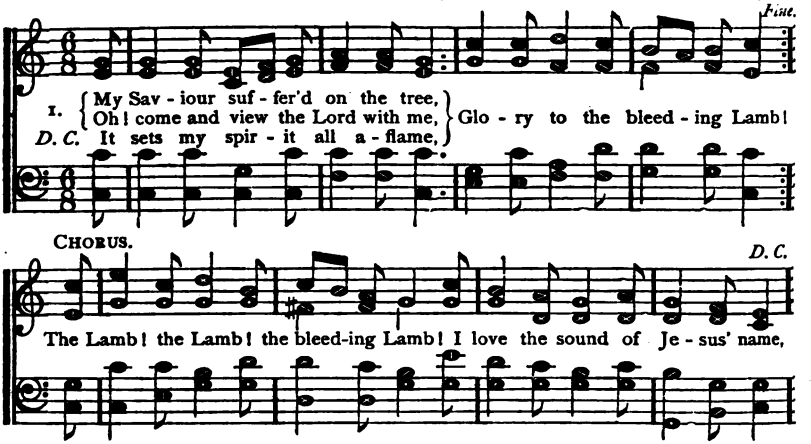
## 304 The Bleeding Lamb.

Arranged, W. J. K.


Fine.
1. My Sav - iour suf - fer'd on the tree, Oh! come and view the Lord with me, Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb!
D. C. It sets my spir - it all a - flame,
CHORUS.
D. C.
The Lamb! the Lamb! the bleed-ing Lamb! I love the sound of Je - sus' name,

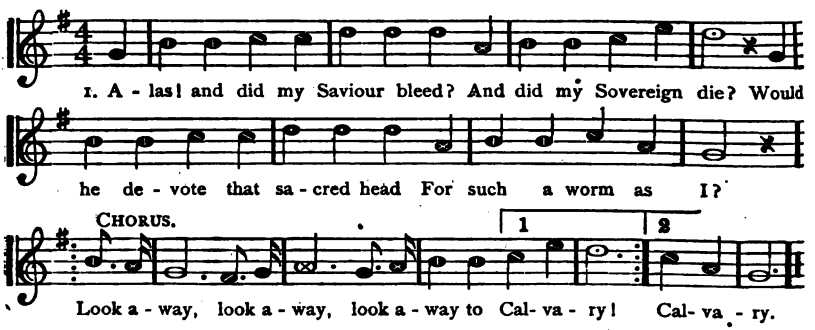
2 He bore my sins, and curse, and shame,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
And I am sav'd through Jesus' name,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

3 I know my sins are all forgiv'n,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
And I am on my way to heav'n,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

4 And when the storms of life are o'er,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

5 And this my ceaseless song shall be,—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb;—
That Jesus tasted death for me,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

## 305 Look away to Calvary.


1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would
he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
CHORUS.
1
2
Look a - way, look a - way, look a - way to Cal- va - ry! Cal- va - ry.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature,'s sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

*Second Chorus.*

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

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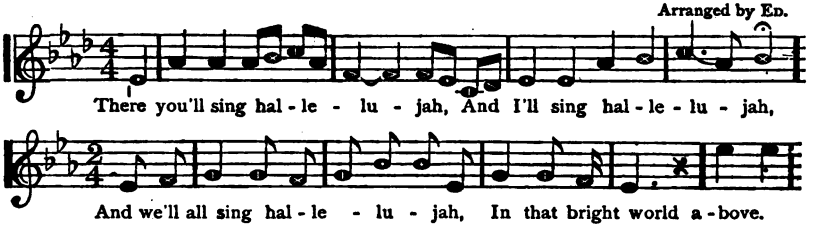
## 306 There You'll sing Hallelujah. C. M.

Arranged by Ed.

1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.

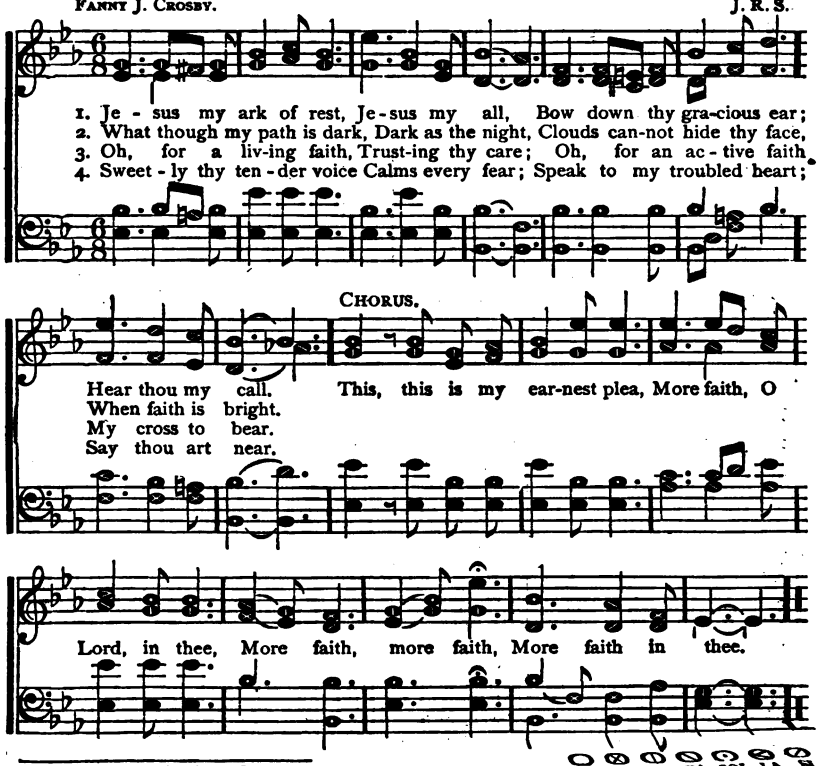
2 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!

4 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

## 307 More Faith in Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. J. R. S.


1. Je - sus my ark of rest, Je - sus my all, Bow down thy gra-cious ear;
2. What though my path is dark, Dark as the night, Clouds can-not hide thy face,
3. Oh, for a liv-ing faith, Trust-ing thy care; Oh, for an ac - tive faith,
4. Sweet - ly thy ten - der voice Calms every fear; Speak to my troubled heart;
Chorus.
Hear thou my call. This, this is my ear-nest plea, More faith, O
When faith is bright.
My cross to bear.
Say thou art near.
Lord, in thee, More faith, more faith, More faith in thee.
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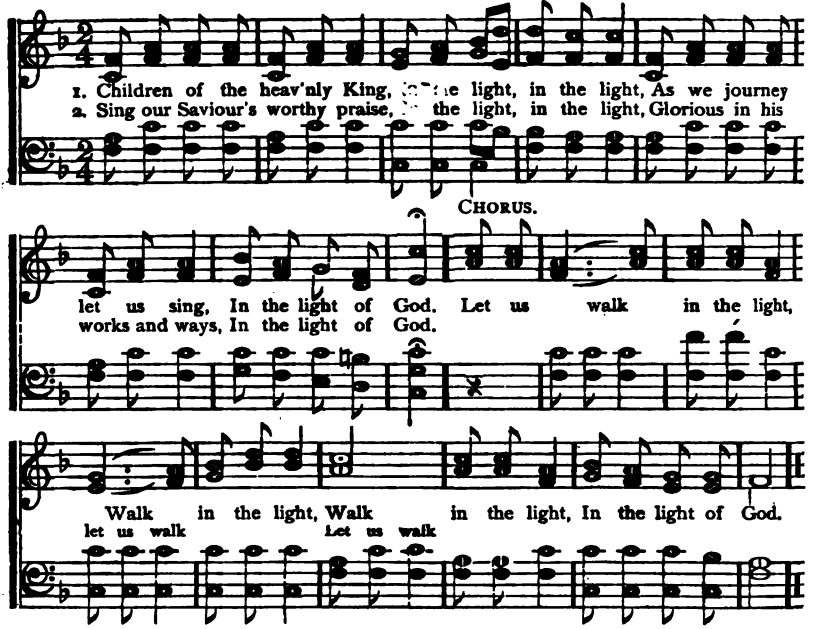
## 308 In the Light.

Arranged by Ed.

1. Children of the heav'nly King, In the light, in the light, As we journey
2. Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, In the light, in the light, Glorious in his
CHORUS.
let us sing, In the light of God. Let us walk in the light,
works and ways, In the light of God.
Walk in the light, Walk in the light, In the light of God.
let us walk
Let us walk

3 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;

4 They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

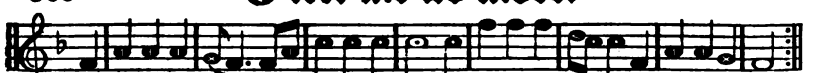
5 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;

6 There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

7 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:

8 Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

## 309 O tell me no more.



I'll drink when I'm dry, I'll drink a supply, I'll drink from the fountain That never runs dry.

1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er;
A country I've found
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined
On that happy ground.

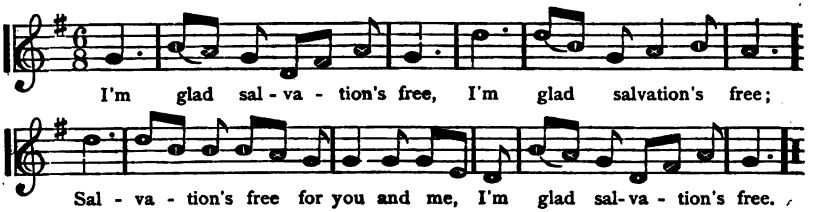
2 The souls that believe
In paradise live,
And me in that number
Will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay;
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour,
And bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,—
What light, strength, and com-
Go after him, go; [fort,—
Lo, onward I move
To a city above,
None guesses how wondrous
My journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell, and sin,
Midst outward afflictions
Shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me,
I cannot tell why:

5 But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory
And leave me behind:
So this is the race
I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted
To see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care
My neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them
Will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why,
And death will you lie,
When one here assures you
Free grace is so nigh?

## 310 I'm glad Salvation's Free.

1 I'M glad salvation's free,
And without price or cost,
For had it been for me to buy,
My soul must have been lost.

2 In this cold world below,
With none to care for me,
A pilgrim lone, without a home—
I'm glad salvation's free.

3 Once I was blind and lost,
Of sin and sorrow full;
But now I'm saved through Jesus' blood,
I feel it in my soul.

4 And now I'm on the way
To brighter worlds above;
I hope to triumph evermore
Through the Redeemer's love.

---

## 311 THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE. Same tune.

1 I LOVE to think of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are,
Where many a friend is gathered safe
From fear, and toil, and care.

*Chorus.*—There'll be no parting there,
There'll be no parting there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no parting there.

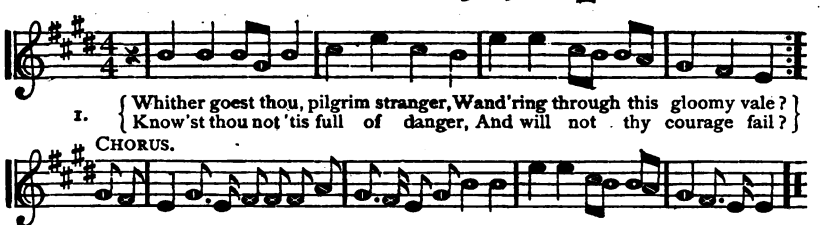
2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless, joyous strains.

3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home.
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all their joys are one.

4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.

5 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.

## 312 I am bound for the Kingdom.


1. Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger, Wand'ring through this gloomy vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger, And will not thy courage fail?
CHORUS.
I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!

2 Pilgrim thou hast justly called me,
Passing through the waste so wide,
But no harm will e'er befall me
While I'm blest with such a guide.

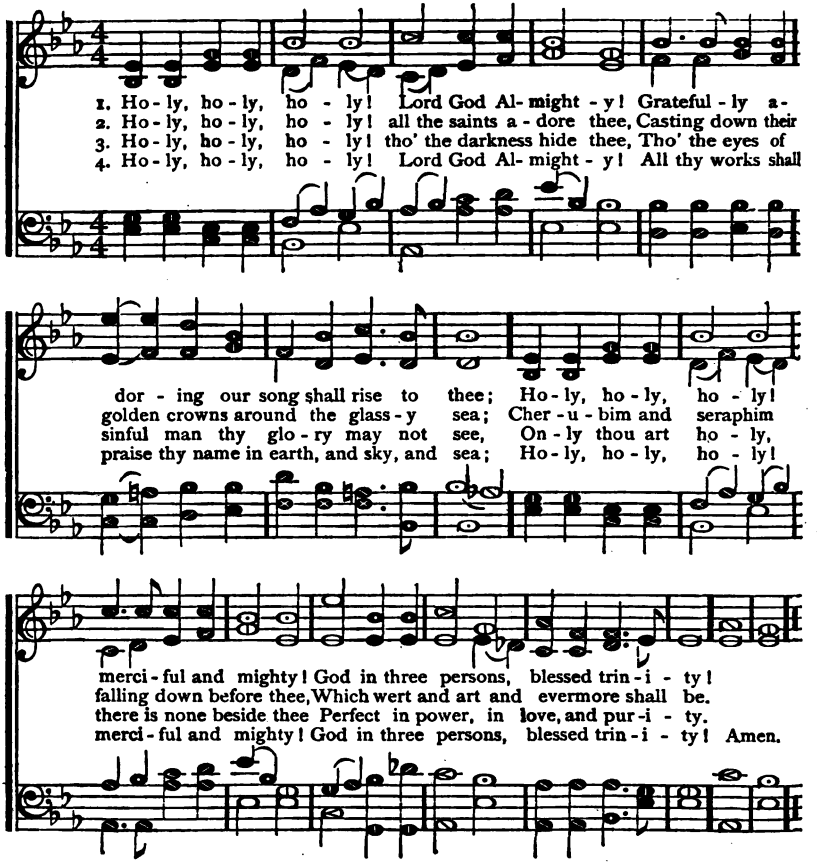
3 Such a guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.

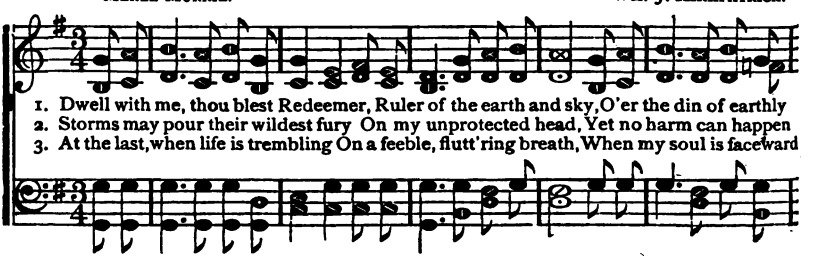
5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee
Would not then thy courage fail?

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend,
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.

## 313 Holy, holy, holy.

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al- might - y! Grateful - ly a-
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eyes of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al- might - y! All thy works shall
dor - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and seraphim
sinful man thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly thou art ho - ly,
praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
merci - ful and mighty! God in three persons, blessed trin - i - ty!
falling down before thee, Which wert and art and evermore shall be.
there is none beside thee Perfect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
merci - ful and mighty! God in three persons, blessed trin - i - ty! Amen.

## 314 Dwell with Me.

"MERLE MURRIE." WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Dwell with me, thou blest Redeemer, Ruler of the earth and sky, O'er the din of earthly
2. Storms may pour their wildest fury On my unprotected head, Yet no harm can happen
3. At the last, when life is trembling On a feeble, flutt'ring breath, When my soul is faceward

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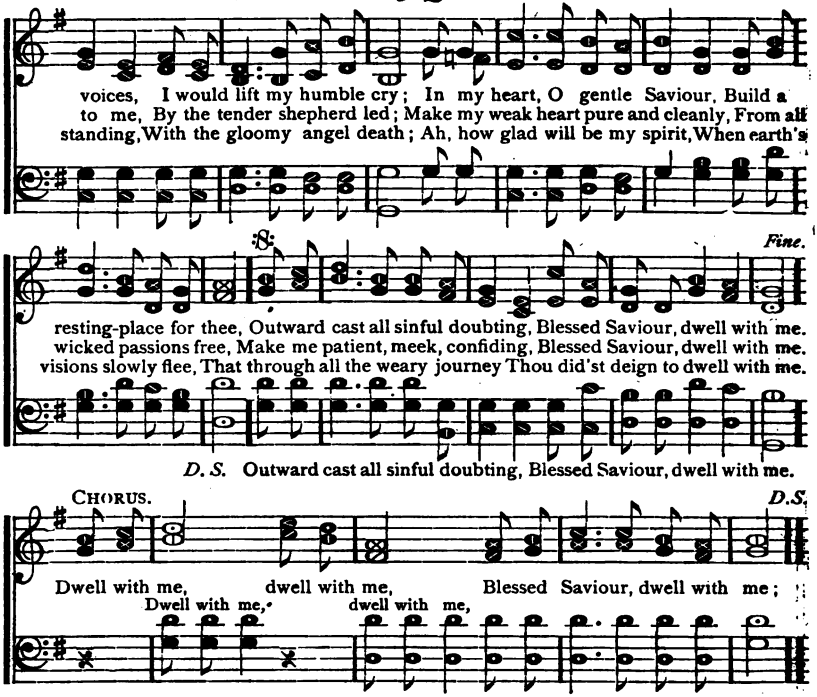
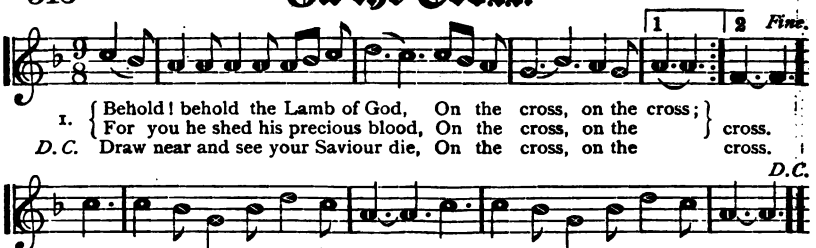
## Dwell with Me.—CONCLUDED.


voices, I would lift my humble cry; In my heart, O gentle Saviour, Build a
to me, By the tender shepherd led; Make my weak heart pure and cleanly, From all
standing, With the gloomy angel death; Ah, how glad will be my spirit, When earth's
Fine.
resting-place for thee, Outward cast all sinful doubting, Blessed Saviour, dwell with me.
wicked passions free, Make me patient, meek, confiding, Blessed Saviour, dwell with me.
visions slowly flee, That through all the weary journey Thou did'st deign to dwell with me.
D. S. Outward cast all sinful doubting, Blessed Saviour, dwell with me.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Dwell with me, dwell with me, Blessed Saviour, dwell with me;
Dwell with me, dwell with me,

## 315 On the Cross.

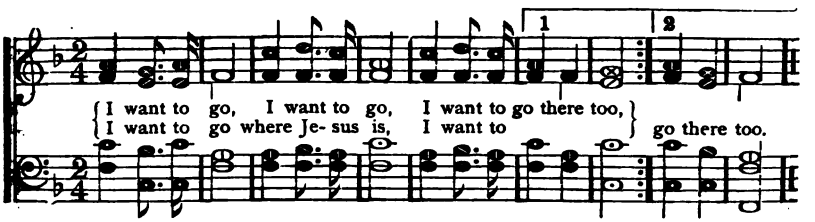

1
2
Fine.
1. { Behold! behold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross; }
{ For you he shed his precious blood, On the cross, on the } cross.
D. C. Draw near and see your Saviour die, On the cross, on the cross.
D.C.
Now hear his ag - o - niz - ing cry, "E - loi lama sabac - tha - ni:"

2 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"'Tis finished," now the conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross.

3 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross;
The battle fought the victory won,
On the cross, on the cross.
The rocks do rend the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story,
Of the cross, of the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

316 **I want to go there too.** Arr. by Ed.




1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

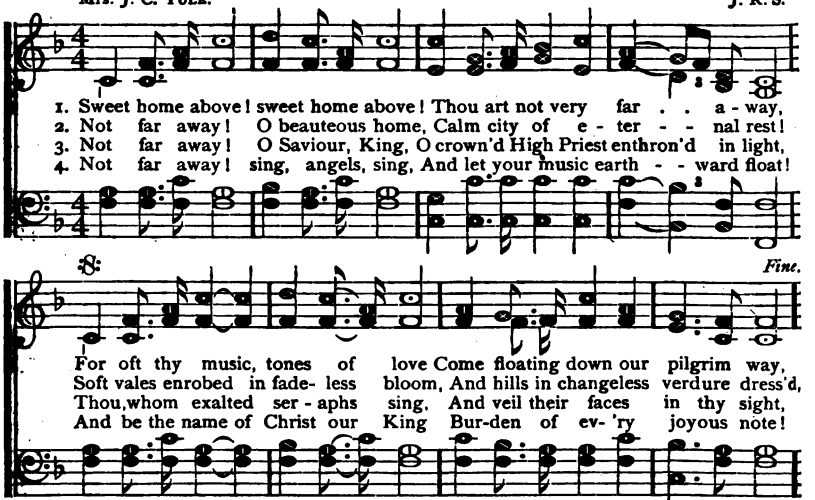
2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

317 **Not far away.**

Mrs. J. C. Yule. J. R. S.


1. Sweet home above! sweet home above! Thou art not very far . . a - way,
2. Not far away! O beauteous home, Calm city of e - ter - - nal rest!
3. Not far away! O Saviour, King, O crown'd High Priest enthron'd in light,
4. Not far away! sing, angels, sing, And let your music earth - - ward float!
Fine.
For oft thy music, tones of love Come floating down our pilgrim way,
Soft vales enrobed in fade- less bloom, And hills in changeless verdure dress'd,
Thou, whom exalted ser - aphs sing, And veil their faces in thy sight,
And be the name of Christ our King Bur-den of ev- 'ry joyous note!
D. S. Sweet home above! sweet home a-bove! Thou art not ver - y far a - way.
D.S.
So sweet, we list, entranced, to hear Thy heav'nly mel - o - dies so near!
Ef - fui-gent gates of endless day, Thank God, ye are not far a - way!
Earth's midnight kindles in - to day, While thou art seen not far a - way!
Thank God, we're nearing, day by day, Your home and ours, not far a - way!

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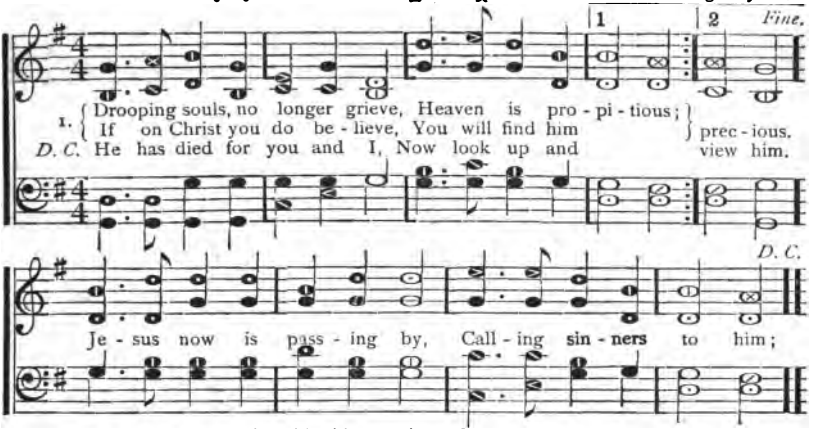
## 318 Heaven is Propitious.

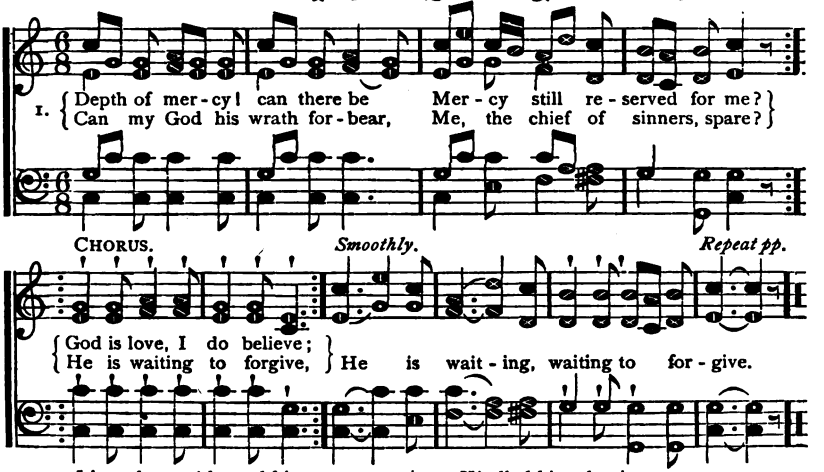
Arranged by Ed.

1
2
Fine.
1. { Drooping souls, no longer grieve, Heaven is pro - pi - tious; }
{ If on Christ you do be - lieve, You will find him } prec - ious.
D. C. He has died for you and I, Now look up and view him.
D. C.
Je - sus now is pass - ing by, Call - ing sin - ners to him;

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Flows a healing fountain;
See the consolation tide,
Boundless as the ocean.
See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know, I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory! glory! glory!

## 319 Depth of Mercy.

J. Stevenson.


1. { Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me? }
{ Can my God his wrath for - bear, Me, the chief of sinners, spare? }
Chorus.
Smoothly.
Repeat pp.
{ God is love, I do believe; }
{ He is waiting to forgive, } He is wait - ing, waiting to for - give.

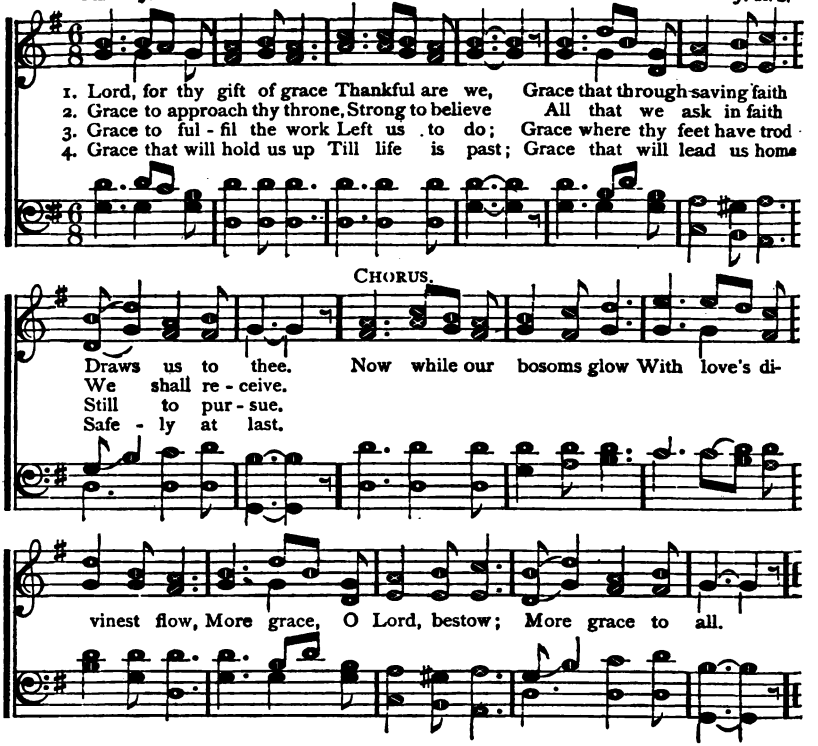
2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

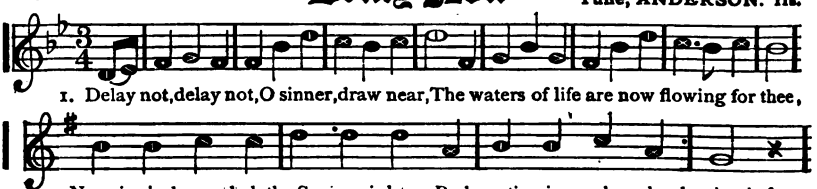
5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

## 320 More Grace to All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. R. S.

1. Lord, for thy gift of grace Thankful are we, Grace that through saving faith
2. Grace to approach thy throne, Strong to believe All that we ask in faith
3. Grace to ful - fil the work Left us to do; Grace where thy feet have trod
4. Grace that will hold us up Till life is past; Grace that will lead us home
CHORUS.
Draws us to thee. Now while our bosoms glow With love's di-
We shall re - ceive.
Still to pur - sue.
Safe - ly at last.
vinest flow, More grace, O Lord, bestow; More grace to all.

## 321 Delay Not.

Tune, ANDERSON. 11s.


1. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near, The waters of life are now flowing for thee,
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here, Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vail of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee [its aid!

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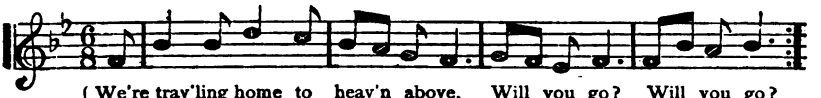
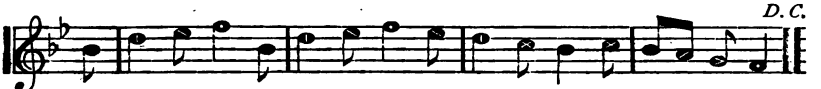
## 322 Will You Go?

1. { We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will you go? Will you go?
   { To sing the Saviour's dy - ing love; Will you go? Will you go?
*D. C.* And millions more are on the road, Will you go? Will you go?

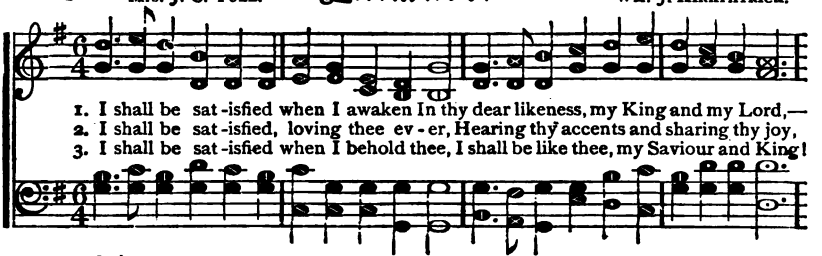
*D. C.*

Millions have reach'd that blest abode, Anoint - ed Kings and priests to God;

2 We're going to walk the plains of light;
Will you go?
Far, far from the curse of death and night;
Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
Will you go?

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain;
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up your cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see;"
Will you go?

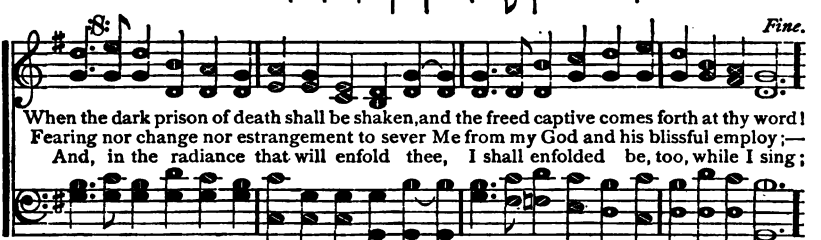
## 323 Satisfied.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. I shall be sat-isfied when I awaken In thy dear likeness, my King and my Lord,—
2. I shall be sat-isfied, loving thee ev-er, Hearing thy accents and sharing thy joy,
3. I shall be sat-isfied when I behold thee, I shall be like thee, my Saviour and King!

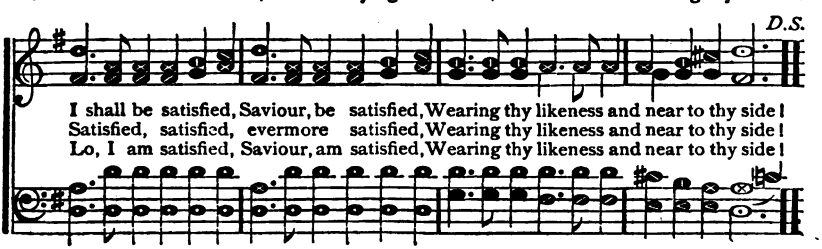
*Fine.*



When the dark prison of death shall be shaken, and the freed captive comes forth at thy word!
Fearing nor change nor estrangement to sever Me from my God and his blissful employ;—
And, in the radiance that will enfold thee, I shall enfolded be, too, while I sing;

*D. S.* Sinless and sorrowless, robed in thy righteousness, What can I ask for in glory beside?

*D.S.*



I shall be satisfied, Saviour, be satisfied, Wearing thy likeness and near to thy side!
Satisfied, satisfied, evermore satisfied, Wearing thy likeness and near to thy side!
Lo, I am satisfied, Saviour, am satisfied, Wearing thy likeness and near to thy side!

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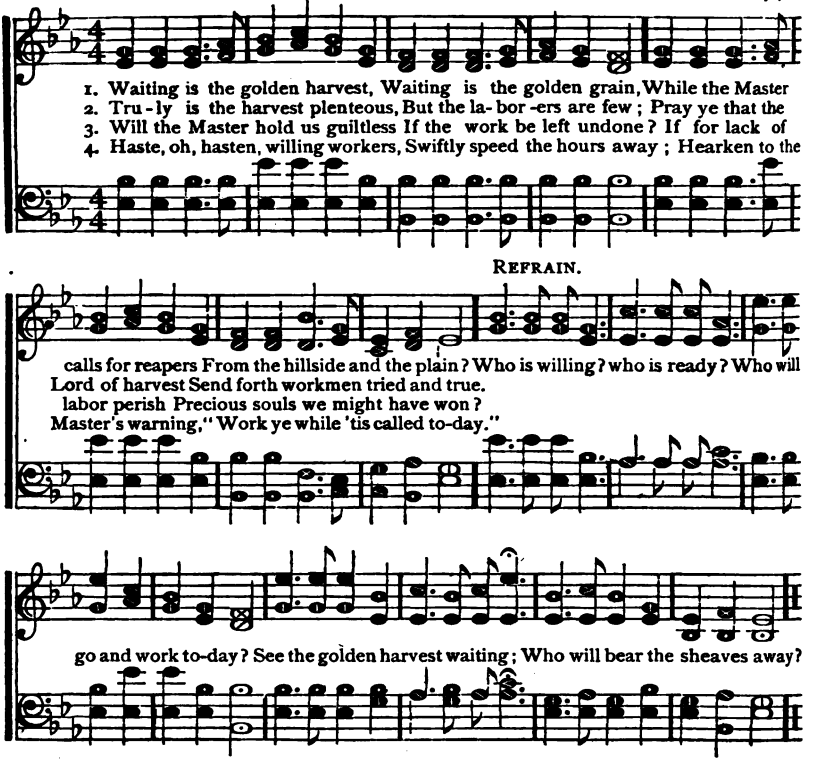
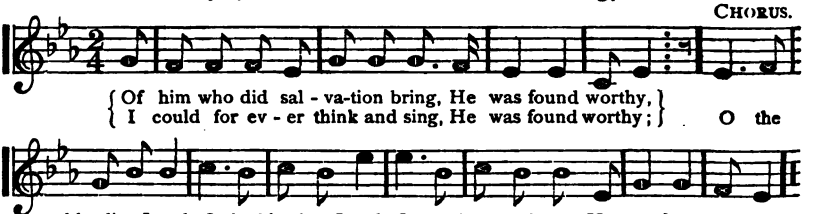
## 324 The Golden Harvest.

ANNIE CUMMINGS. WM. W. BENTLEY. By per.

1. Waiting is the golden harvest, Waiting is the golden grain, While the Master
2. Tru-ly is the harvest plenteous, But the la-bor-ers are few; Pray ye that the
3. Will the Master hold us guiltless If the work be left undone? If for lack of
4. Haste, oh, hasten, willing workers, Swiftly speed the hours away; Hearken to the
REFRAIN.
calls for reapers From the hillside and the plain? Who is willing? who is ready? Who will
Lord of harvest Send forth workmen tried and true.
labor perish Precious souls we might have won?
Master's warning, "Work ye while 'tis called to-day."
go and work to-day? See the golden harvest waiting; Who will bear the sheaves away?

## 325 He was found Worthy.

L. M.

CHORUS.


{Of him who did sal-va-tion bring, He was found worthy,
I could for ev-er think and sing, He was found worthy;} O the
bleeding Lamb, O the bleeding Lamb, O the bleeding Lamb, He was found worthy.

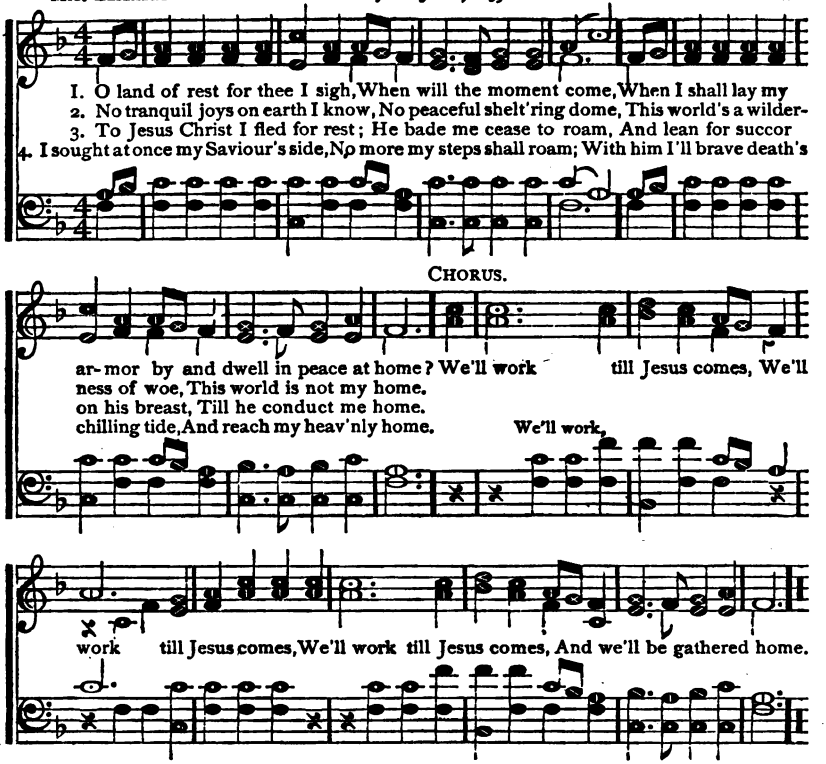
1 OF him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

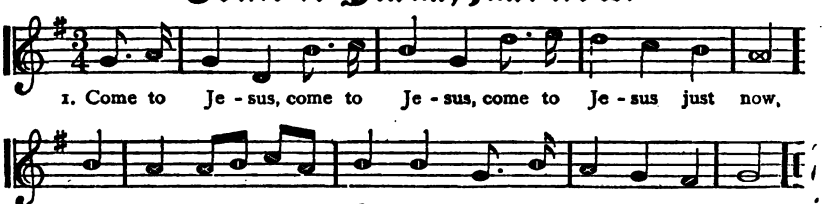
3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God·
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

## 326 ✓ We'll Work till Jesus comes.

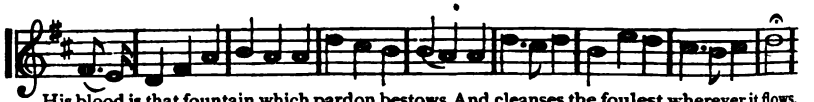
Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Arr. by W. J. K., 1859. Dr. Wm. Miller.

I. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall lay my
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome, This world's a wilder-
3. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for succor
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam; With him I'll brave death's
Chorus.
ar-mor by and dwell in peace at home? We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll
ness of woe, This world is not my home.
on his breast, Till he conduct me home.
chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.
We'll work,
work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

## 327 Come to Jesus, just now.

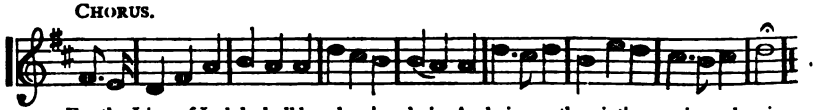



2 He will save you, just now.
3 Oh, believe, him, just now.
4 He is able, just now.
5 He is willing, just now.
6 He'll receive you, just now.
7 Flee to Jesus, just now.
8 Call unto him, just now.
9 He will hear you, just now.
10 He'll have mercy, just now.
11 He'll forgive you just now.
12 He will cleanse you just now.
13 He'll renew you, just now.
14 He will clothe you, just now.
15 Jesus loves you just now.

## 328 The Lion of Judah.

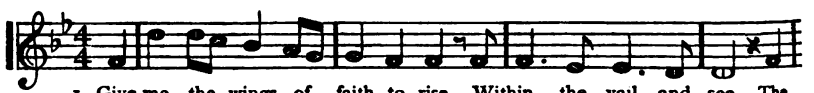
1. 'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree, To open a fountain for sinners like me;
2. And when I was willing with all things to part, He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart;
3. And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head, From fountain to fountain, I then shall be led;
4. Come, sinners to Jesus, no longer delay, A full, free salvation he offers to-day;

His blood is that fountain which pardon bestows, And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.
So now I am joined with the conquering band, Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.
I'll fall at his feet and his mercy adore, And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.
Arouse your dark spirits, awake from your dream, And Christ will support you in coming to him.

CHORUS.

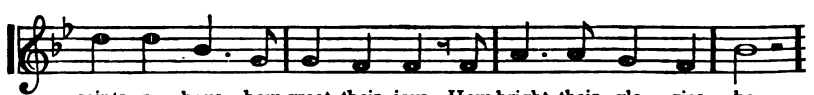


For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry again and again.

## 329 Give me the Wings of Faith.

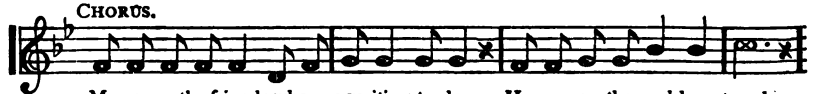


1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the vail and see The
2. Once they were mourners here below, And poured out cries and tears; They
3. I ask them whence their victory came: They, with u - nit - ed breath, As-

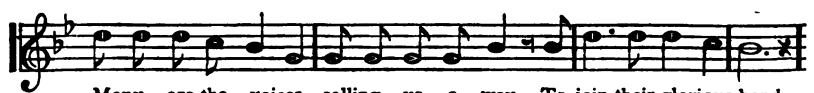


saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
cribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their triumph to his death.

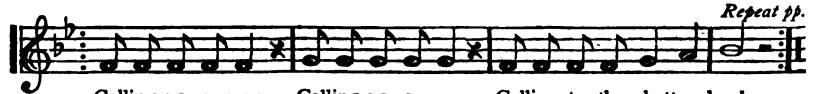
CHORUS.



Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand,

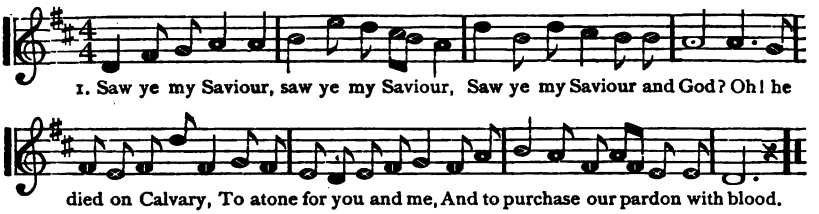


Many are the voices calling us a - way, To join their glorious band,

*Repeat pp.*

Calling us a - way, Calling us a - way, Calling to the better land.

## 330 Saw ye my Saviour?

SCOTCH MELODY.


1. Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour, Saw ye my Saviour and God? Oh! he
died on Calvary, To atone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.

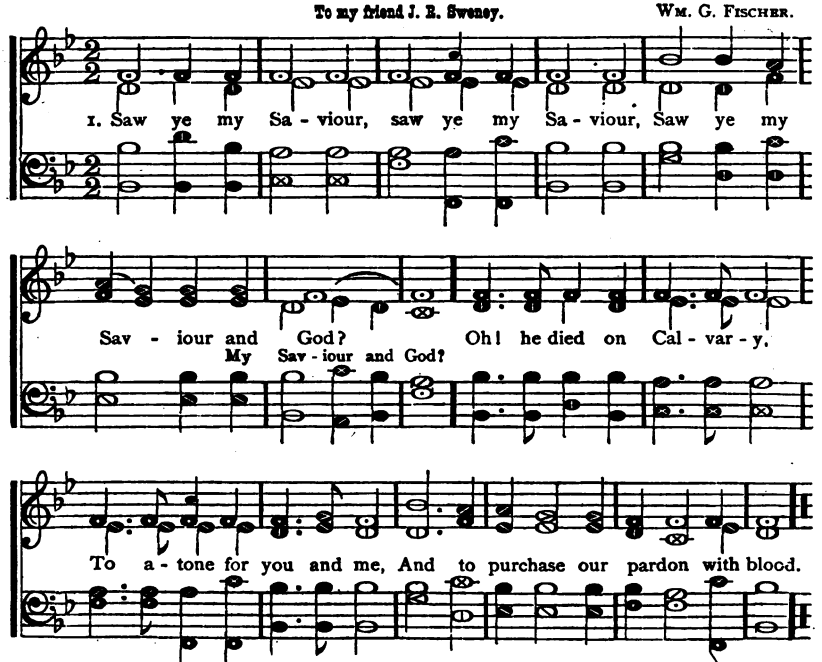
2 He was extended, he was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross;
to the cross;
Here he bowed his head and died;
Thus my Lord was crucified
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!
Prince, and the Author of peace!
the Author of peace!
Oh! he bursts the bars of death!
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to the mansions of bliss.

4 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live;
that sinners may live;
Crying, "Father, I have died;
Oh, behold my hands and side!
Oh, forgive them! I pray thee forgive!"

5 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them
When they repent and believe;
and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to thee,
And salvation they all shall receive."

## 331 Saw ye my Saviour?

To my friend J. R. Sweney. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Saw ye my Sa - viour, saw ye my Sa - viour, Saw ye my
Sav - iour and God? Oh! he died on Cal - var - y.
My Sav - iour and God?
To a - tone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.

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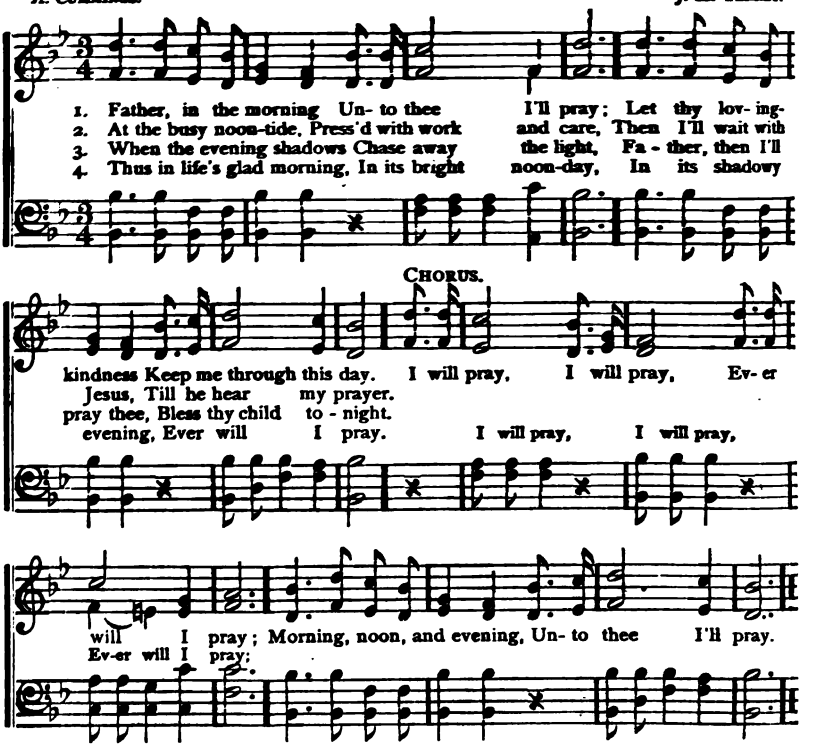
## 332 Ever will I Pray.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray."—Psa. lv. 17.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Father, in the morning Un- to thee I'll pray; Let thy lov- ing-
2. At the busy noon-tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with
3. When the evening shadows Chase away the light, Fa - ther, then I'll
4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon-day, In its shadowy
CHORUS.
kindness Keep me through this day. I will pray, I will pray, Ev- er
Jesus, Till he hear my prayer.
pray thee, Bless thy child to - night.
evening, Ever will I pray. I will pray, I will pray,
will I pray; Morning, noon, and evening, Un- to thee I'll pray.
Ev-er will I pray;

*From* "The Shining Light," *by per.*

## 333 REVIVE THY WORK.

1 REVIVE thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.

*Chorus.*—Revive thy work, revive thy work,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing shall be ours.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

4 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Exalt thy precious name;
And by the Holy Ghost, our love
*For thee* and thine inflame.

## 334 PRECIOUS FLOW.

1 WHAT subdued and conquered me?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What first set my spirit free?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Chorus.*—O precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 What has sanctified my soul?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What has made my spirit whole?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 What now saves me from all sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What now keeps me pure within?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 O what joy now fills my soul!
Glory be to Jesus;
O how sweet the Lord's control!
Glory be to Jesus.

CHESTER E. POOR.

THE

# ARK OF PRAISE:

CONTAINING

## SACRED SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR THE

## Sabbath-School, Prayer Meeting, Etc.

EDITED BY

JNO. R. SWENEY & WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Philadelphia:

JOHN J. HOOD,

*1018 Arch Street.*

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*Quartet—T* 289

# PREFACE.

THIS being a companion work to our former efforts, THE GARNER and THE QUIVER, is of a similar character. Like care as before has been exercised in the selection of such pieces only as are likely to prove valuable in the Sabbath-School or Prayer Meeting. For two reasons we have avoided as much as possible the use of hymns already found in the above mentioned works, first, our friends who expect from us a *new* music book each year do not wish to invest in the purchase of pieces with which they are already supplied and are familiar; second, it is the publisher's intention to bind the three works in one volume, and we wished to avoid duplicates in that form of issue.

The entire contents of The Ark may not, strictly speaking, come under the division of Praise hymns; yet, as the presentation of evangelical truths, in whatever relation, is to the glory of God, so all hymns relating to our salvation may be used in praise. Such pieces occupy a large space in our collection.

Having completed the labors of another year, we now dedicate them to the use of Sabbath-schools and churches everywhere, with the prayer that the ARK OF PRAISE may prove an Ark of Blessing to all with whom it may find a lodging place.

JOHN R. SWENEY.
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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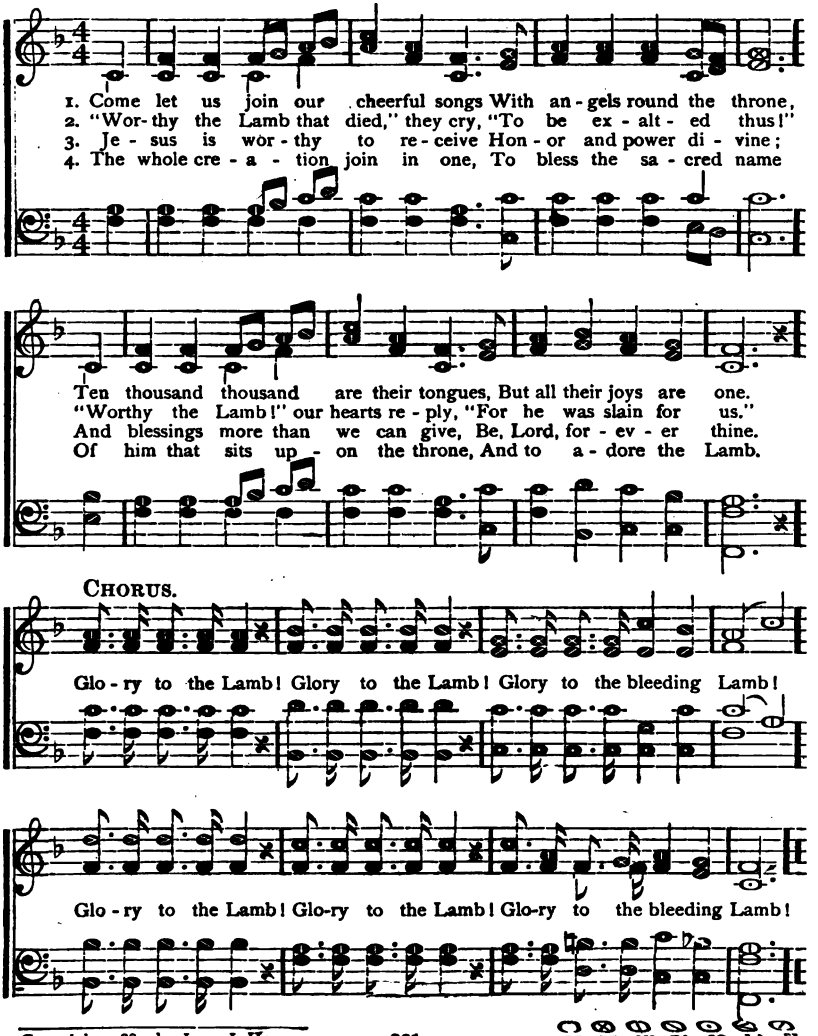
# THE ARK OF PRAISE.

335 ISAAC WATTS.

## Glory to the Lamb.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come let us join our cheerful songs With an - gels round the throne,
2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!"
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and power di - vine;
4. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts re - ply, "For he was slain for us."
And blessings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er thine.
Of him that sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
Glo - ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb!

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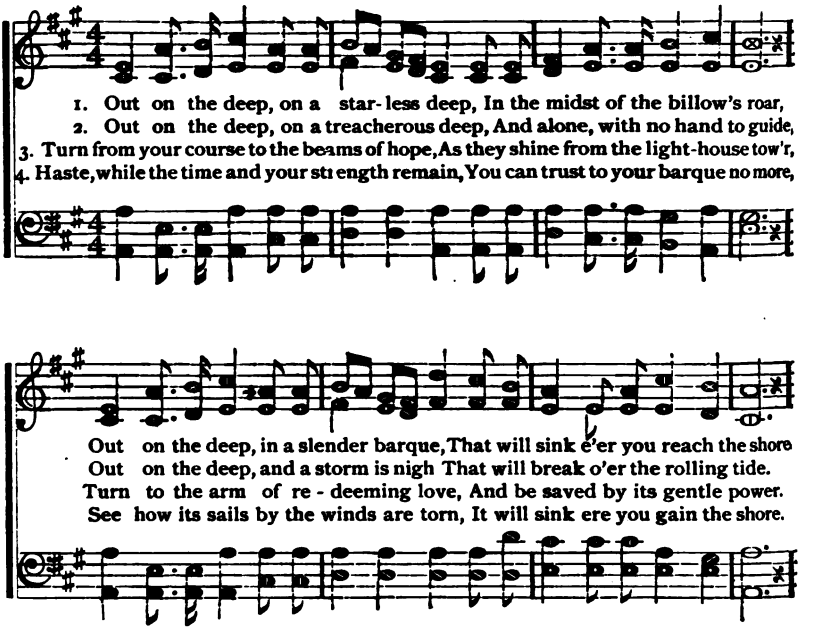
# 336 Speed to the Life-boat.

F. J. C. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Out on the deep, on a star-less deep, In the midst of the billow's roar,
2. Out on the deep, on a treacherous deep, And alone, with no hand to guide,
3. Turn from your course to the beams of hope, As they shine from the light-house tow'r,
4. Haste, while the time and your strength remain, You can trust to your barque no more,
Out on the deep, in a slender barque, That will sink e'er you reach the shore
Out on the deep, and a storm is nigh That will break o'er the rolling tide.
Turn to the arm of re-deeming love, And be saved by its gentle power.
See how its sails by the winds are torn, It will sink ere you gain the shore.
CHORUS.
Speed to the life-boat! quick, to the life-boat! List, while warning voices call;
List, oh, list, while warning voices call;
Speed to the life-boat! quick, to the life-boat! Come, there is room for all.

...wright, 1882, by JOHN J. HOOD.



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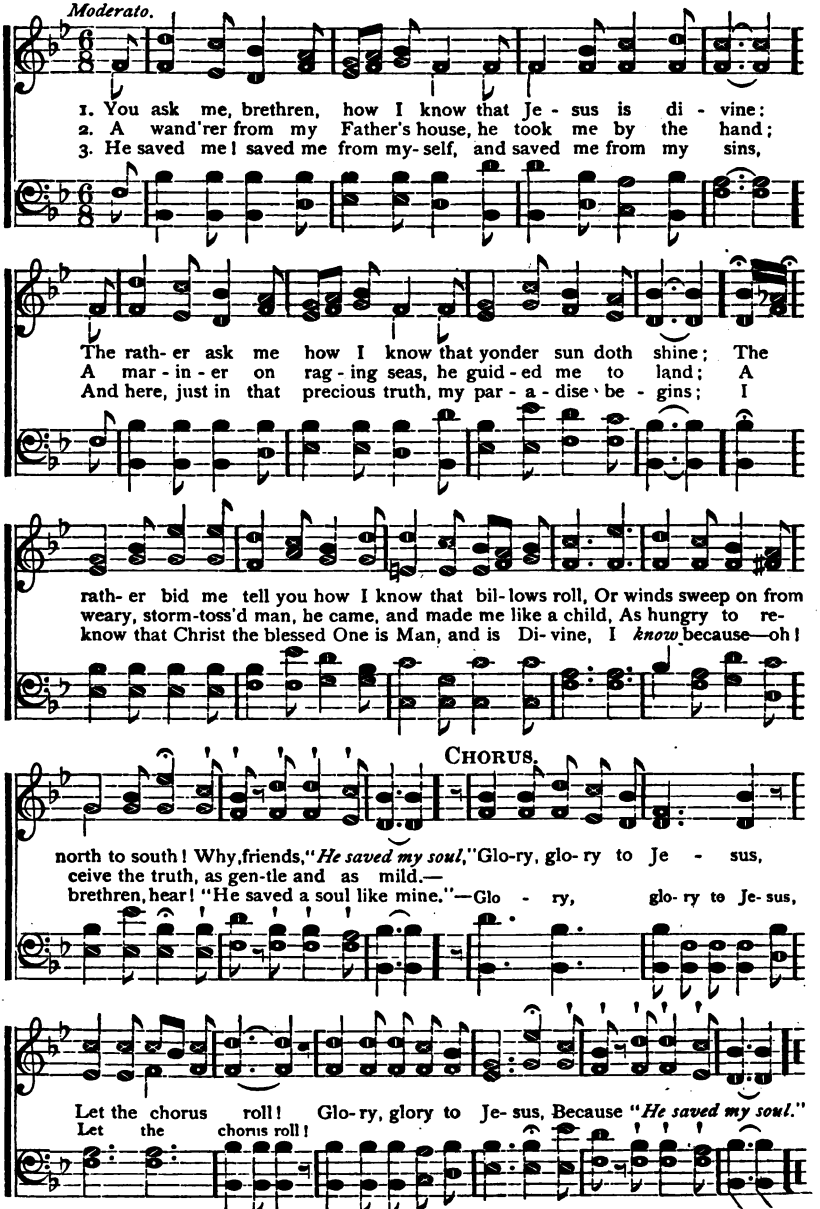
337

# He Saved My Soul.

Mrs. E. M. Sangster. T. C. O'Kane.

*Moderato.*


1. You ask me, brethren, how I know that Je - sus is di - vine:
2. A wand'rer from my Father's house, he took me by the hand;
3. He saved me! saved me from my-self, and saved me from my sins,
The rath- er ask me how I know that yonder sun doth shine; The
A mar - in - er on rag - ing seas, he guid - ed me to land; A
And here, just in that precious truth, my par - a - dise be - gins; I
rath- er bid me tell you how I know that bil- lows roll, Or winds sweep on from
weary, storm-toss'd man, he came, and made me like a child, As hungry to re-
know that Christ the blessed One is Man, and is Di- vine, I *know* because—oh!
CHORUS.
north to south! Why, friends, "*He saved my soul,*" Glo-ry, glo- ry to Je - sus,
ceive the truth, as gen-tle and as mild.—
brethren, hear! "He saved a soul like mine."—Glo - ry, glo- ry to Je- sus,
Let the chorus roll! Glo-ry, glory to Je- sus, Because "*He saved my soul.*"
Let the chorus roll!

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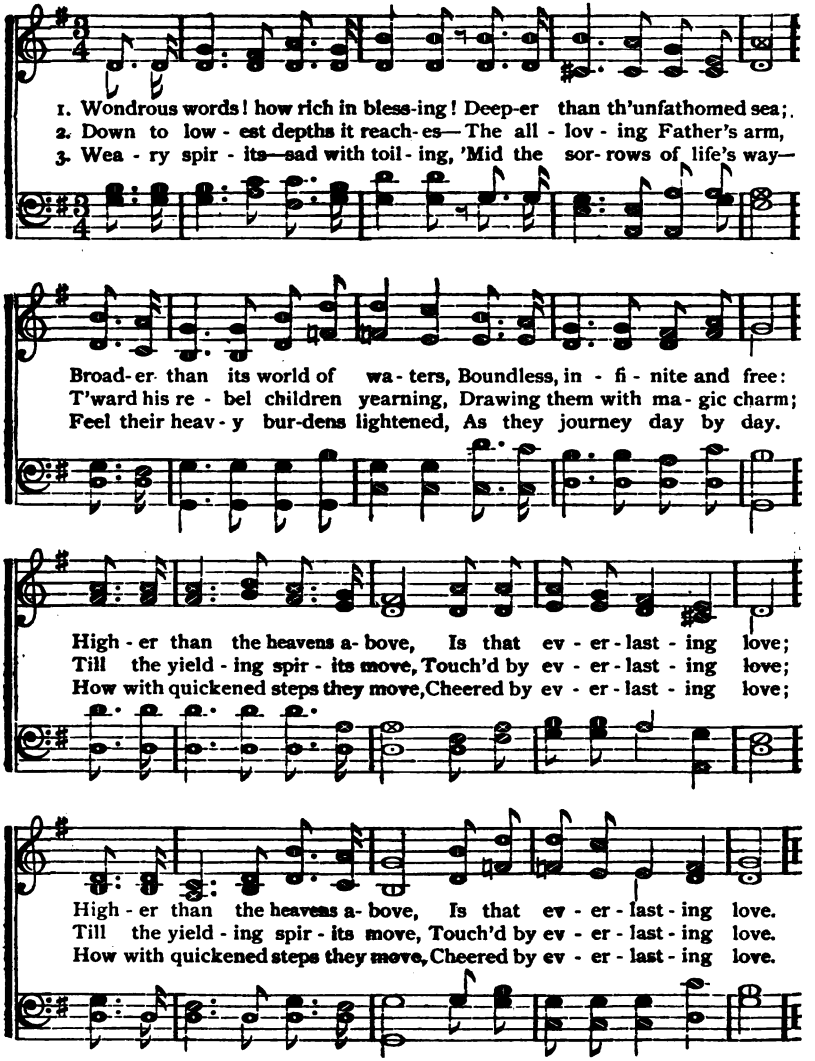
By *permission.*

# Everlasting Love.

Mrs. Mary D. James. Jer. xxxi. 3. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Wondrous words! how rich in bless-ing! Deep-er than th'unfathomed sea;
2. Down to low - est depths it reach-es—The all - lov - ing Father's arm,
3. Wea - ry spir - its—sad with toil - ing, 'Mid the sor- rows of life's way—
Broad-er than its world of wa - ters, Boundless, in - fi - nite and free:
T'ward his re - bel children yearning, Drawing them with ma - gic charm;
Feel their heav - y bur-dens lightened, As they journey day by day.
High - er than the heavens a- bove, Is that ev - er - last - ing love;
Till the yield - ing spir - its move, Touch'd by ev - er - last - ing love;
How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by ev - er - last - ing love;
High - er than the heavens a- bove, Is that ev - er - last - ing love.
Till the yield - ing spir - its move, Touch'd by ev - er - last - ing love.
How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by ev - er - last - ing love.

4 I have set thee as a signet,
Graven on my hands thy name;
Lo, I still am with thee always,
Evermore thy Friend—the same;
‖: Never changing—thou wilt prove
Mine is everlasting love. :‖

5 In my house of many mansions
I've prepared a place for thee,
Where are no dark clouds or tempests,
Where I am, there thou shalt be—
‖: All the untold bliss to prove,
Of my everlasting love. :‖

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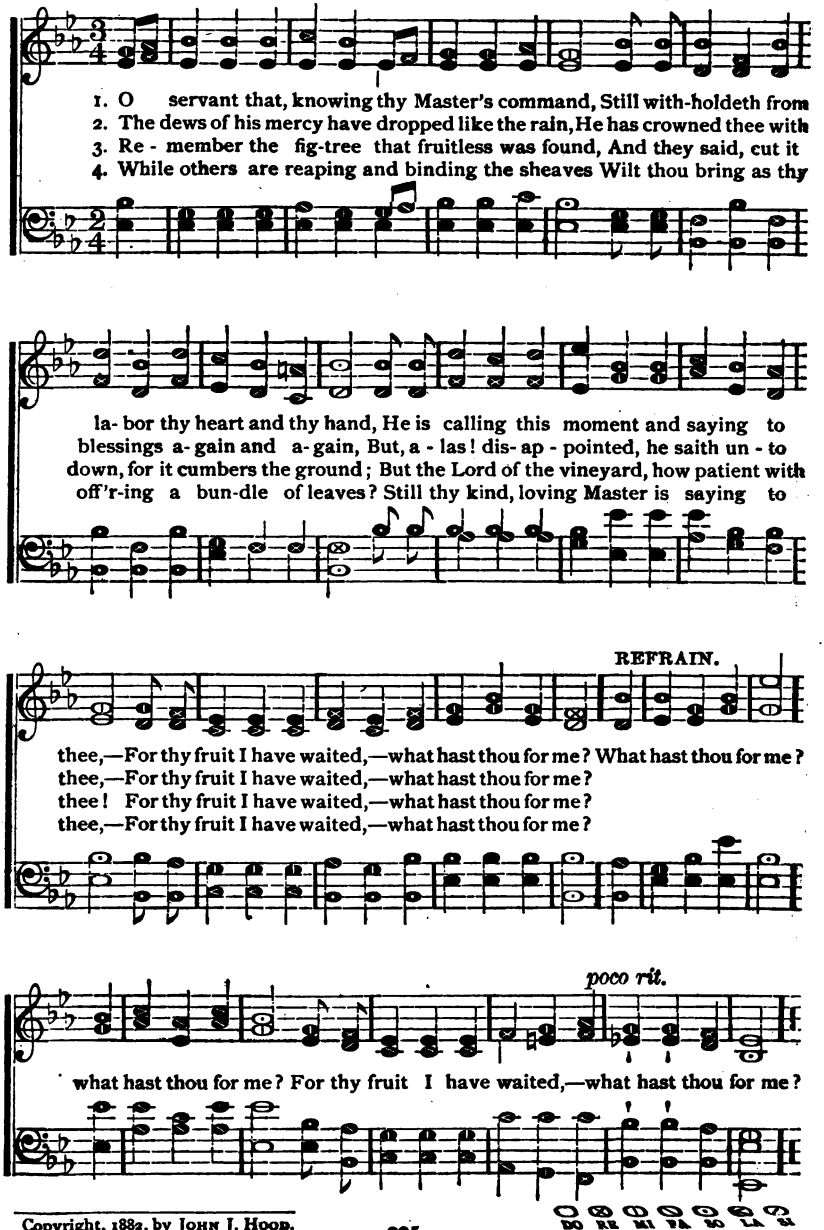
339

# What hast Thou for Me?

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. O servant that, knowing thy Master's command, Still with-holdeth from
2. The dews of his mercy have dropped like the rain, He has crowned thee with
3. Re - member the fig-tree that fruitless was found, And they said, cut it
4. While others are reaping and binding the sheaves Wilt thou bring as thy
la- bor thy heart and thy hand, He is calling this moment and saying to
blessings a- gain and a- gain, But, a - las! dis- ap - pointed, he saith un - to
down, for it cumbers the ground; But the Lord of the vineyard, how patient with
off'r-ing a bun-dle of leaves? Still thy kind, loving Master is saying to
REFRAIN.
thee,—For thy fruit I have waited,—what hast thou for me? What hast thou for me?
thee,—For thy fruit I have waited,—what hast thou for me?
thee! For thy fruit I have waited,—what hast thou for me?
thee,—For thy fruit I have waited,—what hast thou for me?
poco rit.
what hast thou for me? For thy fruit I have waited,—what hast thou for me?

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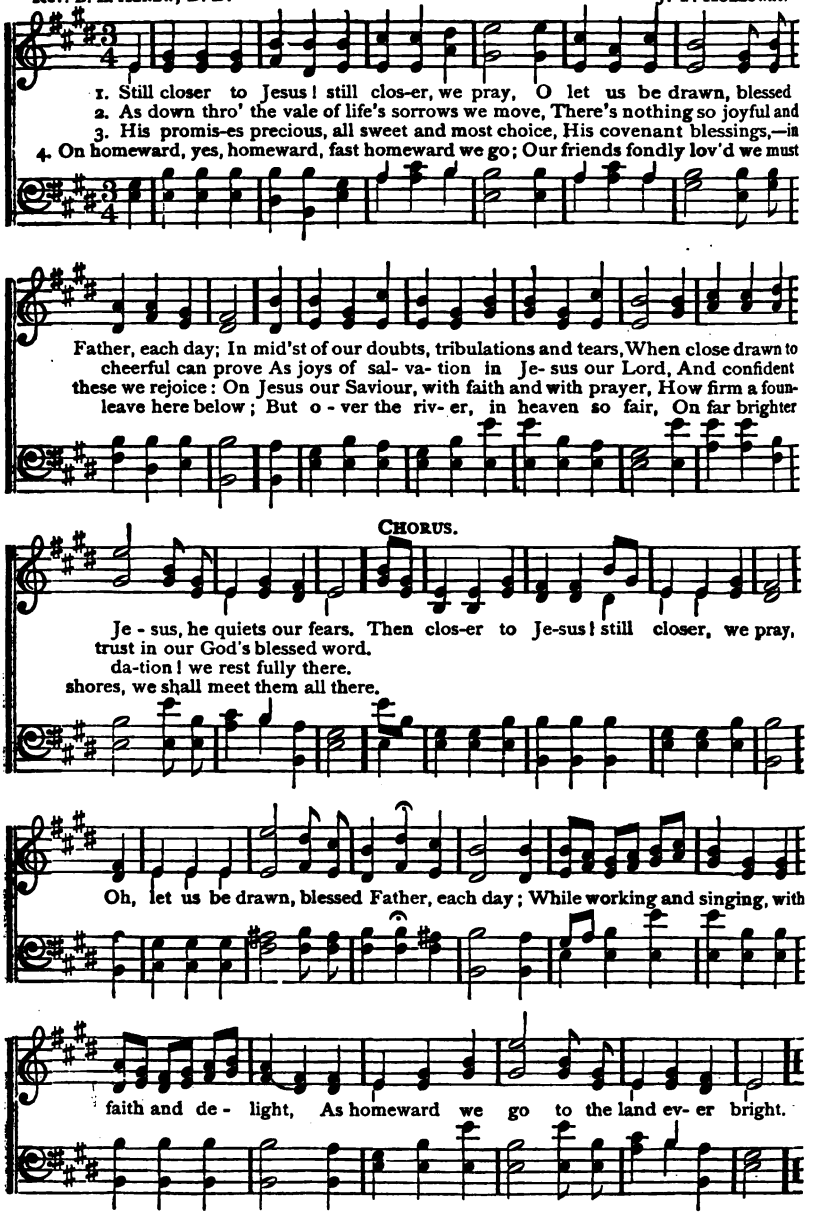
# Still Closer to Jesus.

Rev. B. L. Agnew, D. D. J. T. Holloway.

1. Still closer to Jesus! still clos-er, we pray, O let us be drawn, blessed
2. As down thro' the vale of life's sorrows we move, There's nothing so joyful and
3. His promis-es precious, all sweet and most choice, His covenant blessings,—in
4. On homeward, yes, homeward, fast homeward we go; Our friends fondly lov'd we must
Father, each day; In mid'st of our doubts, tribulations and tears, When close drawn to
cheerful can prove As joys of sal- va- tion in Je- sus our Lord, And confident
these we rejoice: On Jesus our Saviour, with faith and with prayer, How firm a foun-
leave here below; But o - ver the riv- er, in heaven so fair, On far brighter
Chorus.
Je - sus, he quiets our fears. Then clos-er to Je-sus! still closer, we pray,
trust in our God's blessed word.
da-tion! we rest fully there.
shores, we shall meet them all there.
Oh, let us be drawn, blessed Father, each day; While working and singing, with
faith and de - light, As homeward we go to the land ev- er bright.

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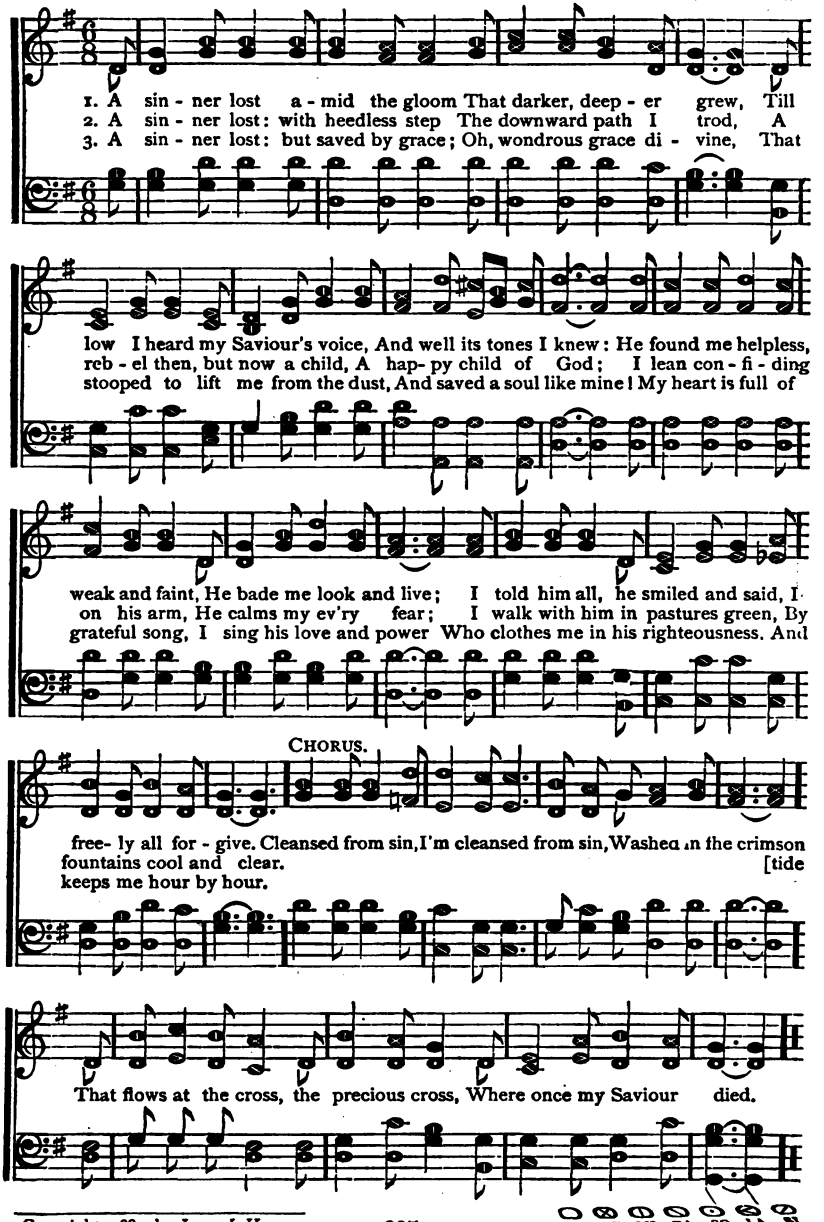
# Cleansed from Sin.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. WM. M. MORRIS.

1. A sin - ner lost a - mid the gloom That darker, deep - er grew, Till
2. A sin - ner lost: with heedless step The downward path I trod, A
3. A sin - ner lost: but saved by grace; Oh, wondrous grace di - vine, That
low I heard my Saviour's voice, And well its tones I knew: He found me helpless,
reb - el then, but now a child, A hap- py child of God; I lean con - fi - ding
stooped to lift me from the dust, And saved a soul like mine! My heart is full of
weak and faint, He bade me look and live; I told him all, he smiled and said, I
on his arm, He calms my ev'ry fear; I walk with him in pastures green, By
grateful song, I sing his love and power Who clothes me in his righteousness. And
CHORUS.
free- ly all for - give. Cleansed from sin, I'm cleansed from sin, Washed in the crimson
fountains cool and clear. [tide
keeps me hour by hour.
That flows at the cross, the precious cross, Where once my Saviour died.

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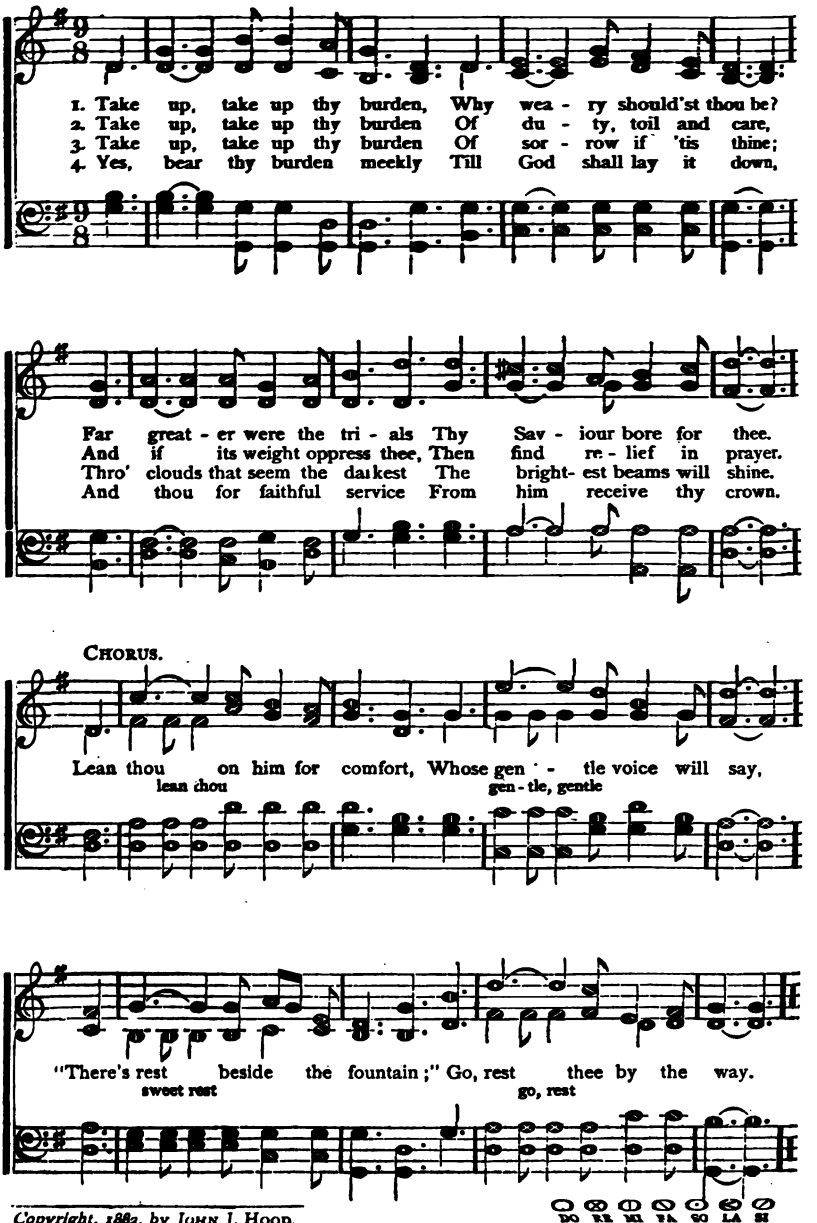
# Rest Thee by the Way.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take up, take up thy burden, Why wea - ry should'st thou be?
2. Take up, take up thy burden Of du - ty, toil and care,
3. Take up, take up thy burden Of sor - row if 'tis thine;
4. Yes, bear thy burden meekly Till God shall lay it down,
Far great - er were the tri - als Thy Sav - iour bore for thee.
And if its weight oppress thee, Then find re - lief in prayer.
Thro' clouds that seem the darkest The bright- est beams will shine.
And thou for faithful service From him receive thy crown.
CHORUS.
Lean thou on him for comfort, Whose gen - tle voice will say,
lean thou
gen - tle, gentle
"There's rest beside the fountain;" Go, rest thee by the way.
sweet rest
go, rest

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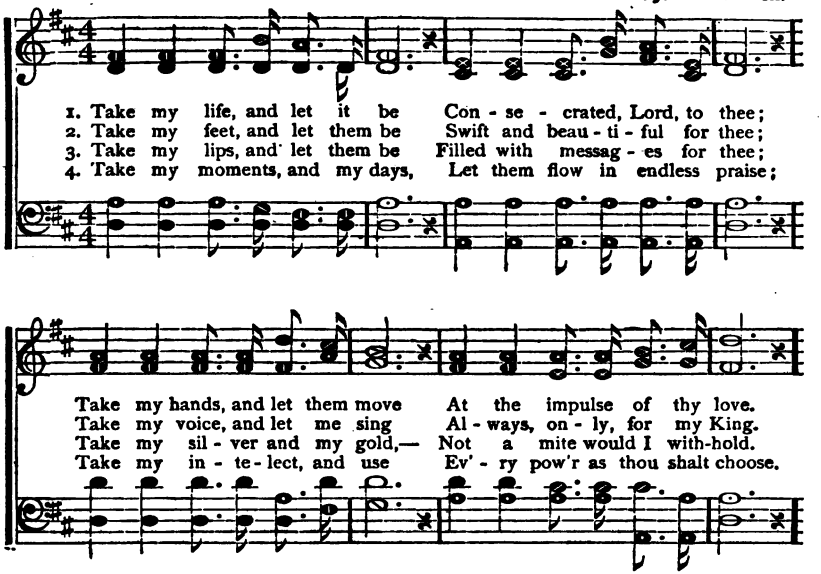
# Entire Consecration.

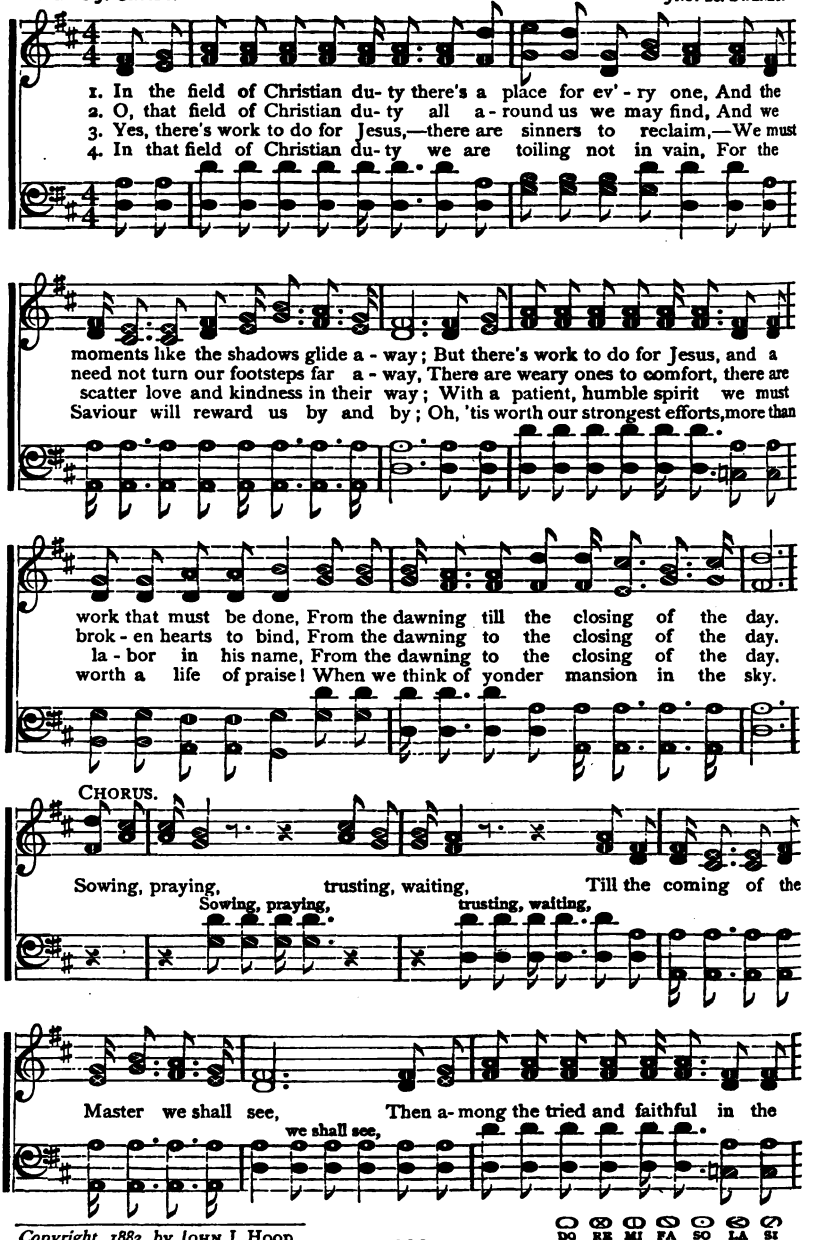
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crated, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messag - es for thee;
4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my in - te - lect, and use Ev' - ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.
CHORUS.
{Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, *the precious blood,*
{Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, *the healing flood,*
Lord, I give to
thee my life and all, to be Thine, hence-forth e - ter - nal - ly.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

By permission.

# 344 What a Reaping there will be.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the field of Christian du- ty there's a place for ev' - ry one, And the
2. O, that field of Christian du- ty all a - round us we may find, And we
3. Yes, there's work to do for Jesus,—there are sinners to reclaim,—We must
4. In that field of Christian du- ty we are toiling not in vain, For the
moments like the shadows glide a - way; But there's work to do for Jesus, and a
need not turn our footsteps far a - way, There are weary ones to comfort, there are
scatter love and kindness in their way; With a patient, humble spirit we must
Saviour will reward us by and by; Oh, 'tis worth our strongest efforts, more than
work that must be done, From the dawning till the closing of the day.
brok - en hearts to bind, From the dawning to the closing of the day.
la - bor in his name, From the dawning to the closing of the day.
worth a life of praise! When we think of yonder mansion in the sky.
CHORUS.
Sowing, praying, trusting, waiting, Till the coming of the
Sowing, praying, trusting, waiting,
Master we shall see, Then a- mong the tried and faithful in the
we shall see,

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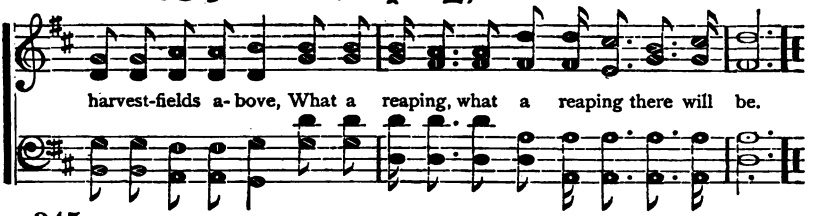


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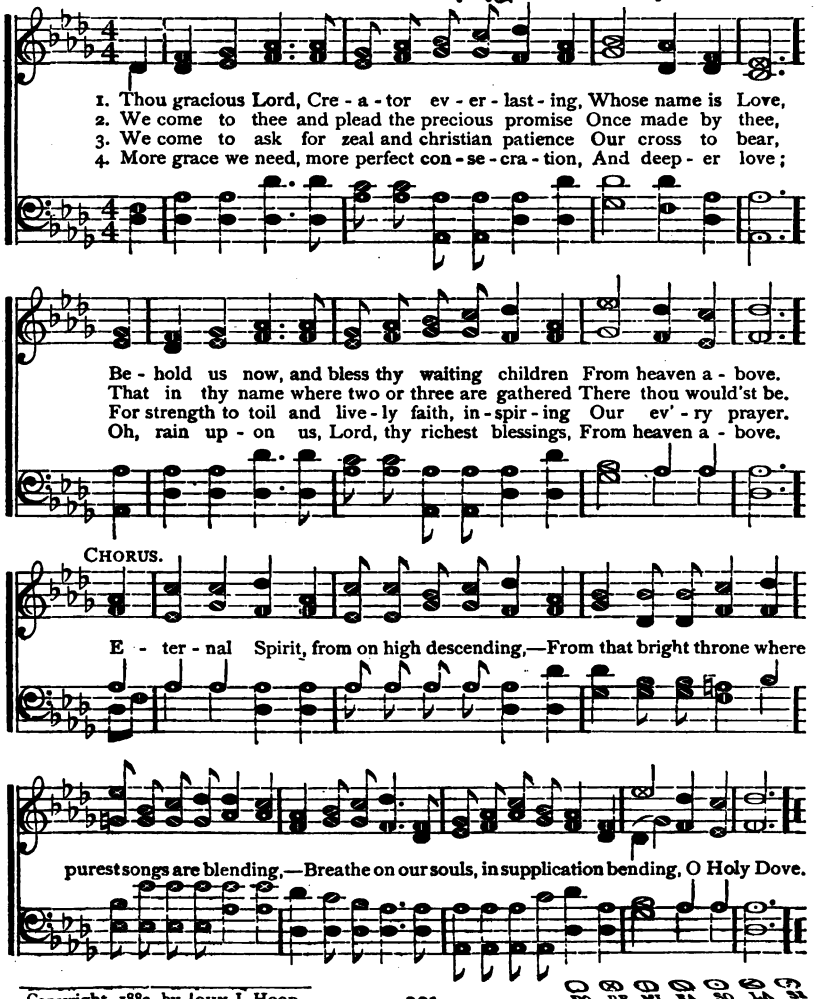
## Invocation Hymn.

Lizzie Edwards. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Thou gracious Lord, Cre - a - tor ev - er - last - ing, Whose name is Love,
2. We come to thee and plead the precious promise Once made by thee,
3. We come to ask for zeal and christian patience Our cross to bear,
4. More grace we need, more perfect con - se - cra - tion, And deep - er love;
Be - hold us now, and bless thy waiting children From heaven a - bove.
That in thy name where two or three are gathered There thou would'st be.
For strength to toil and live - ly faith, in - spir - ing Our ev' - ry prayer.
Oh, rain up - on us, Lord, thy richest blessings, From heaven a - bove.
Chorus.
E - ter - nal Spirit, from on high descending,—From that bright throne where
purest songs are blending,—Breathe on our souls, in supplication bending, O Holy Dove.

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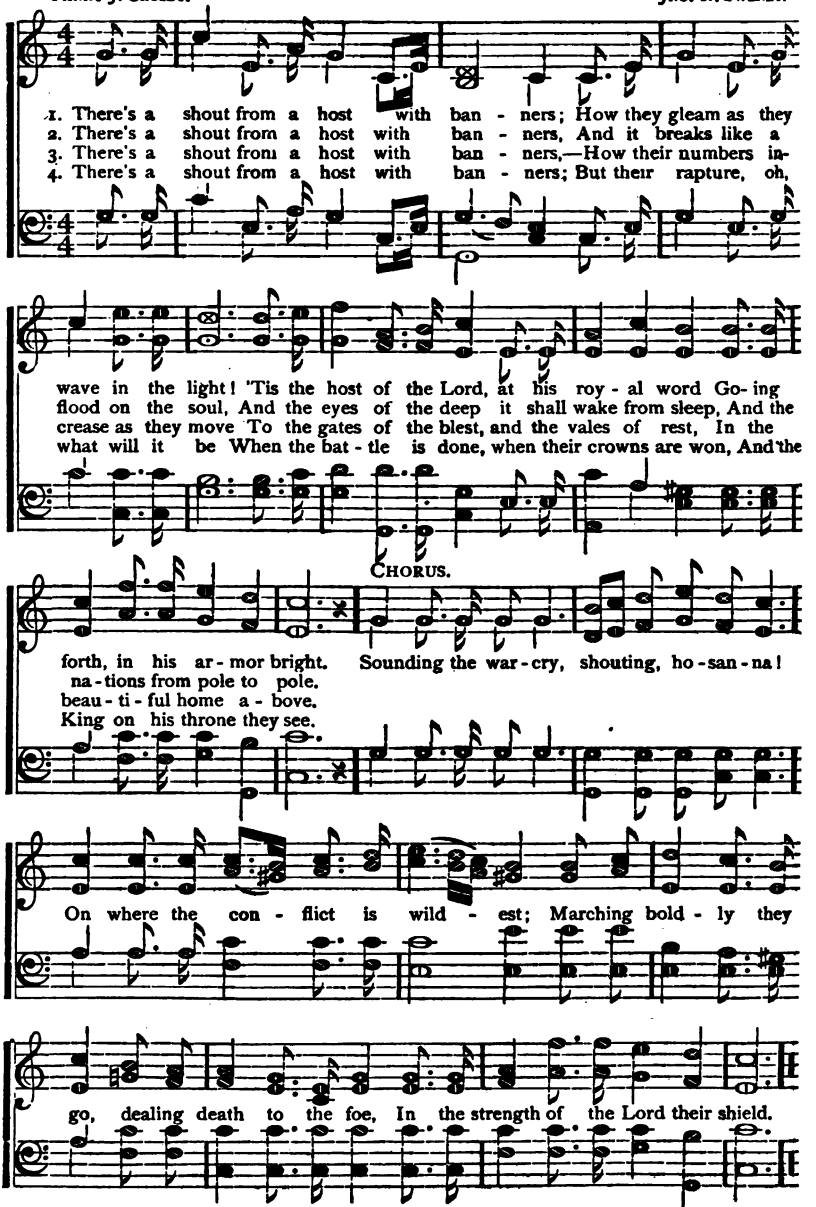
# A Host with Banners.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a shout from a host with ban - ners; How they gleam as they
2. There's a shout from a host with ban - ners, And it breaks like a
3. There's a shout from a host with ban - ners,—How their numbers in-
4. There's a shout from a host with ban - ners; But their rapture, oh,
wave in the light! 'Tis the host of the Lord, at his roy - al word Go- ing
flood on the soul, And the eyes of the deep it shall wake from sleep, And the
crease as they move To the gates of the blest, and the vales of rest, In the
what will it be When the bat - tle is done, when their crowns are won, And the
CHORUS.
forth, in his ar - mor bright. Sounding the war - cry, shouting, ho - san - na!
na - tions from pole to pole.
beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
King on his throne they see.
On where the con - flict is wild - est; Marching bold - ly they
go, dealing death to the foe, In the strength of the Lord their shield.

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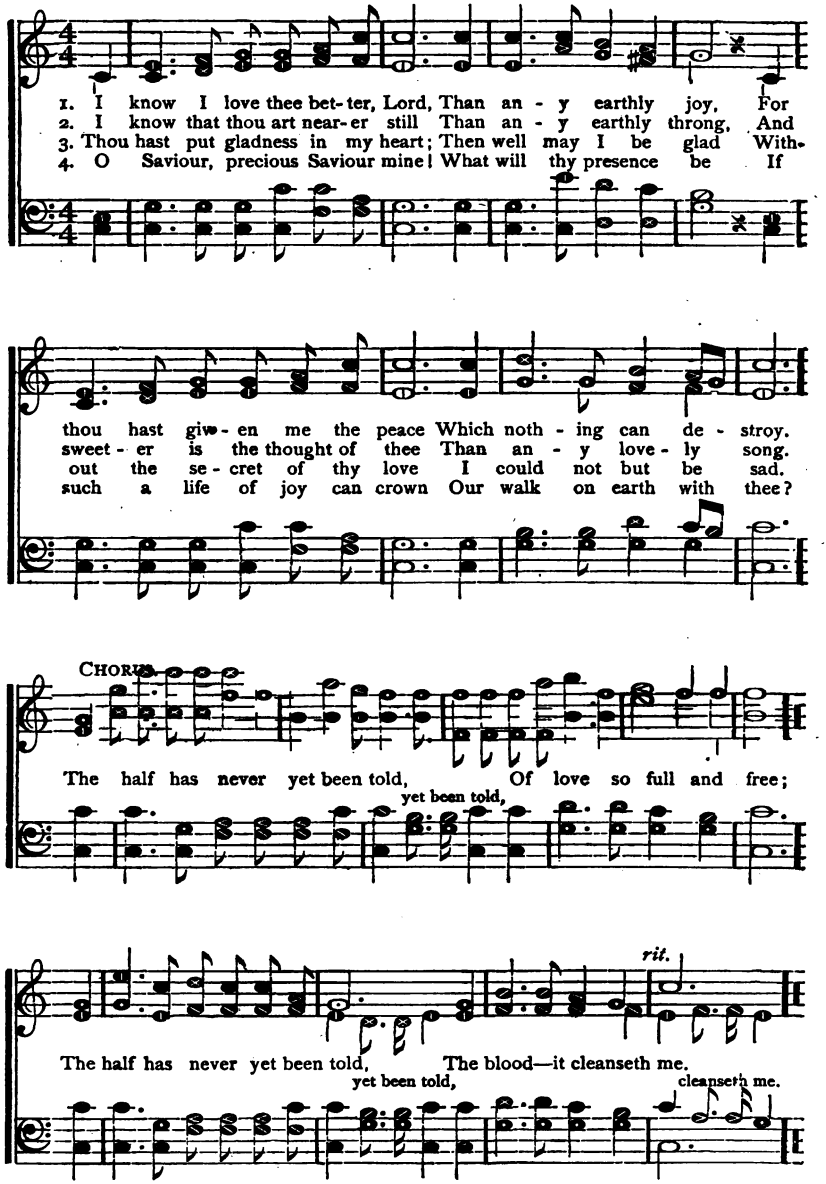
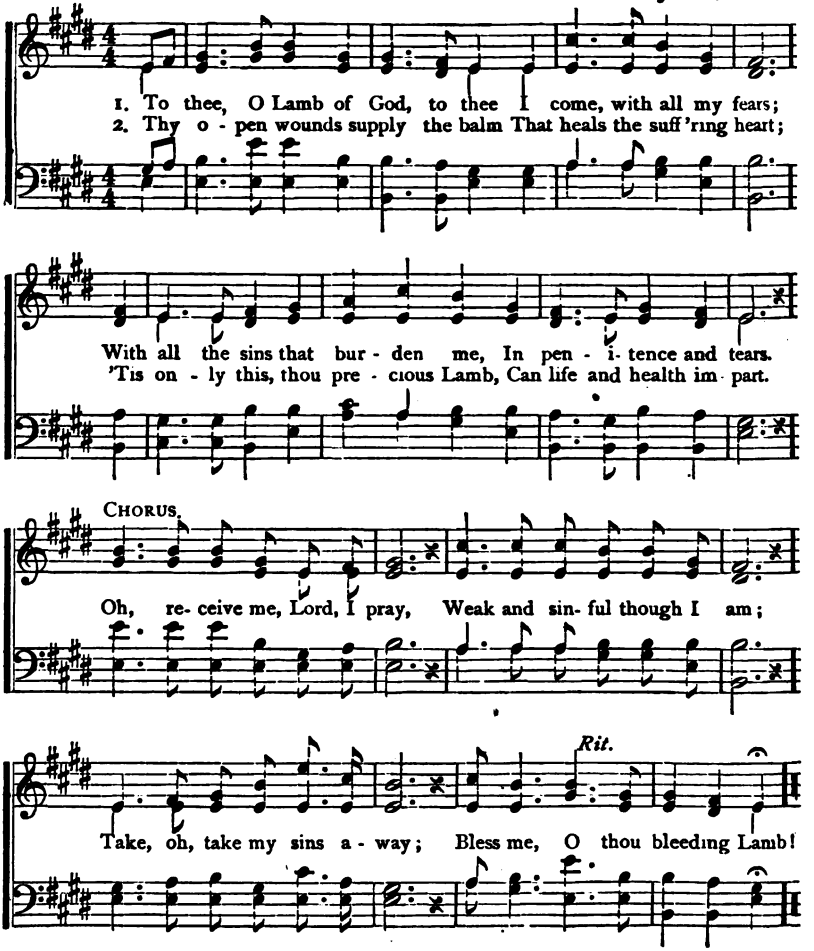
# 347 The Half has Never been Told.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1 Cor. ii. 9. R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earthly joy, For
2. I know that thou art near-er still Than an - y earthly throng, And
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad With-
4. O Saviour, precious Saviour mine! What will thy presence be If
thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
sweet-er is the thought of thee Than an - y love - ly song.
out the se-cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?
CHORUS.
The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
yet been told,
rit.
The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
yet been told, cleanseth me.

From "Gems of Gospel Song," by per.

# 348 Bless Me, O Thou Bleeding Lamb.

*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.*

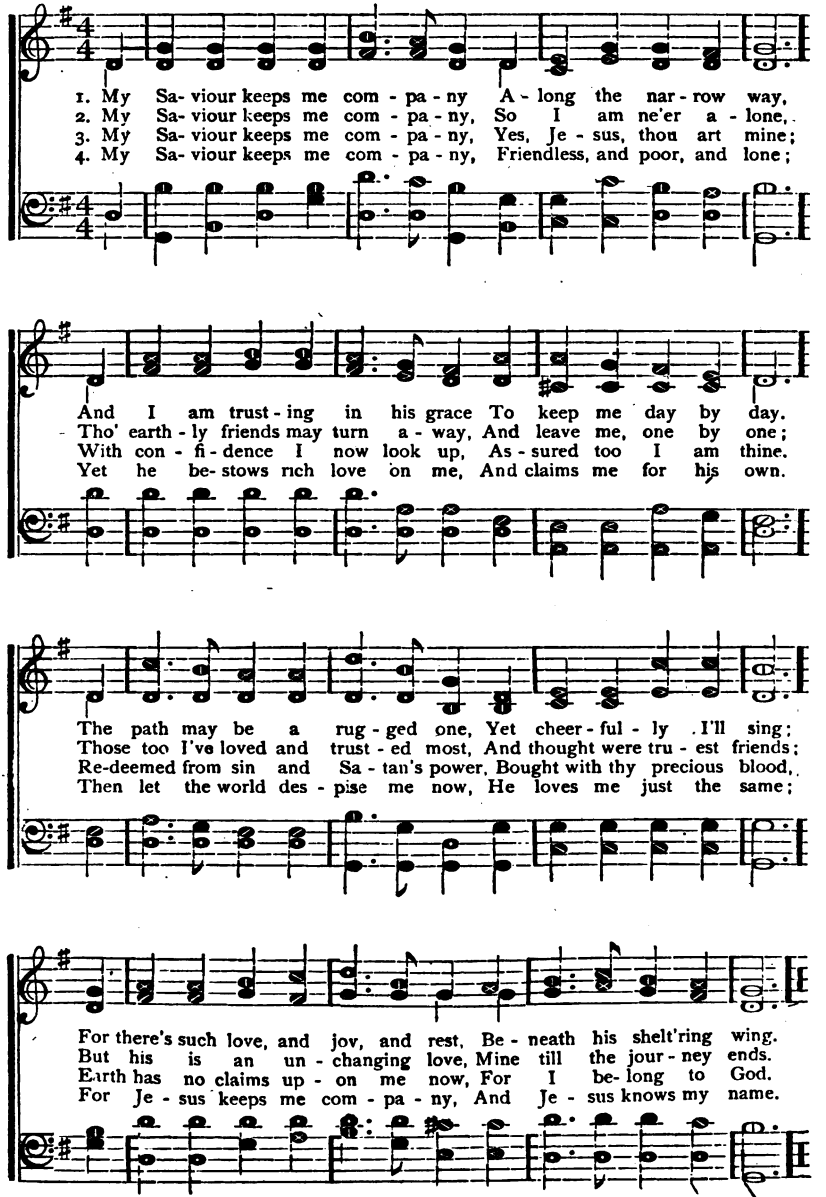
REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To thee, O Lamb of God, to thee I come, with all my fears;
2. Thy o - pen wounds supply the balm That heals the suff'ring heart;
With all the sins that bur - den me, In pen - i- tence and tears.
'Tis on - ly this, thou pre - cious Lamb, Can life and health im - part.
CHORUS.
Oh, re- ceive me, Lord, I pray, Weak and sin- ful though I am;
Rit.
Take, oh, take my sins a - way; Bless me, O thou bleeding Lamb!

3 Be merciful, O Lamb of God,
Hear this, my only plea,—
That thou canst cleanse me by thy blood,—
Have mercy then on me.

4 Thy saving blood, of greater worth
Than aught the world hath given,
Shall be my last blest song on earth,
And first glad theme in heaven.

*From "Goodly Pearls," by per.*

# 349 My Saviour Keeps Me Company.

Words arranged. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. My Sa- viour keeps me com - pa - ny A - long the nar - row way,
2. My Sa- viour keeps me com - pa - ny, So I am ne'er a - lone,
3. My Sa- viour keeps me com - pa - ny, Yes, Je - sus, thou art mine;
4. My Sa- viour keeps me com - pa - ny, Friendless, and poor, and lone;
And I am trust - ing in his grace To keep me day by day.
Tho' earth - ly friends may turn a - way, And leave me, one by one;
With con - fi - dence I now look up, As - sured too I am thine.
Yet he be- stows rich love on me, And claims me for his own.
The path may be a rug - ged one, Yet cheer - ful - ly I'll sing;
Those too I've loved and trust - ed most, And thought were tru - est friends;
Re-deemed from sin and Sa - tan's power, Bought with thy precious blood,
Then let the world des - pise me now, He loves me just the same;
For there's such love, and joy, and rest, Be - neath his shelt'ring wing.
But his is an un - changing love, Mine till the jour - ney ends.
Earth has no claims up - on me now, For I be- long to God.
For Je - sus keeps me com - pa - ny, And Je - sus knows my name.

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Quartet—U

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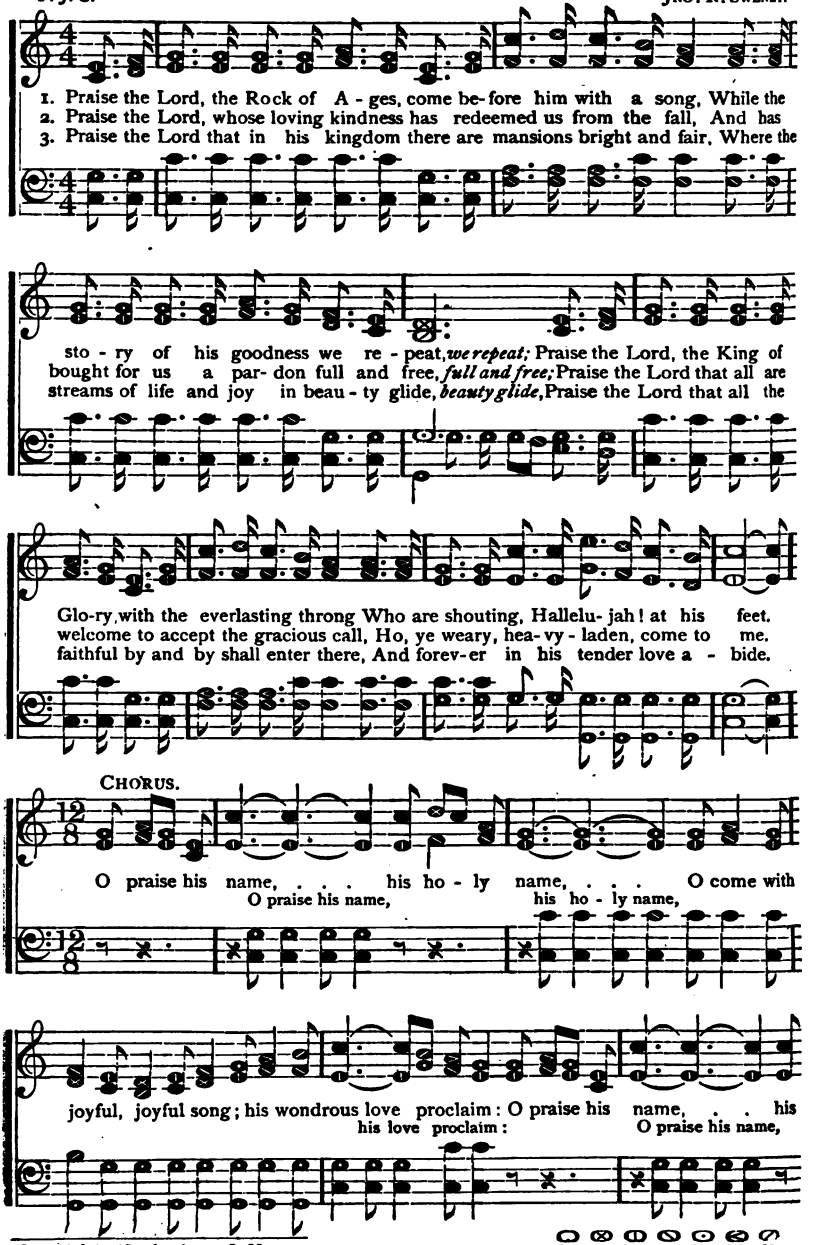
# O Praise His Name.

F. J. C. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Praise the Lord, the Rock of A - ges, come be-fore him with a song, While the
2. Praise the Lord, whose loving kindness has redeemed us from the fall, And has
3. Praise the Lord that in his kingdom there are mansions bright and fair, Where the
sto - ry of his goodness we re - peat, *we repeat;* Praise the Lord, the King of
bought for us a par- don full and free, *full and free;* Praise the Lord that all are
streams of life and joy in beau - ty glide, *beauty glide,* Praise the Lord that all the
Glo-ry with the everlasting throng Who are shouting, Hallelu- jah! at his feet.
welcome to accept the gracious call, Ho, ye weary, hea- vy - laden, come to me.
faithful by and by shall enter there, And forev-er in his tender love a - bide.
CHORUS.
O praise his name, . . . his ho - ly name, . . . O come with
O praise his name, his ho - ly name,
joyful, joyful song; his wondrous love proclaim: O praise his name, . . his
his love proclaim: O praise his name,

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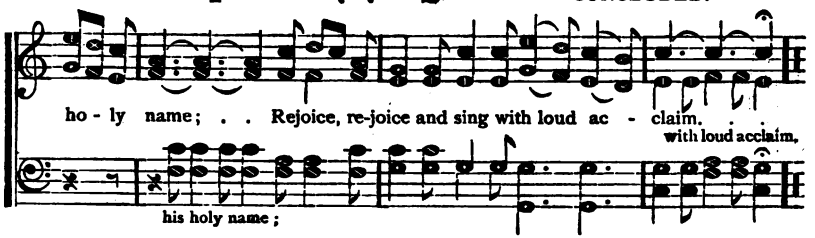
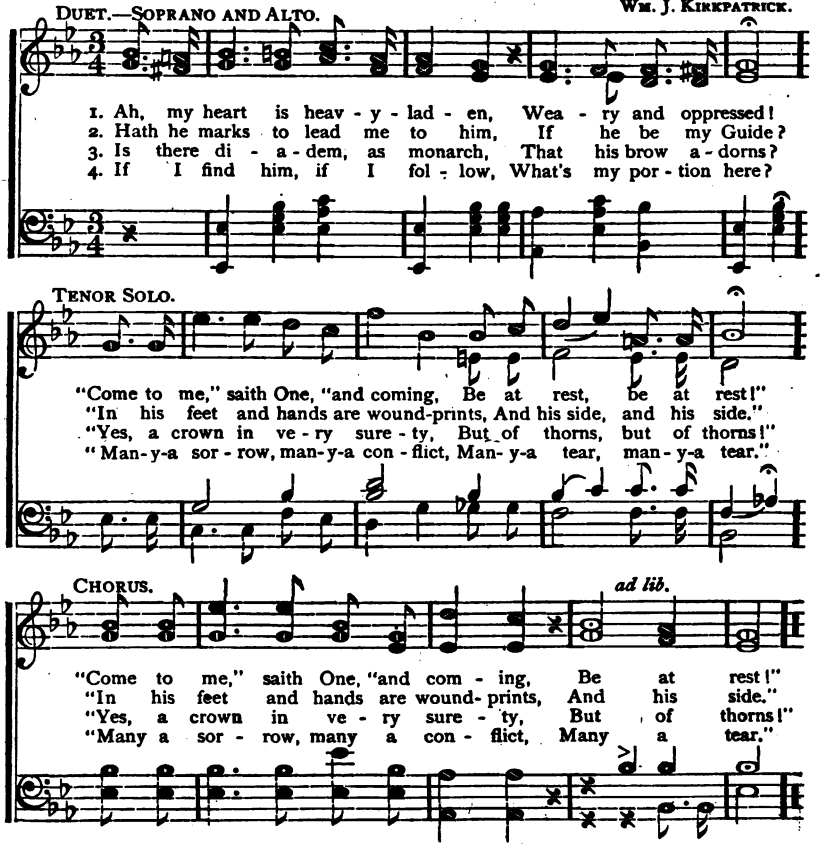



## 351 Ah, My Heart.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

DUET.—SOPRANO AND ALTO.
1. Ah, my heart is heav - y - lad - en, Wea - ry and oppressed!
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my Guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem, as monarch, That his brow a - dorns?
4. If I find him, if I fol - low, What's my por - tion here?
TENOR SOLO.
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest, be at rest!"
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And his side, and his side."
"Yes, a crown in ve - ry sure - ty, But of thorns, but of thorns!"
"Man-y-a sor - row, man-y-a con - flict, Man- y-a tear, man - y-a tear."
CHORUS.
ad lib.
"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"
"In his feet and hands are wound- prints, And his side."
"Yes, a crown in ve - ry sure - ty, But of thorns!"
"Many a sor - row, many a con - flict, Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What have I at last?
‖:"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!":‖

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
‖:"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!":‖

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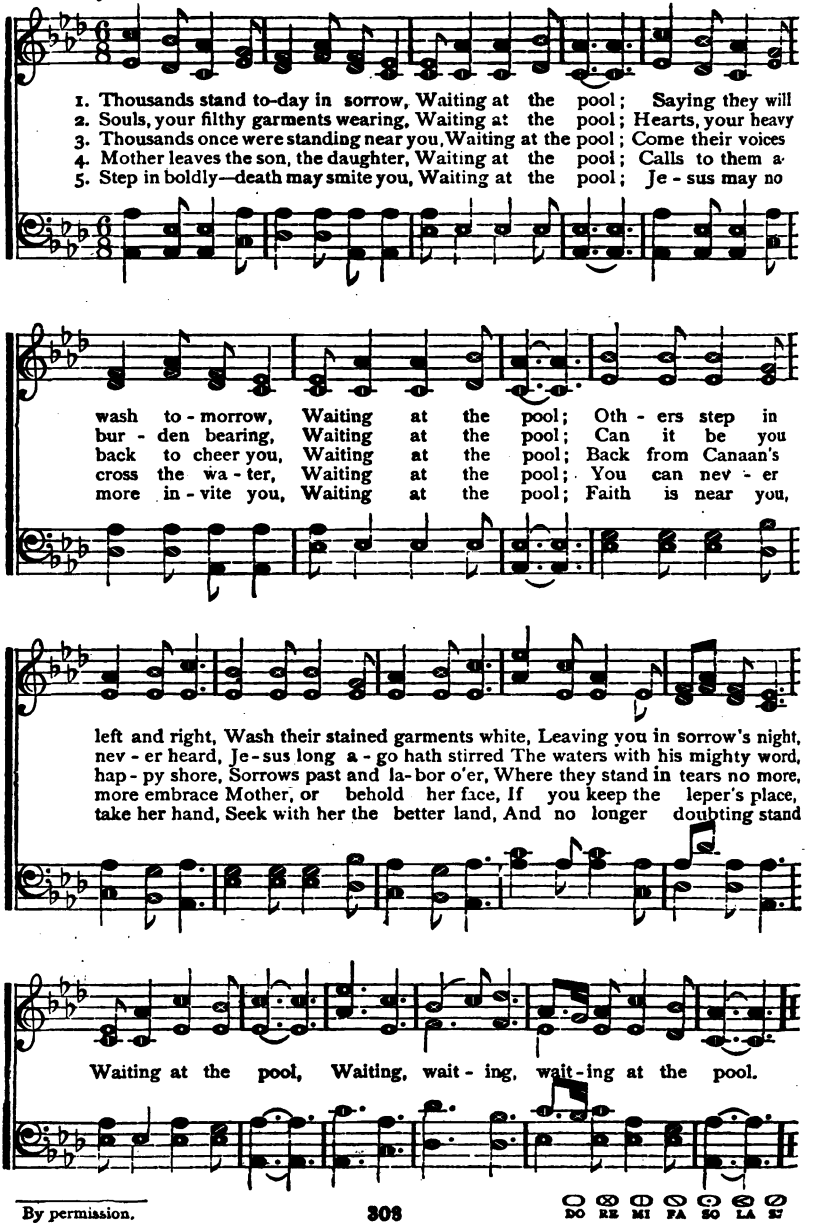
# Waiting at the Pool.

Rev. A. J. Hough. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. Thousands stand to-day in sorrow, Waiting at the pool; Saying they will wash to-morrow, Waiting at the pool; Oth-ers step in
2. Souls, your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heavy bur-den bearing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Canaan's
4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a- cross the wa-ter, Waiting at the pool; You can nev-er
5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je-sus may no more in-vite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you,
left and right, Wash their stained garments white, Leaving you in sorrow's night,
nev-er heard, Je-sus long a-go hath stirred The waters with his mighty word,
hap-py shore, Sorrows past and la-bor o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,
more embrace Mother, or behold her face, If you keep the leper's place,
take her hand, Seek with her the better land, And no longer doubting stand
Waiting at the pool, Waiting, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.

By permission.



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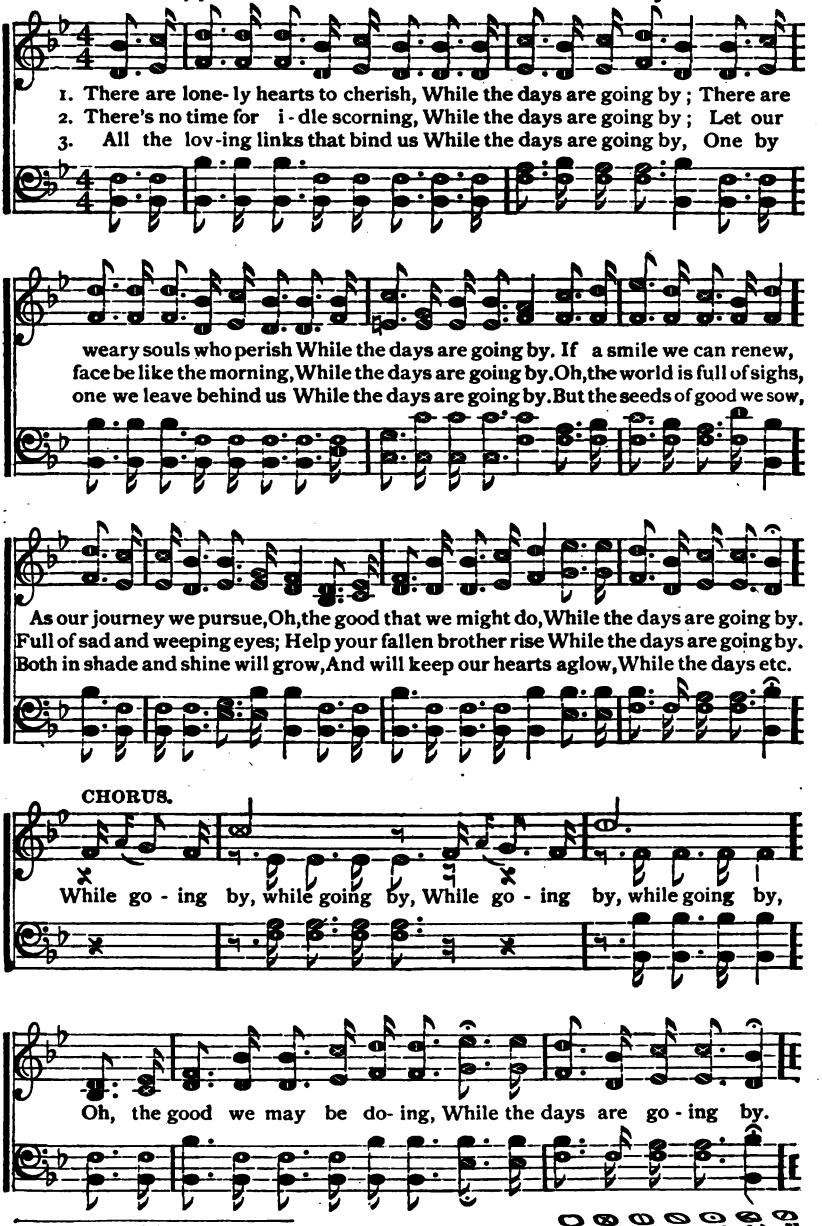
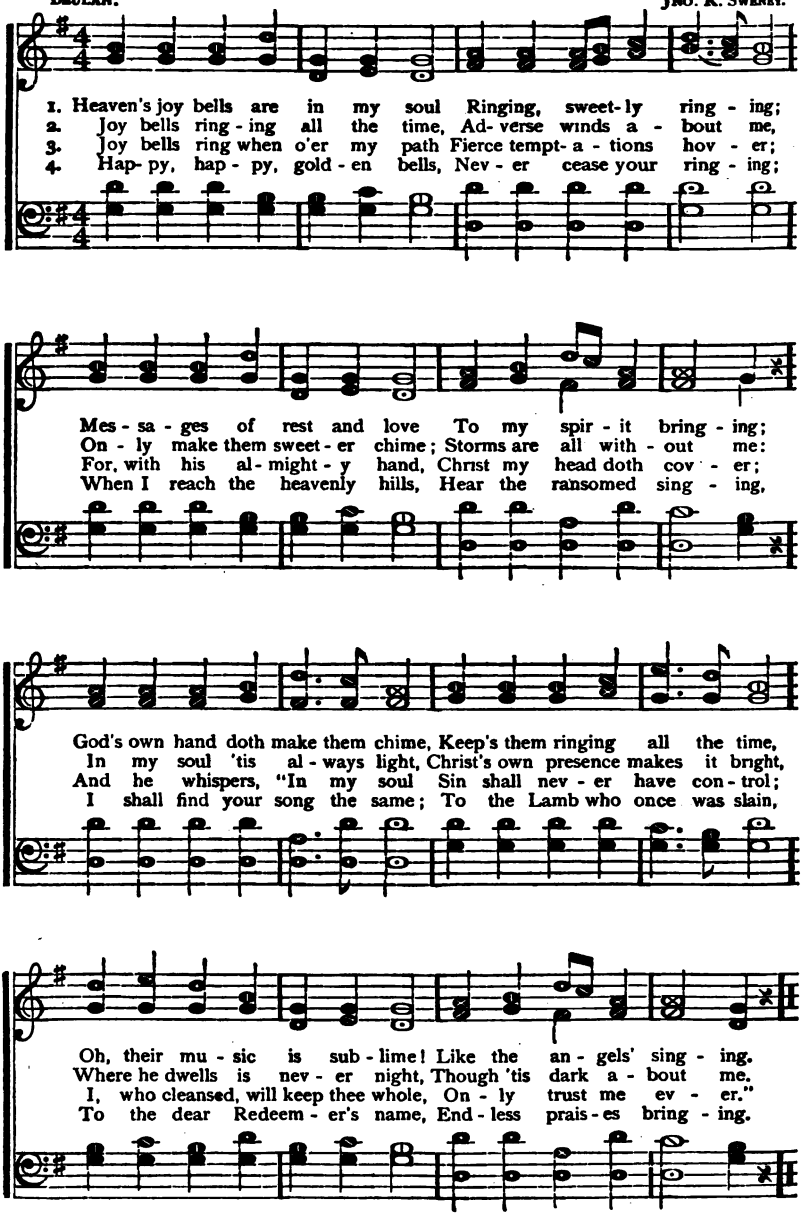
# 353 While the Days are Going By.

GEO. COOPER. By per. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There are lone- ly hearts to cherish, While the days are going by ; There are
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are going by ; Let our
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us While the days are going by, One by
weary souls who perish While the days are going by. If a smile we can renew,
face be like the morning, While the days are going by. Oh, the world is full of sighs,
one we leave behind us While the days are going by. But the seeds of good we sow,
As our journey we pursue, Oh, the good that we might do, While the days are going by.
Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your fallen brother rise While the days are going by.
Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow, While the days etc.
CHORUS.
While go - ing by, while going by, While go - ing by, while going by,
Oh, the good we may be do- ing, While the days are go - ing by.

From "Gems of Praise," by per.

# Soul Music.

BEULAH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Heaven's joy bells are in my soul Ringing, sweet-ly ring - ing;
2. Joy bells ring - ing all the time, Ad- verse winds a - bout me,
3. Joy bells ring when o'er my path Fierce tempt- a - tions hov - er;
4. Hap- py, hap - py, gold - en bells, Nev - er cease your ring - ing;
Mes - sa - ges of rest and love To my spir - it bring - ing;
On - ly make them sweet - er chime; Storms are all with - out me:
For, with his al - might - y hand, Christ my head doth cov - er;
When I reach the heavenly hills, Hear the ransomed sing - ing,
God's own hand doth make them chime, Keep's them ringing all the time,
In my soul 'tis al - ways light, Christ's own presence makes it bright,
And he whispers, "In my soul Sin shall nev - er have con - trol;
I shall find your song the same; To the Lamb who once was slain,
Oh, their mu - sic is sub - lime! Like the an - gels' sing - ing.
Where he dwells is nev - er night, Though 'tis dark a - bout me.
I, who cleansed, will keep thee whole, On - ly trust me ev - er."
To the dear Redeem - er's name, End - less prais - es bring - ing.

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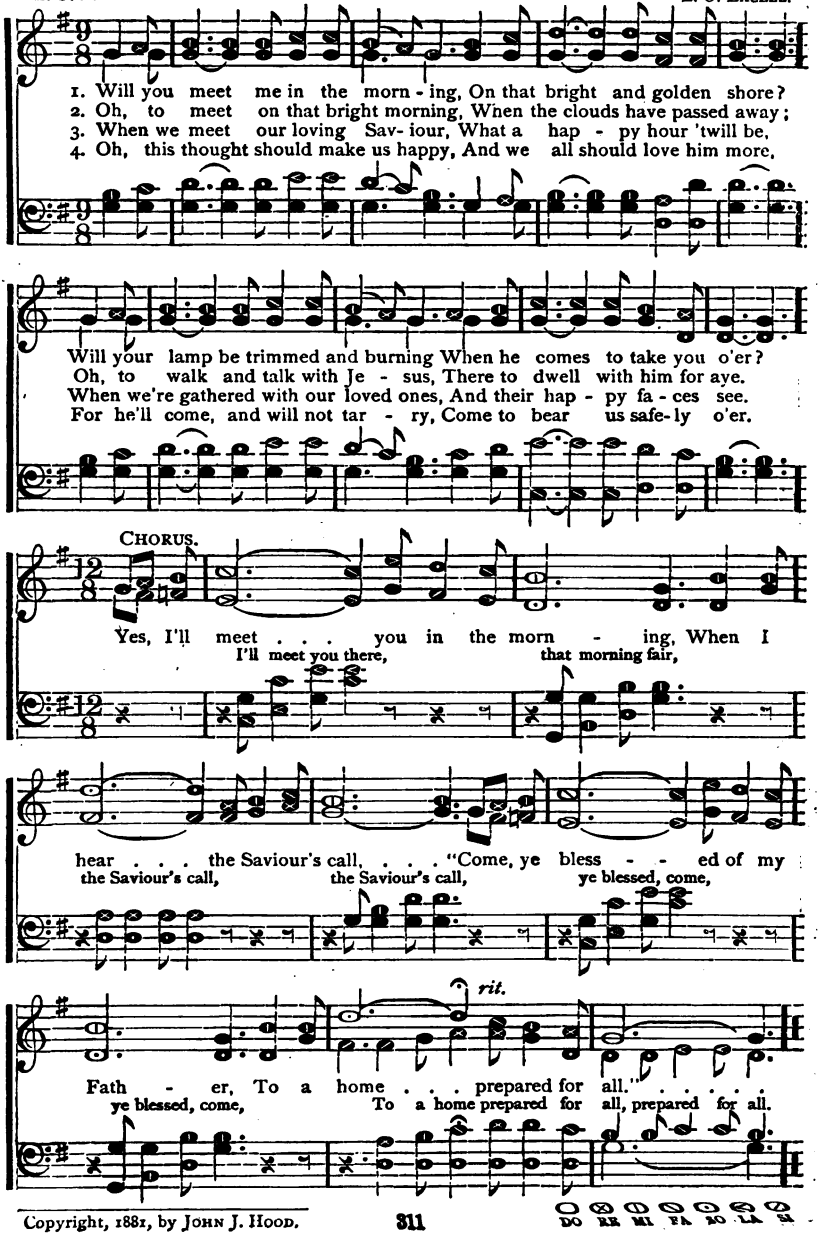
# Will You Meet Me.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. Will you meet me in the morn - ing, On that bright and golden shore?
2. Oh, to meet on that bright morning, When the clouds have passed away;
3. When we meet our loving Sav- iour, What a hap - py hour 'twill be,
4. Oh, this thought should make us happy, And we all should love him more,
Will your lamp be trimmed and burning When he comes to take you o'er?
Oh, to walk and talk with Je - sus, There to dwell with him for aye.
When we're gathered with our loved ones, And their hap - py fa - ces see.
For he'll come, and will not tar - ry, Come to bear us safe-ly o'er.
Chorus.
Yes, I'll meet . . . you in the morn - ing, When I
I'll meet you there, that morning fair,
hear . . . the Saviour's call, . . . "Come, ye bless - - ed of my
the Saviour's call, the Saviour's call, ye blessed, come,
rit.
Fath - er, To a home . . . prepared for all."
ye blessed, come, To a home prepared for all, prepared for all.

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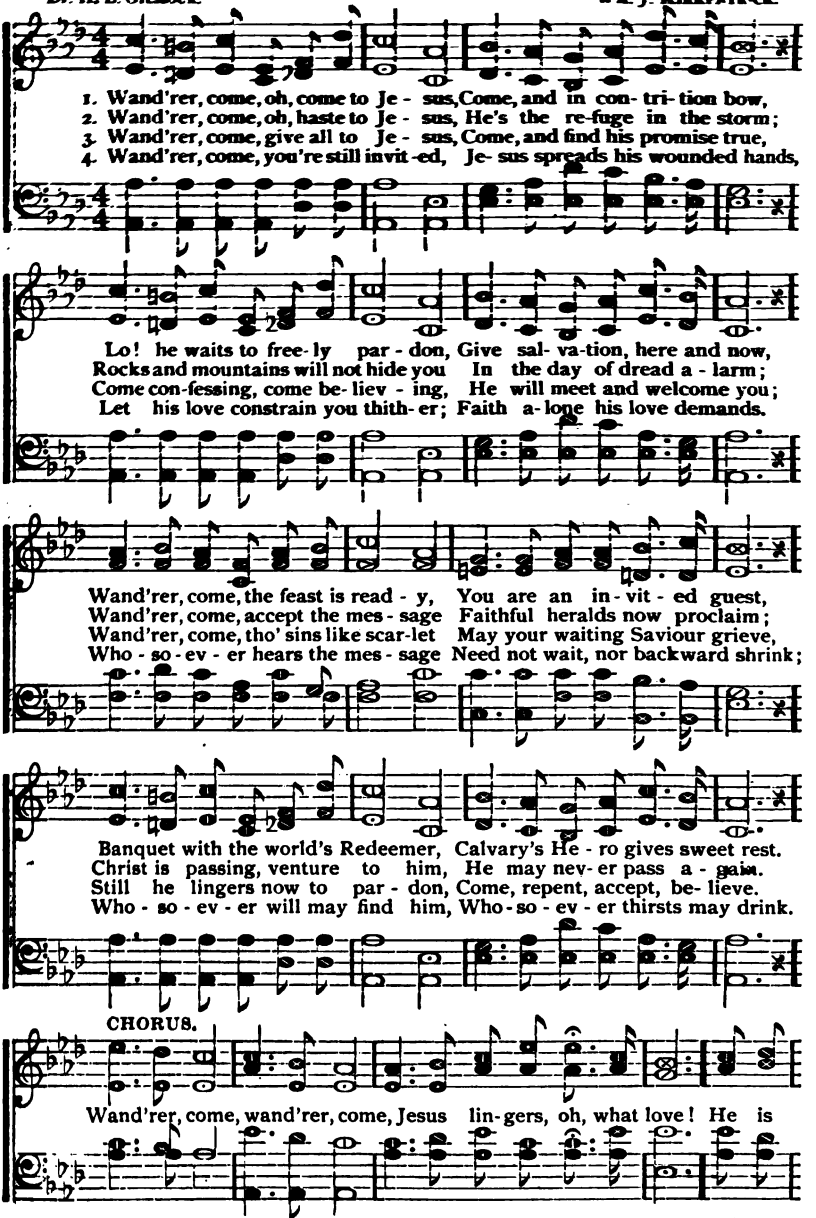
# Wand'rer, Come.

Dr. H. L. Gilmour. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Wand'rer, come, oh, come to Je - sus, Come, and in con- tri- tion bow,
2. Wand'rer, come, oh, haste to Je - sus, He's the re-fuge in the storm;
3. Wand'rer, come, give all to Je - sus, Come, and find his promise true,
4. Wand'rer, come, you're still invit-ed, Je- sus spreads his wounded hands,
Lo! he waits to free- ly par - don, Give sal- va-tion, here and now,
Rocks and mountains will not hide you In the day of dread a - larm;
Come con-fessing, come be- liev - ing, He will meet and welcome you;
Let his love constrain you thith- er; Faith a- lone his love demands.
Wand'rer, come, the feast is read - y, You are an in - vit - ed guest,
Wand'rer, come, accept the mes - sage Faithful heralds now proclaim;
Wand'rer, come, tho' sins like scar-let May your waiting Saviour grieve,
Who - so - ev - er hears the mes - sage Need not wait, nor backward shrink;
Banquet with the world's Redeemer, Calvary's He - ro gives sweet rest.
Christ is passing, venture to him, He may nev- er pass a - gain.
Still he lingers now to par - don, Come, repent, accept, be- lieve.
Who - so - ev - er will may find him, Who - so - ev - er thirsts may drink.
CHORUS.
Wand'rer, come, wand'rer, come, Jesus lin- gers, oh, what love! He is

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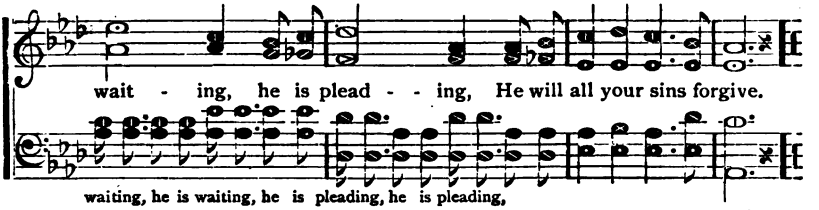
## Wand'rer, Come.—CONCLUDED.

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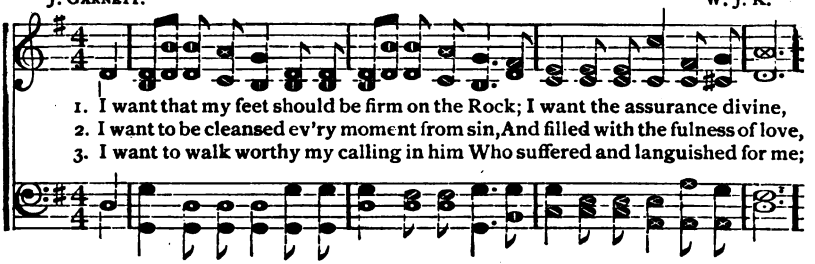
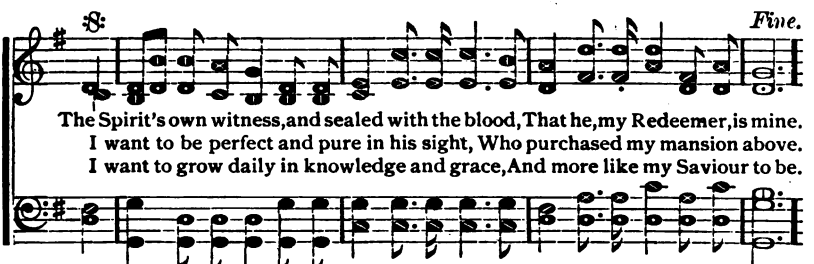
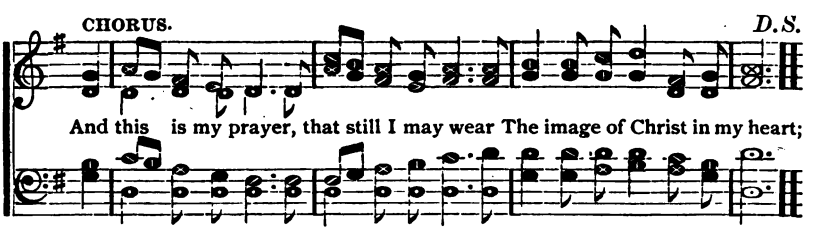
## My Wants.

J. GARNETT. W. J. K.


1. I want that my feet should be firm on the Rock; I want the assurance divine,
2. I want to be cleansed ev'ry moment from sin, And filled with the fulness of love,
3. I want to walk worthy my calling in him Who suffered and languished for me;


𝄋
Fine.
The Spirit's own witness, and sealed with the blood, That he, my Redeemer, is mine.
I want to be perfect and pure in his sight, Who purchased my mansion above.
I want to grow daily in knowledge and grace, And more like my Saviour to be.
D.S.—I want his dear presence to dwell with me here, And never, no, never de - part.




4 I want to be earnest in seeking the lost
And bringing them home to the Lord,
I want to be clad in the armor of faith,
And strong in the strength of his word.

5 I want to enjoy with my Saviour on earth
His constant communion so sweet,
I want to be wholly conformed to his will,
And lay down my own at his feet.

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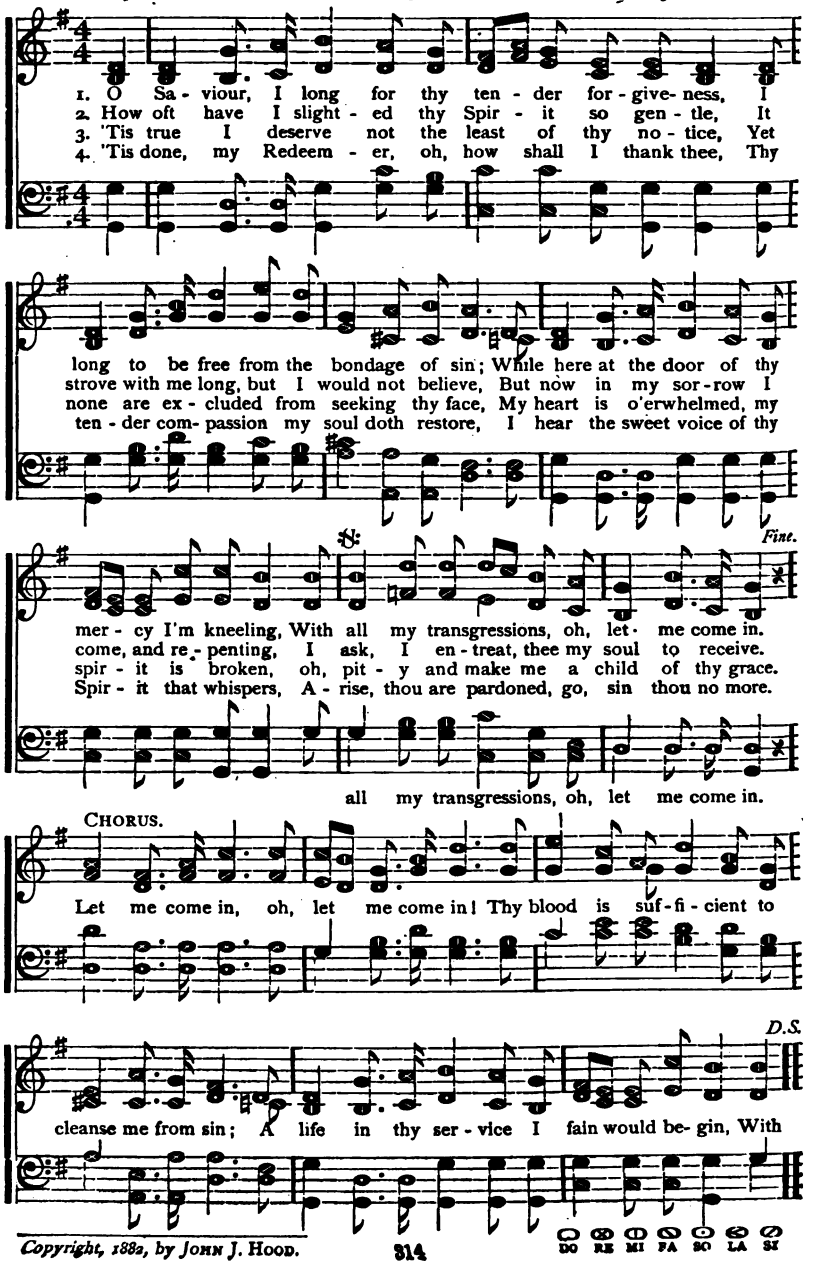
358 FANNY J. CROSBY. **Let me Come In.** JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O Sa - viour, I long for thy ten - der for - give- ness, I
2. How oft have I slight - ed thy Spir - it so gen - tle, It
3. 'Tis true I deserve not the least of thy no - tice, Yet
4. 'Tis done, my Redeem - er, oh, how shall I thank thee, Thy
long to be free from the bondage of sin; While here at the door of thy
strove with me long, but I would not believe, But now in my sor - row I
none are ex - cluded from seeking thy face, My heart is o'erwhelmed, my
ten - der com- passion my soul doth restore, I hear the sweet voice of thy
Fine.
mer - cy I'm kneeling, With all my transgressions, oh, let - me come in.
come, and re - penting, I ask, I en - treat, thee my soul to receive.
spir - it is broken, oh, pit - y and make me a child of thy grace.
Spir - it that whispers, A - rise, thou are pardoned, go, sin thou no more.
all my transgressions, oh, let me come in.
CHORUS.
Let me come in, oh, let me come in! Thy blood is suf - fi - cient to
D.S.
cleanse me from sin; A life in thy ser - vice I fain would be- gin, With

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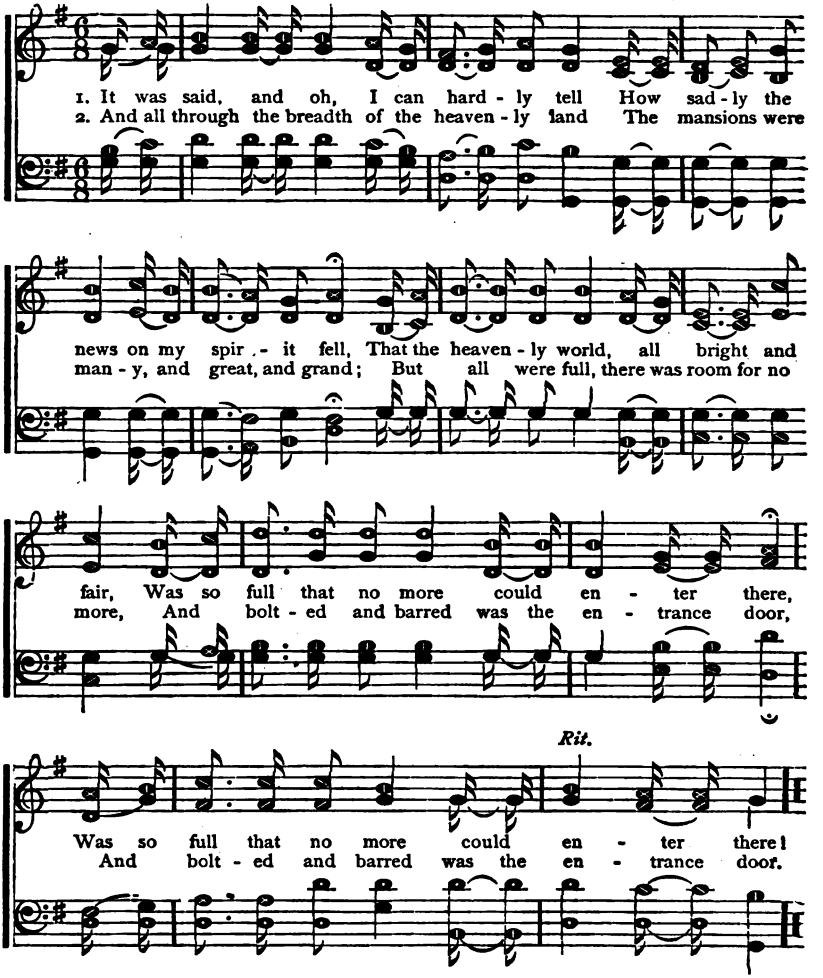
# No Room.

Suggested by a remark made by Mr. Moody, "Supposing there was no more room in heaven."

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. It was said, and oh, I can hard - ly tell How sad - ly the
2. And all through the breadth of the heaven - ly land The mansions were
news on my spir - it fell, That the heaven - ly world, all bright and
man - y, and great, and grand; But all were full, there was room for no
fair, Was so full that no more could en - ter there,
more, And bolt - ed and barred was the en - trance door,
Rit.
Was so full that no more could en - ter there!
And bolt - ed and barred was the en - trance door.

3 O my soul went down in deep despair,
As I said, no room—no room for me there;
No room for me there, no crown and no rest,
No fellowship sweet—for me—with the blest.

4 But soon as I turned to the word of God,
I found there was room in the Saviour's blood;
It was sin that had brought my soul in gloom,
It was sin that had said, no room, no room!

5 I found there was room since the Saviour died;
There was room—still room for the purified;
To all such, at last, a crown shall be given,
For sin, sin alone, can exclude from heaven!

6 Oh, then, to my Lord this moment I'll fly;
That I may be cleansed from sin's deepest dye,
So that when I arise from death's dark gloom,
All heaven shall cry, *there is room, still room!*

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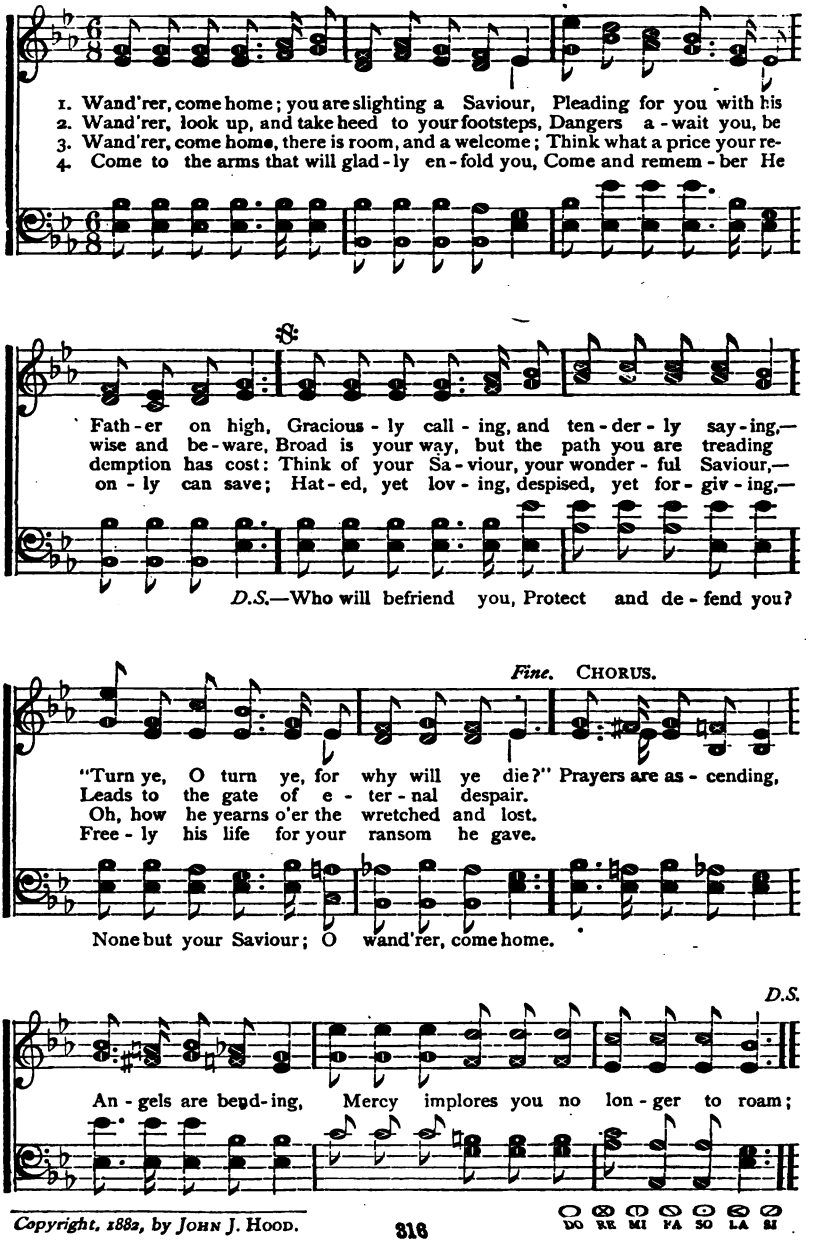
# Come Home.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Wand'rer, come home; you are slighting a Saviour, Pleading for you with his
2. Wand'rer, look up, and take heed to your footsteps, Dangers a-wait you, be
3. Wand'rer, come home, there is room, and a welcome; Think what a price your re-
4. Come to the arms that will glad-ly en-fold you, Come and remem-ber He
Fath-er on high, Gracious-ly call-ing, and ten-der-ly say-ing,—
wise and be-ware, Broad is your way, but the path you are treading
demption has cost: Think of your Sa-viour, your wonder-ful Saviour,—
on-ly can save; Hat-ed, yet lov-ing, despised, yet for-giv-ing,—
D.S.—Who will befriend you, Protect and de-fend you?
Fine. CHORUS.
"Turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?" Prayers are as-cending,
Leads to the gate of e-ter-nal despair.
Oh, how he yearns o'er the wretched and lost.
Free-ly his life for your ransom he gave.
None but your Saviour; O wand'rer, come home.
D.S.
An-gels are bend-ing, Mercy implores you no lon-ger to roam;

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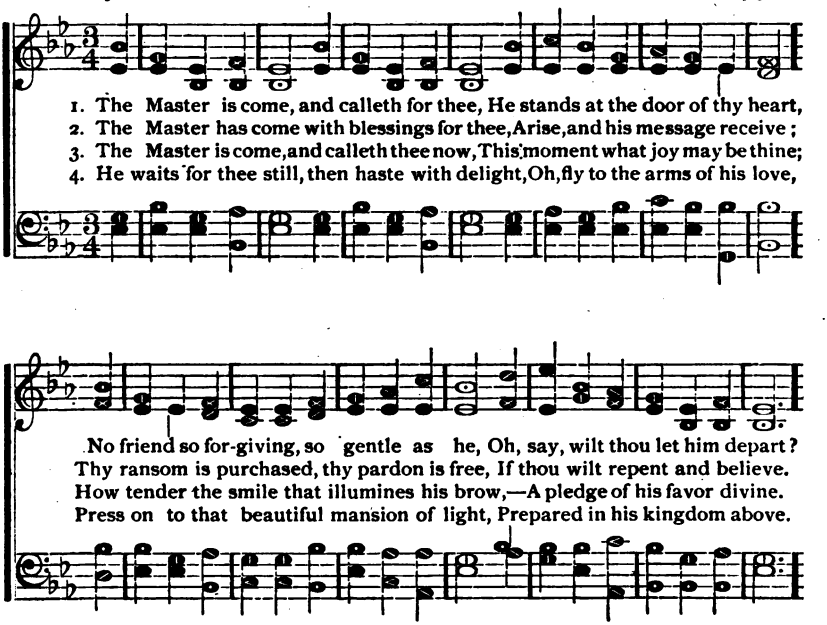
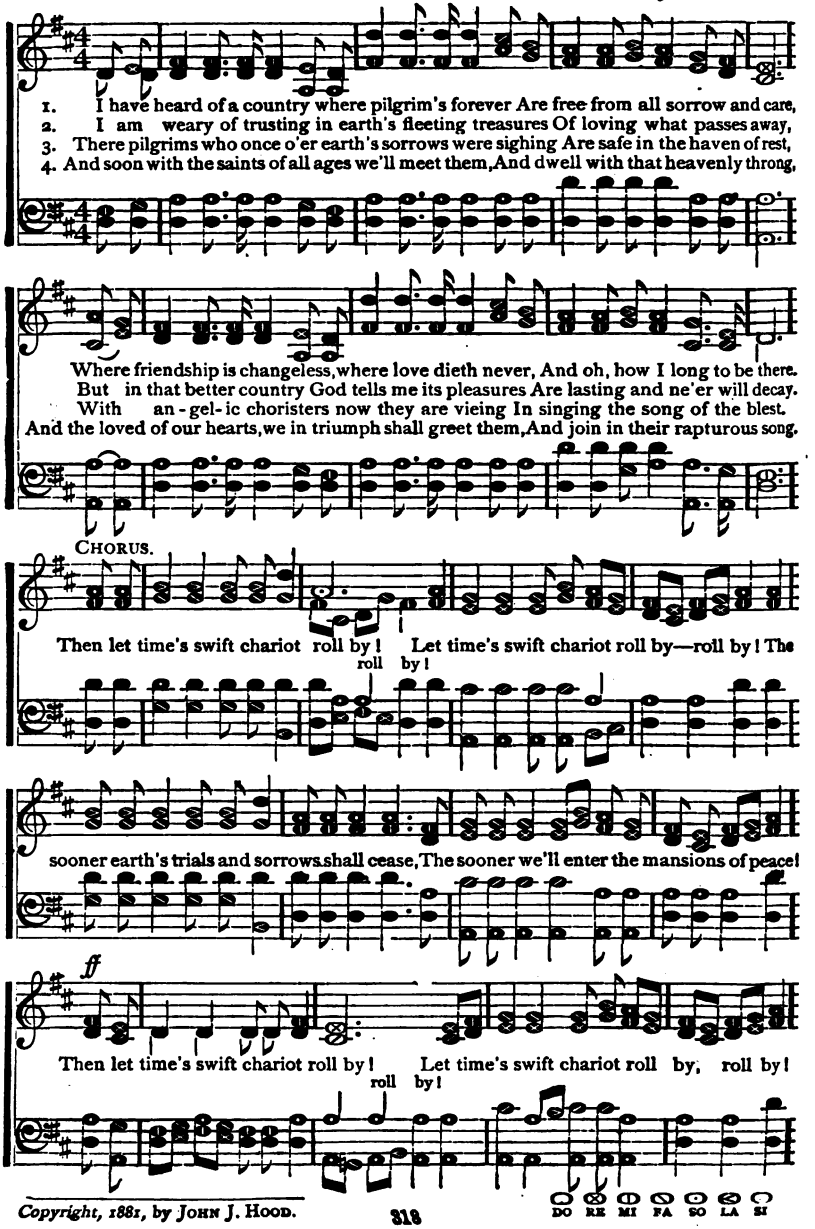
# The Master's Call.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.


1. The Master is come, and calleth for thee, He stands at the door of thy heart,
2. The Master has come with blessings for thee, Arise, and his message receive;
3. The Master is come, and calleth thee now, This moment what joy may be thine;
4. He waits for thee still, then haste with delight, Oh, fly to the arms of his love,
No friend so for-giving, so gentle as he, Oh, say, wilt thou let him depart?
Thy ransom is purchased, thy pardon is free, If thou wilt repent and believe.
How tender the smile that illumines his brow,—A pledge of his favor divine.
Press on to that beautiful mansion of light, Prepared in his kingdom above.
REFRAIN.
Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading, Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart,
Patiently wait - ing, plead- ing,
Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading, Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart.
wait - ing, plead - ing,

Copyright, 1869, in "Bright Jewels."

# Time's Swift Chariot.

Mrs. M. Sparkes Wheeler. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I have heard of a country where pilgrim's forever Are free from all sorrow and care,
2. I am weary of trusting in earth's fleeting treasures Of loving what passes away,
3. There pilgrims who once o'er earth's sorrows were sighing Are safe in the haven of rest,
4. And soon with the saints of all ages we'll meet them, And dwell with that heavenly throng,
Where friendship is changeless, where love dieth never, And oh, how I long to be there.
But in that better country God tells me its pleasures Are lasting and ne'er will decay.
With an-gel-ic choristers now they are vieing In singing the song of the blest.
And the loved of our hearts, we in triumph shall greet them, And join in their rapturous song.
Chorus.
Then let time's swift chariot roll by! Let time's swift chariot roll by—roll by! The
roll by!
sooner earth's trials and sorrows shall cease, The sooner we'll enter the mansions of peace!
ff
Then let time's swift chariot roll by! Let time's swift chariot roll by, roll by!
roll by!
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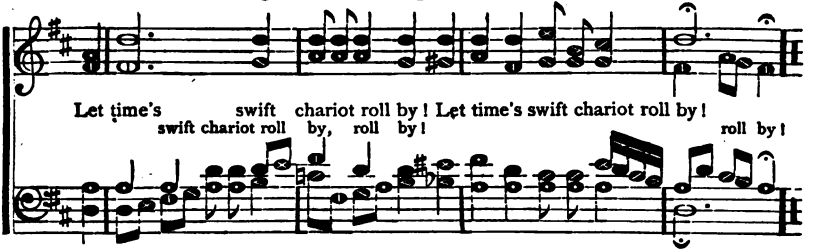
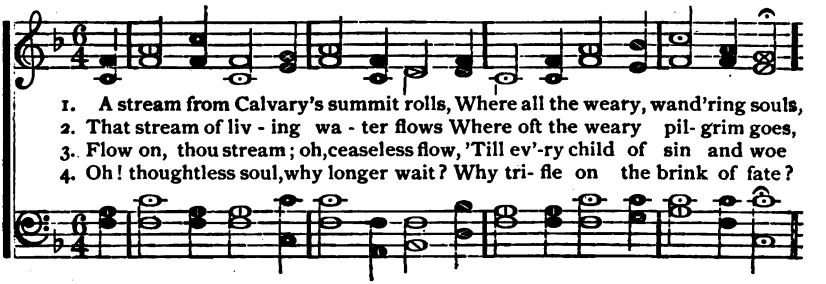
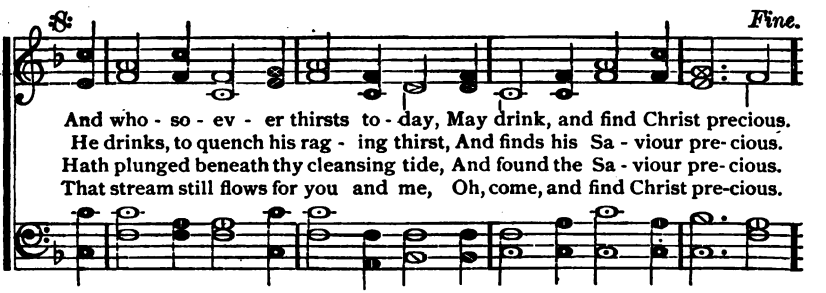
## Time's Swift Chariot.—CONCLUDED.

363

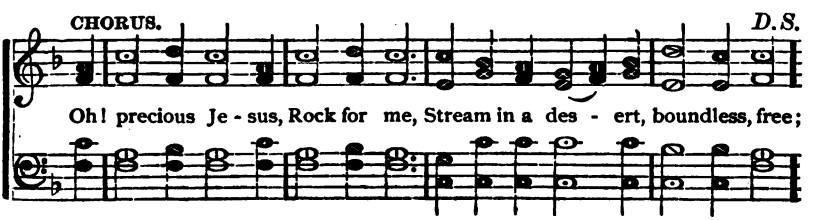
## Precious Stream.

H. L. G.

Dr. H. L. Gilmour.


1. A stream from Calvary's summit rolls, Where all the weary, wand'ring souls,
2. That stream of liv - ing wa - ter flows Where oft the weary pil- grim goes,
3. Flow on, thou stream; oh, ceaseless flow, 'Till ev'-ry child of sin and woe
4. Oh! thoughtless soul, why longer wait? Why tri- fle on the brink of fate?


Fine.
And who - so - ev - er thirsts to - day, May drink, and find Christ precious.
He drinks, to quench his rag - ing thirst, And finds his Sa - viour pre- cious.
Hath plunged beneath thy cleansing tide, And found the Sa - viour pre- cious.
That stream still flows for you and me, Oh, come, and find Christ pre-cious.
D.S.—I love to drink, and sat - is - fy My thirsting soul with Je - sus.

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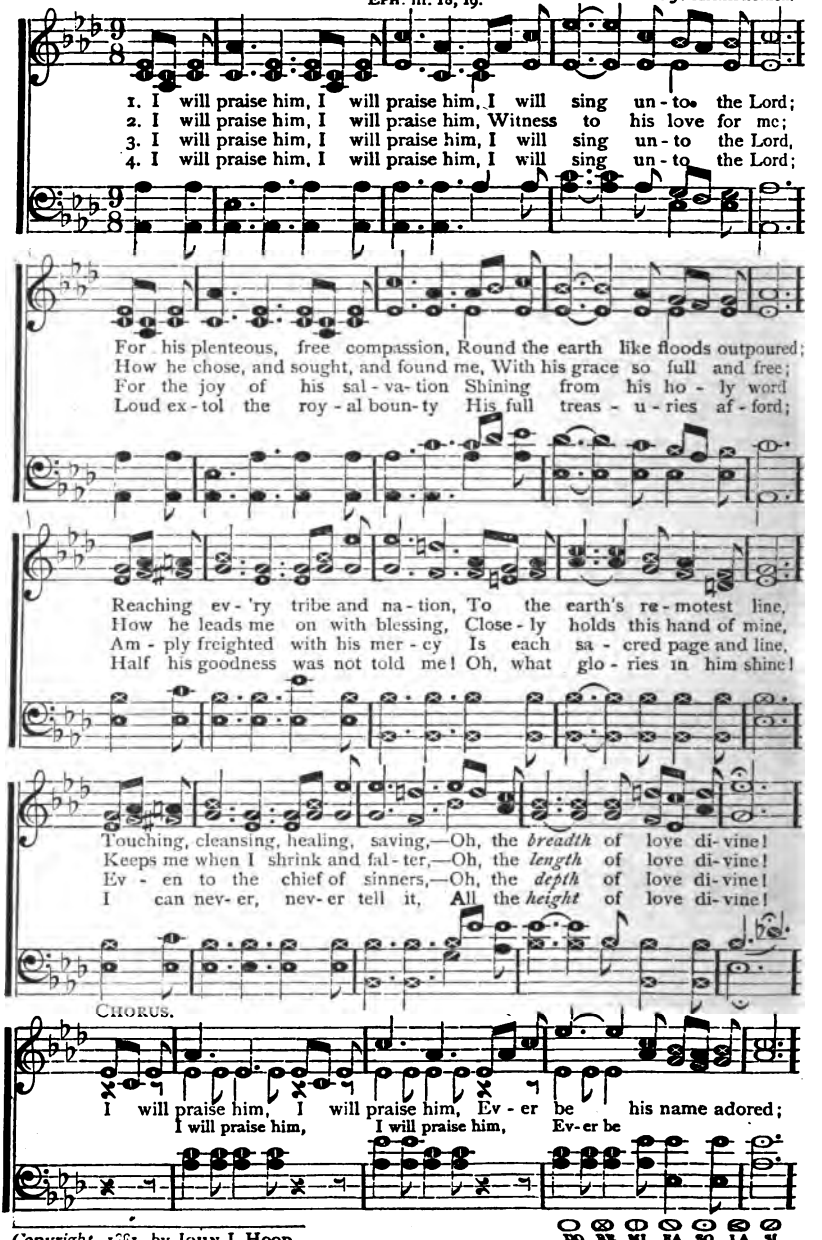
# I will Praise Him.

Mrs. H. E. Brown. Eph. iii. 18, 19. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I will praise him, I will praise him, I will sing un - to the Lord;
2. I will praise him, I will praise him, Witness to his love for me;
3. I will praise him, I will praise him, I will sing un - to the Lord,
4. I will praise him, I will praise him, I will sing un - to the Lord;
For his plenteous, free compassion, Round the earth like floods outpoured;
How he chose, and sought, and found me, With his grace so full and free;
For the joy of his sal - va - tion Shining from his ho - ly word
Loud ex - tol the roy - al boun - ty His full treas - u - ries af - ford;
Reaching ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, To the earth's re - motest line,
How he leads me on with blessing, Close - ly holds this hand of mine,
Am - ply freighted with his mer - cy Is each sa - cred page and line,
Half his goodness was not told me! Oh, what glo - ries in him shine!
Touching, cleansing, healing, saving,—Oh, the breadth of love di - vine!
Keeps me when I shrink and fal - ter,—Oh, the length of love di - vine!
Ev - en to the chief of sinners,—Oh, the depth of love di - vine!
I can nev - er, nev - er tell it, All the height of love di - vine!
Chorus.
I will praise him, I will praise him, Ev - er be his name adored;
I will praise him, I will praise him, Ev - er be
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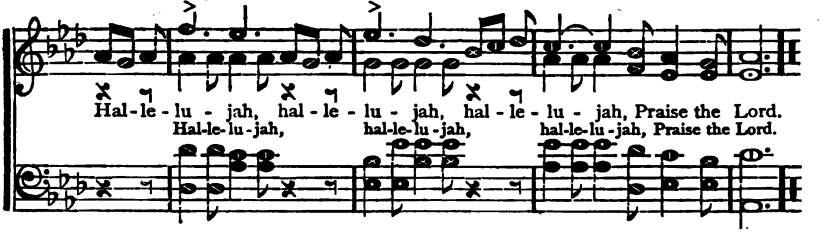
## I will Praise Him.—CONCLUDED.

5 I will praise him, I will praise him,—
Holy Ghost, my song indite,—
For the love that passeth knowledge,
*Length* and *breadth* and *depth* and *height*;
Sing, O earth! let every creature
Help this feeble tongue of mine
To declare a love so precious,
Endless, infinite, divine!—*Chorus.*

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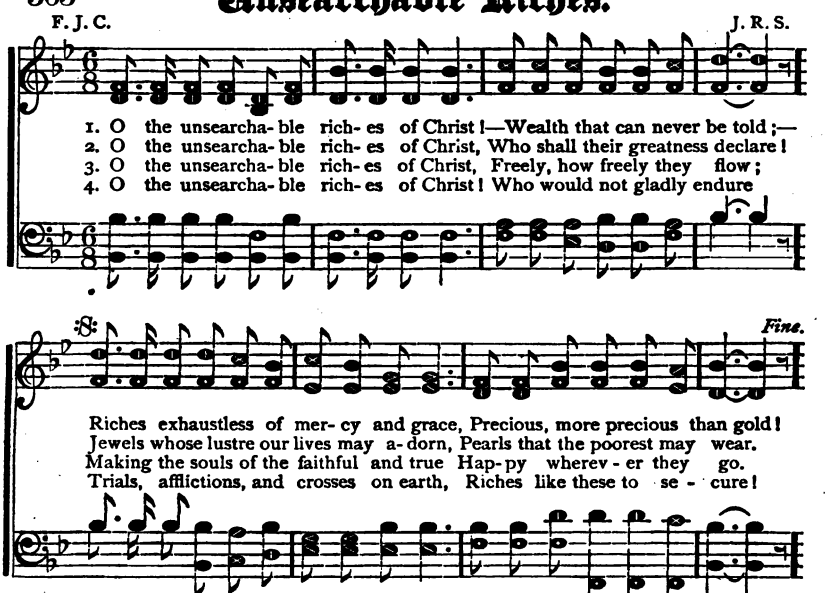
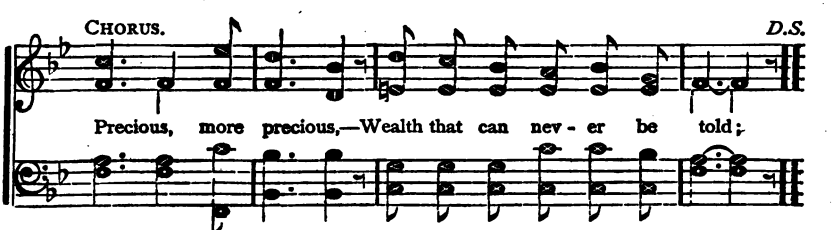
## Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C. J. R. S.


1. O the unsearcha-ble rich-es of Christ!—Wealth that can never be told;—
2. O the unsearcha-ble rich-es of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare!
3. O the unsearcha-ble rich-es of Christ, Freely, how freely they flow;
4. O the unsearcha-ble rich-es of Christ! Who would not gladly endure
Fine.
Riches exhaustless of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
Jewels whose lustre our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Making the souls of the faithful and true Hap-py wherev-er they go.
Trials, afflictions, and crosses on earth, Riches like these to se-cure!
D.S.—O the unsearchable rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

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*Quartet—V*



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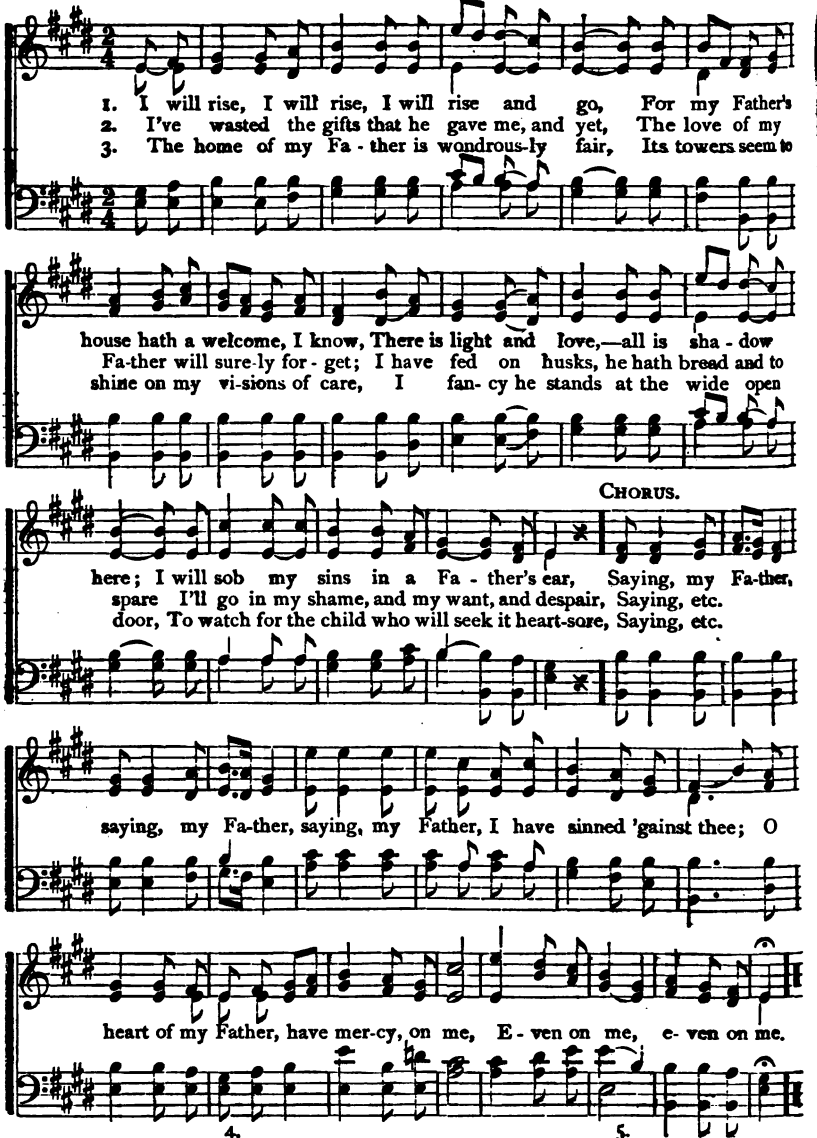
# I Will Rise.

FLORA B. HARRIS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I will rise, I will rise, I will rise and go, For my Father's
2. I've wasted the gifts that he gave me, and yet, The love of my
3. The home of my Fa - ther is wondrous-ly fair, Its towers seem to
house hath a welcome, I know, There is light and love,—all is sha - dow
Fa-ther will sure-ly for - get; I have fed on husks, he hath bread and to
shine on my vi-sions of care, I fan- cy he stands at the wide open
CHORUS.
here; I will sob my sins in a Fa - ther's ear, Saying, my Fa-ther,
spare I'll go in my shame, and my want, and despair, Saying, etc.
door, To watch for the child who will seek it heart-sore, Saying, etc.
saying, my Fa-ther, saying, my Father, I have sinned 'gainst thee; O
heart of my Father, have mer-cy, on me, E - ven on me, e- ven on me.

4.

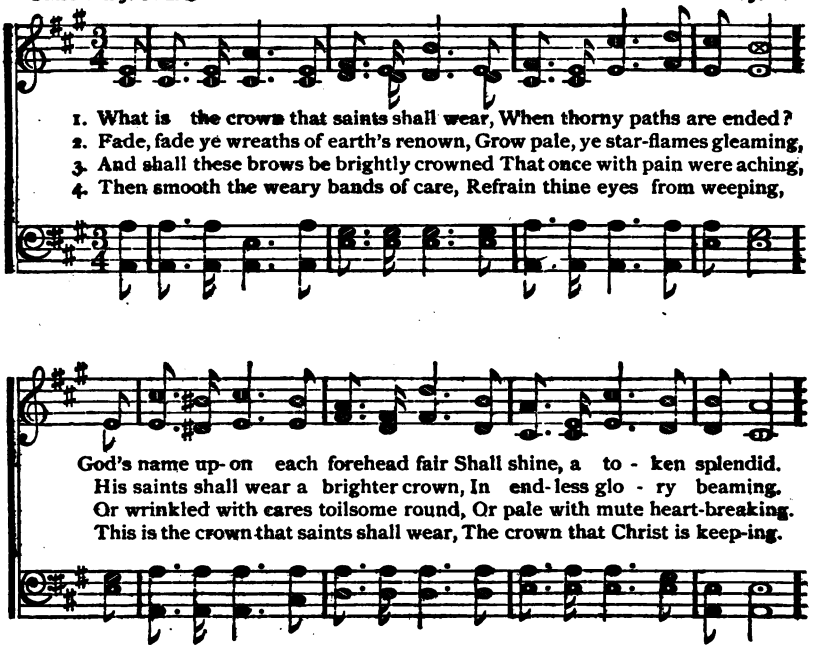
Oh, wide as the heavens, and deep as the sea,
Is the grace of my Father to sinners like me;
And yet, in these rags, that a beggar would shun,
*I dare not entreat* to be called his son, etc.

5.

Unworthy, unworthy the least of his grace,
I'll plead as a servant to look on his face:
His love will enfold me, his heart is my home;
Tho' I die at thy feet, O my Father, I come.

# A Precious Crown.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. K.


1. What is the crown that saints shall wear, When thorny paths are ended?
2. Fade, fade ye wreaths of earth's renown, Grow pale, ye star-flames gleaming,
3. And shall these brows be brightly crowned That once with pain were aching,
4. Then smooth the weary bands of care, Refrain thine eyes from weeping,
God's name up-on each forehead fair Shall shine, a to-ken splendid.
His saints shall wear a brighter crown, In end-less glo-ry beaming.
Or wrinkled with cares toilsome round, Or pale with mute heart-breaking.
This is the crown that saints shall wear, The crown that Christ is keep-ing.
CHORUS.
A precious crown! a glorious crown! A crown that fadeth nev-er! Who
bears his name, come loss or shame, Shall wear this crown for-ev-er.

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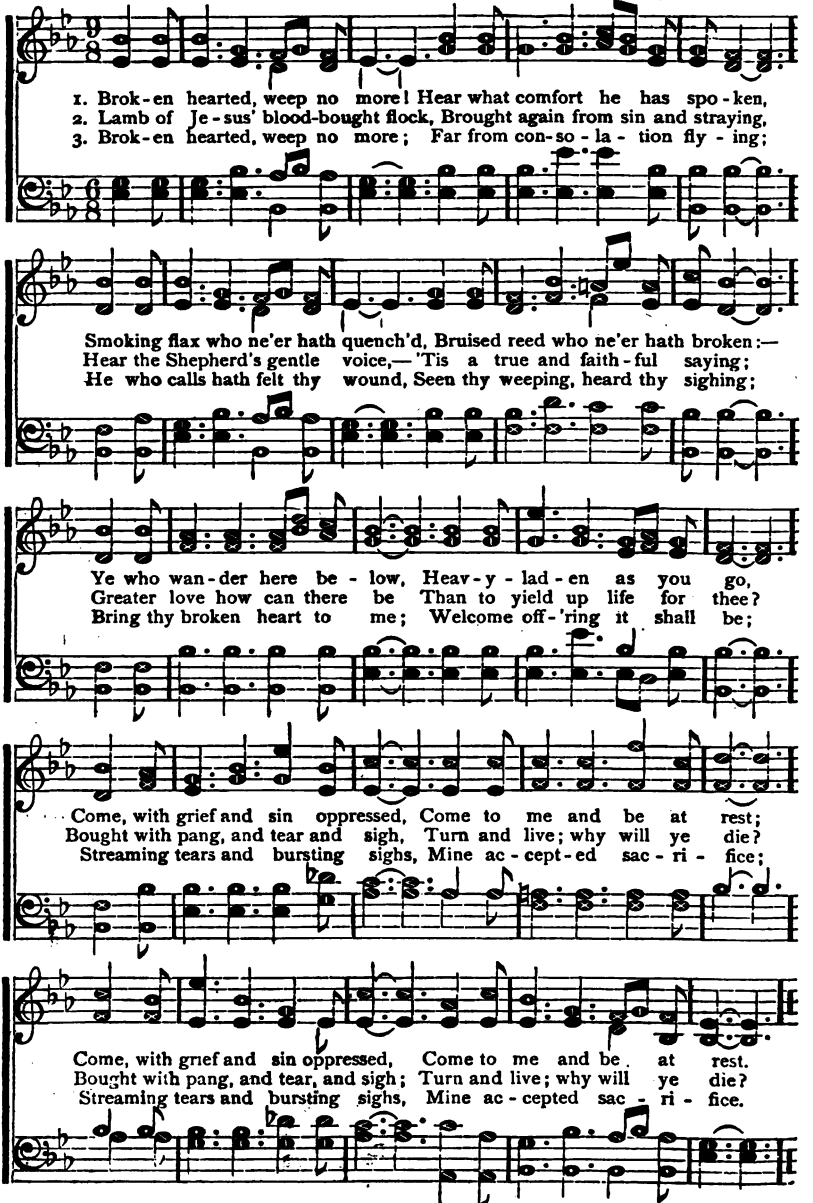
# 368 Comfort Ye hath Spoken.

ANON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Brok-en hearted, weep no more! Hear what comfort he has spo-ken,
2. Lamb of Je-sus' blood-bought flock, Brought again from sin and straying,
3. Brok-en hearted, weep no more; Far from con-so-la-tion fly-ing;
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quench'd, Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken:—
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice,—'Tis a true and faith-ful saying;
He who calls hath felt thy wound, Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing;
Ye who wan-der here be-low, Heav-y-lad-en as you go,
Greater love how can there be Than to yield up life for thee?
Bring thy broken heart to me; Welcome off-'ring it shall be;
Come, with grief and sin oppressed, Come to me and be at rest;
Bought with pang, and tear and sigh, Turn and live; why will ye die?
Streaming tears and bursting sighs, Mine ac-cept-ed sac-ri-fice;
Come, with grief and sin oppressed, Come to me and be at rest.
Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh; Turn and live; why will ye die?
Streaming tears and bursting sighs, Mine ac-cepted sac-ri-fice.

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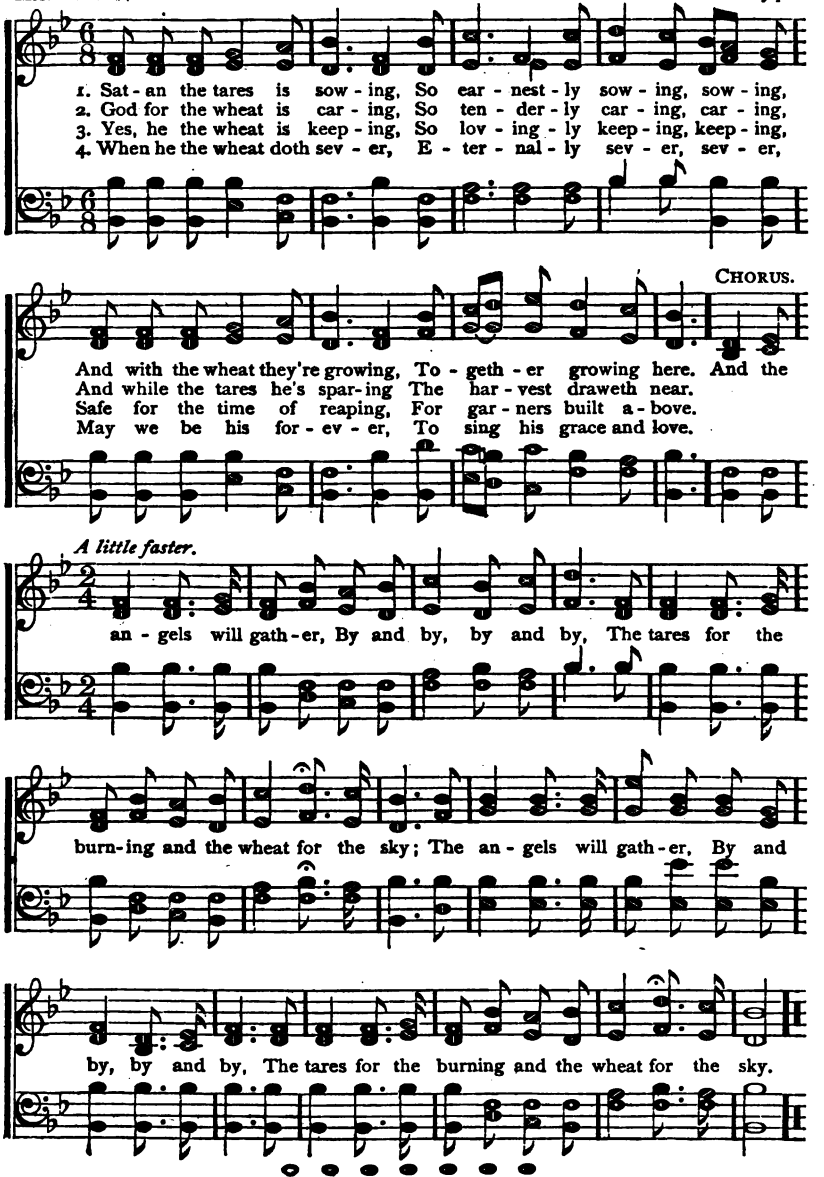
# The Tares.

As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of the world.—Matt. xiii. 40.

Mrs. M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer. By per.

1. Sat - an the tares is sow - ing, So ear - nest - ly sow - ing, sow - ing,
2. God for the wheat is car - ing, So ten - der - ly car - ing, car - ing,
3. Yes, he the wheat is keep - ing, So lov - ing - ly keep - ing, keep - ing,
4. When he the wheat doth sev - er, E - ter - nal - ly sev - er, sev - er,
Chorus.
And with the wheat they're growing, To - geth - er growing here. And the
And while the tares he's spar-ing The har - vest draweth near.
Safe for the time of reaping, For gar - ners built a - bove.
May we be his for - ev - er, To sing his grace and love.
A little faster.
an - gels will gath - er, By and by, by and by, The tares for the
burn-ing and the wheat for the sky; The an - gels will gath - er, By and
by, by and by, The tares for the burning and the wheat for the sky.
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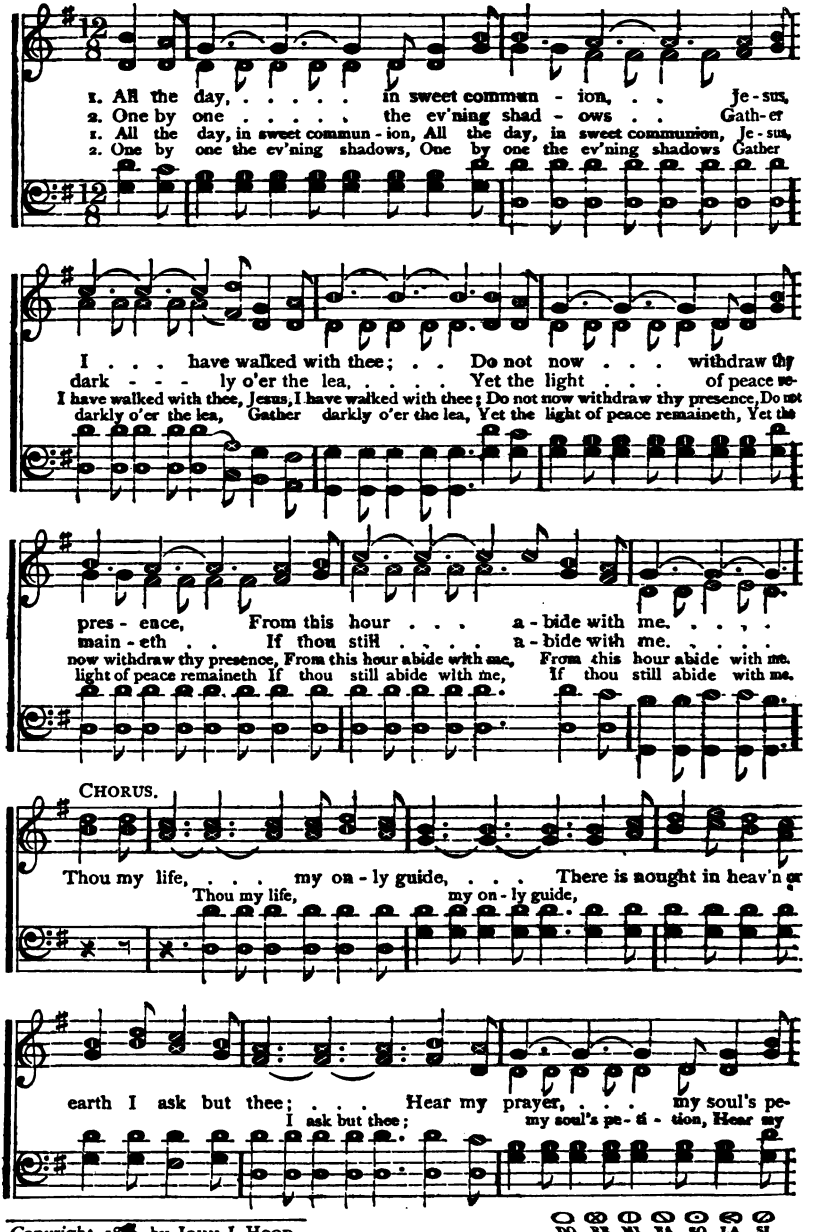
# Abide with me.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. All the day, . . . . . in sweet commun - ion, . . Je - sus,
2. One by one . . . . . the ev'ning shad - ows . . Gath - er
1. All the day, in sweet commun - ion, All the day, in sweet communion, Je - sus,
2. One by one the ev'ning shadows, One by one the ev'ning shadows Gather
I . . . have walked with thee; . . Do not now . . . withdraw thy
dark - - - ly o'er the lea, . . . . . Yet the light . . . of peace re-
I have walked with thee, Jesus, I have walked with thee; Do not now withdraw thy presence, Do not
darkly o'er the lea, Gather darkly o'er the lea, Yet the light of peace remaineth, Yet the
pres - ence, From this hour . . . a - bide with me. . . . .
main - eth . . If thou still . . . . a - bide with me. . . . .
now withdraw thy presence, From this hour abide with me, From this hour abide with me.
light of peace remaineth If thou still abide with me, If thou still abide with me.
CHORUS.
Thou my life, . . . my on - ly guide, . . . There is nought in heav'n or
Thou my life, my on - ly guide,
earth I ask but thee; . . . . Hear my prayer, . . . my soul's pe-
I ask but thee; my soul's pe - ti - tion, Hear my

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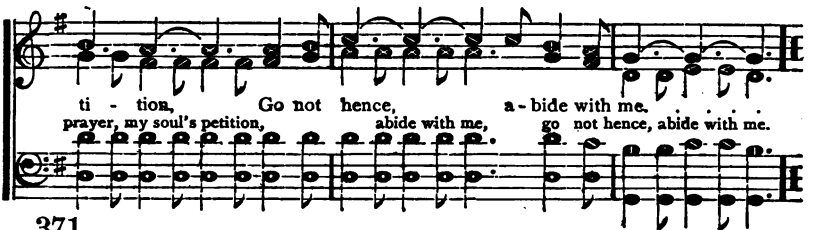
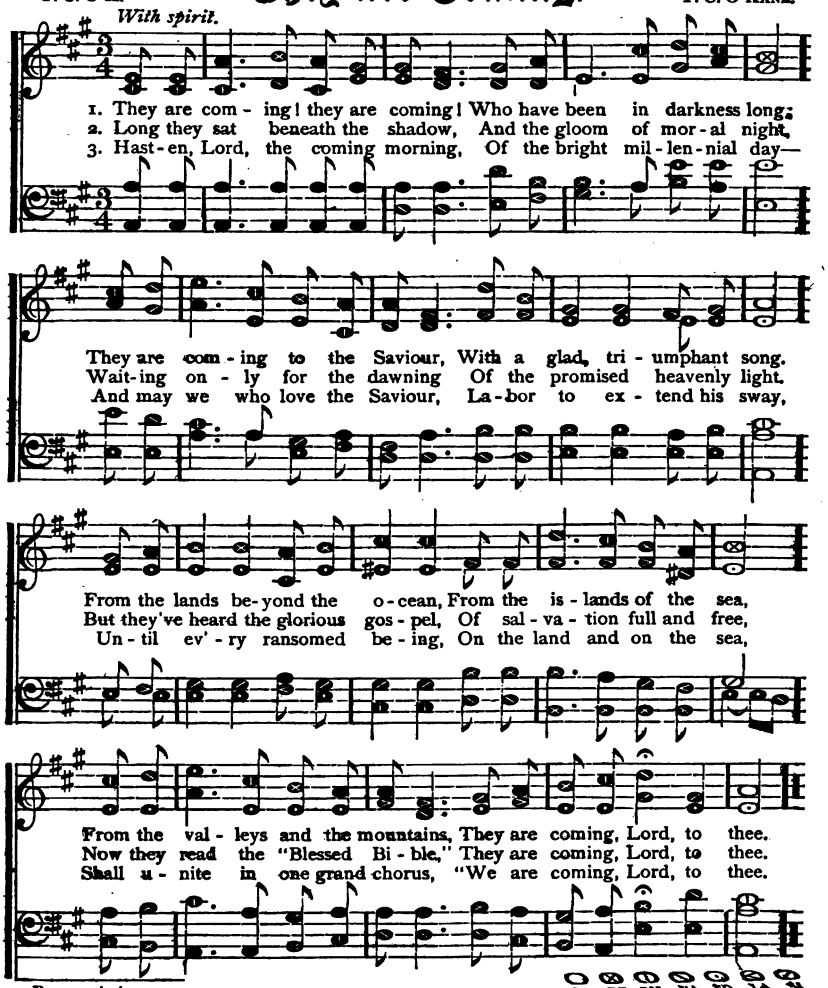

371

T. C. O'K.

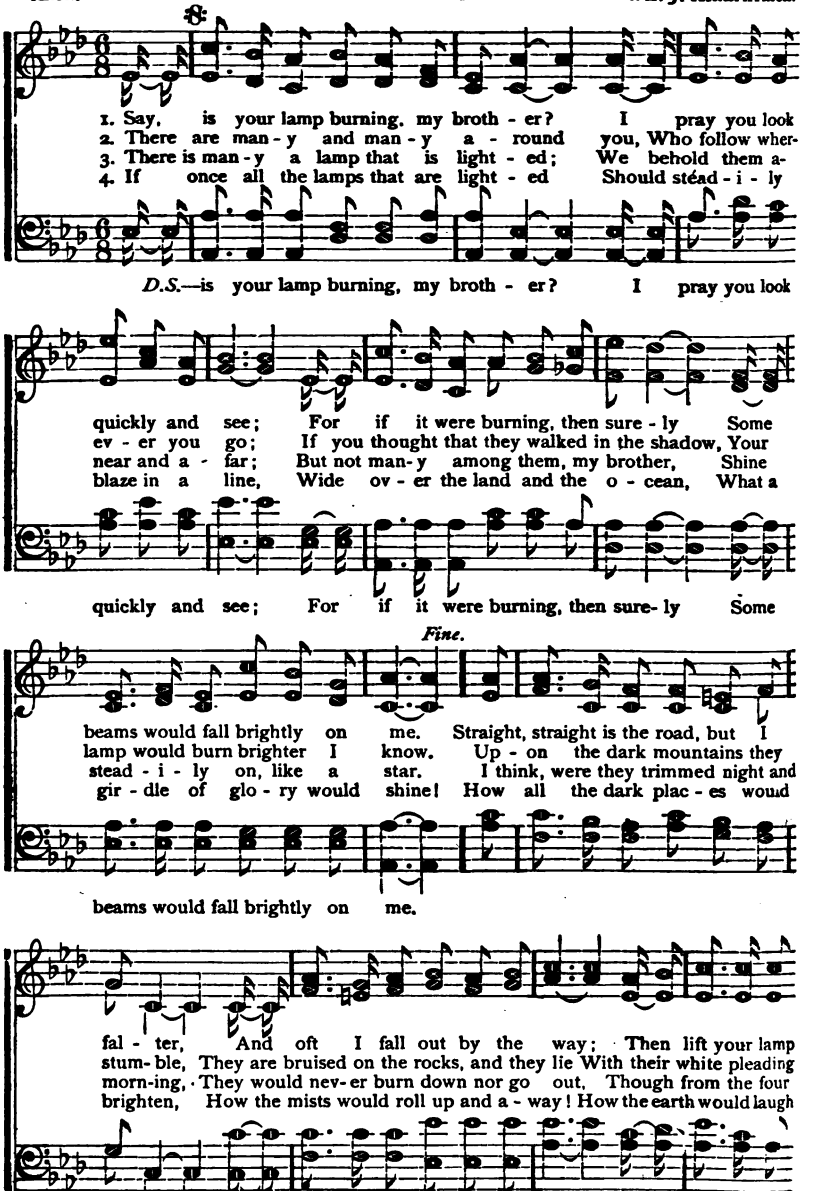
## They are Coming.

T. C. O'KANE.

*With spirit.*

1. They are com - ing! they are coming! Who have been in darkness long;
2. Long they sat beneath the shadow, And the gloom of mor - al night,
3. Hast - en, Lord, the coming morning, Of the bright mil - len - nial day—
They are com - ing to the Saviour, With a glad, tri - umphant song.
Wait - ing on - ly for the dawning Of the promised heavenly light.
And may we who love the Saviour, La - bor to ex - tend his sway,
From the lands be - yond the o - cean, From the is - lands of the sea,
But they've heard the glorious gos - pel, Of sal - va - tion full and free,
Un - til ev' - ry ransomed be - ing, On the land and on the sea,
From the val - leys and the mountains, They are coming, Lord, to thee.
Now they read the "Blessed Bi - ble," They are coming, Lord, to thee.
Shall u - nite in one grand chorus, "We are coming, Lord, to thee.

By permission.

# Is Your Lamp Burning?

ARON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Say, is your lamp burning, my broth - er? I pray you look
2. There are man - y and man - y a - round you, Who follow wher-
3. There is man - y a lamp that is light - ed; We behold them a-
4. If once all the lamps that are light - ed Should stead - i - ly
D.S.—is your lamp burning, my broth - er? I pray you look
quickly and see; For if it were burning, then sure - ly Some
ev - er you go; If you thought that they walked in the shadow, Your
near and a - far; But not man - y among them, my brother, Shine
blaze in a line, Wide ov - er the land and the o - cean, What a
quickly and see; For if it were burning, then sure - ly Some
Fine.
beams would fall brightly on me. Straight, straight is the road, but I
lamp would burn brighter I know. Up - on the dark mountains they
stead - i - ly on, like a star. I think, were they trimmed night and
gir - dle of glo - ry would shine! How all the dark plac - es would
beams would fall brightly on me.
fal - ter, And oft I fall out by the way; Then lift your lamp
stum - ble, They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie With their white pleading
morn-ing, They would nev - er burn down nor go out, Though from the four
brighten, How the mists would roll up and a - way! How the earth would laugh

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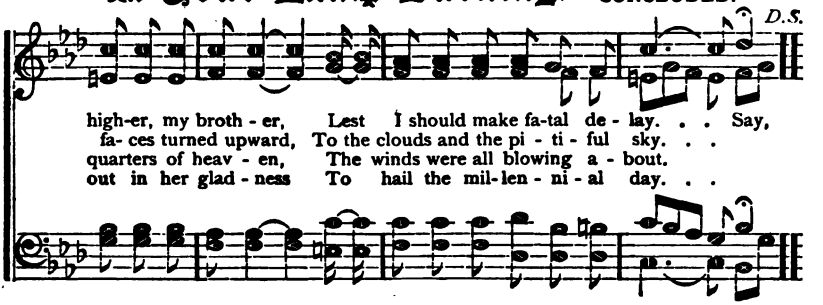
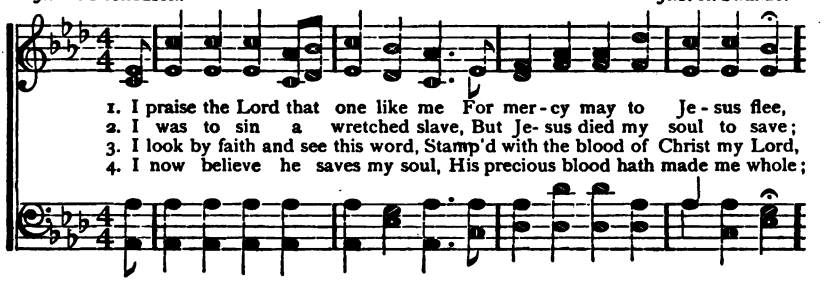
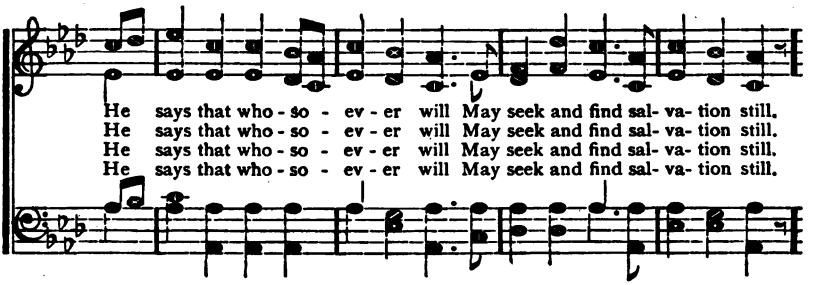
## Is Your Lamp Burning.—CONCLUDED.

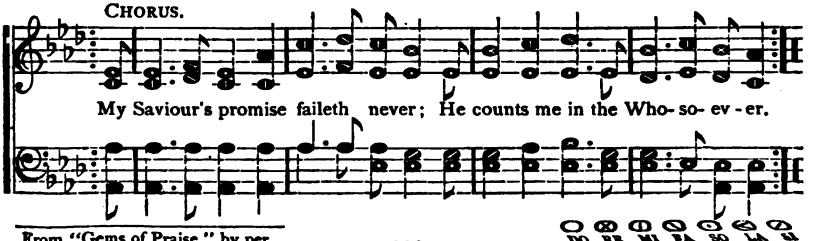

D.S.
high-er, my broth - er, Lest I should make fa-tal de - lay. . . Say,
fa- ces turned upward, To the clouds and the pi - ti - ful sky. . .
quarters of heav - en, The winds were all blowing a - bout.
out in her glad - ness To hail the mil-len - ni - al day. . .

## 373 Whosoever.

JAMES NICHOLSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I praise the Lord that one like me For mer-cy may to Je - sus flee,
2. I was to sin a wretched slave, But Je- sus died my soul to save;
3. I look by faith and see this word, Stamp'd with the blood of Christ my Lord,
4. I now believe he saves my soul, His precious blood hath made me whole;

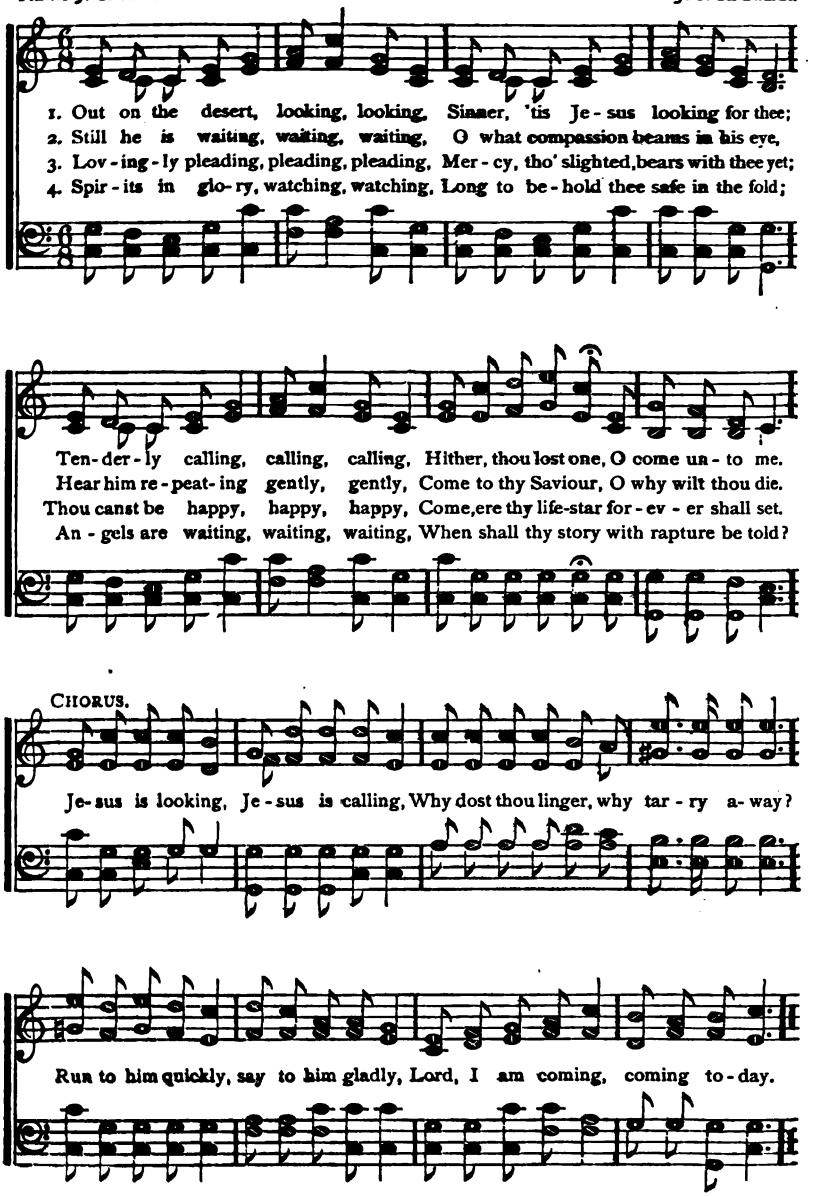

He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal- va- tion still.
He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal- va- tion still.
He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal- va- tion still.
He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal- va- tion still.




From "Gems of Praise," by per,

# Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Out on the desert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je - sus looking for thee;
2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, O what compassion beams in his eye,
3. Lov - ing - ly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mer - cy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
4. Spir - its in glo - ry, watching, watching, Long to be - hold thee safe in the fold;
Ten - der - ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O come un - to me.
Hear him re - peat - ing gently, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou die.
Thou canst be happy, happy, happy, Come, ere thy life-star for - ev - er shall set.
An - gels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?
CHORUS.
Je - sus is looking, Je - sus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tar - ry a - way?
Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to - day.

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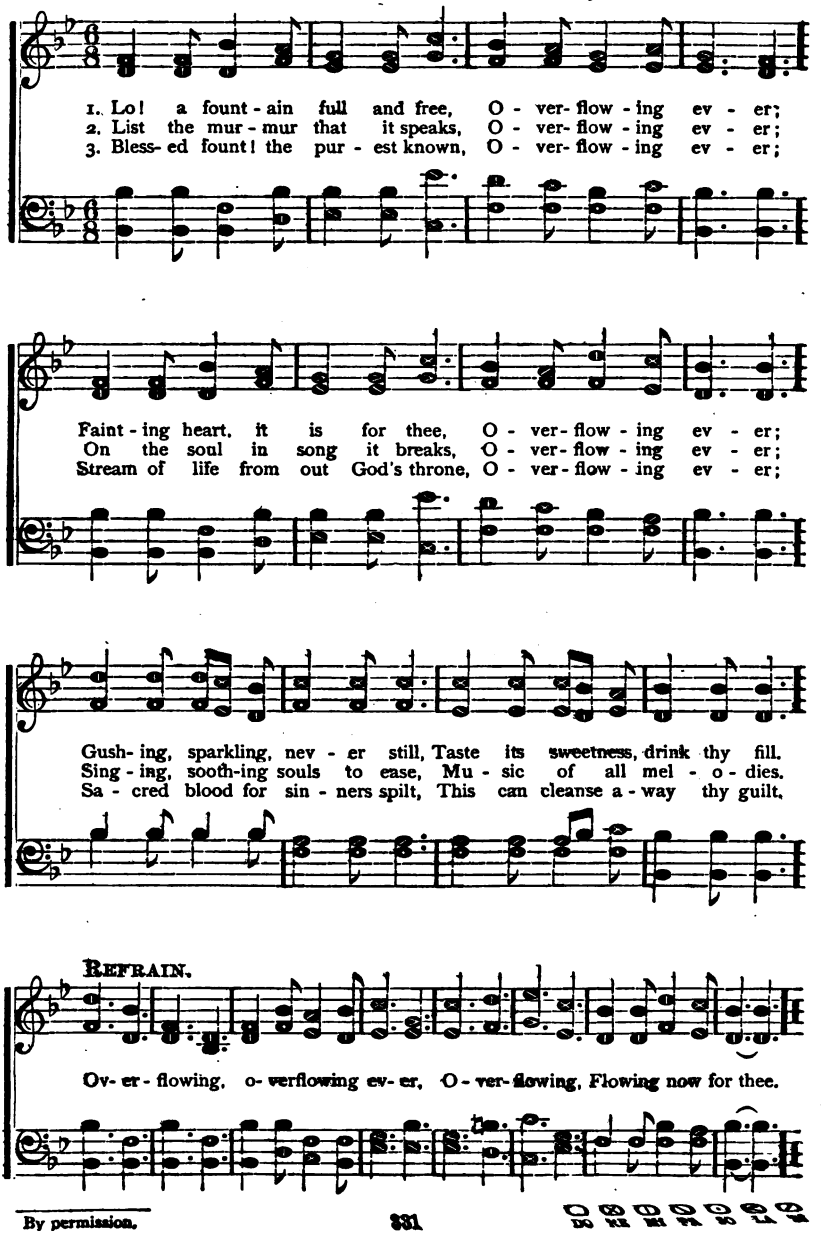
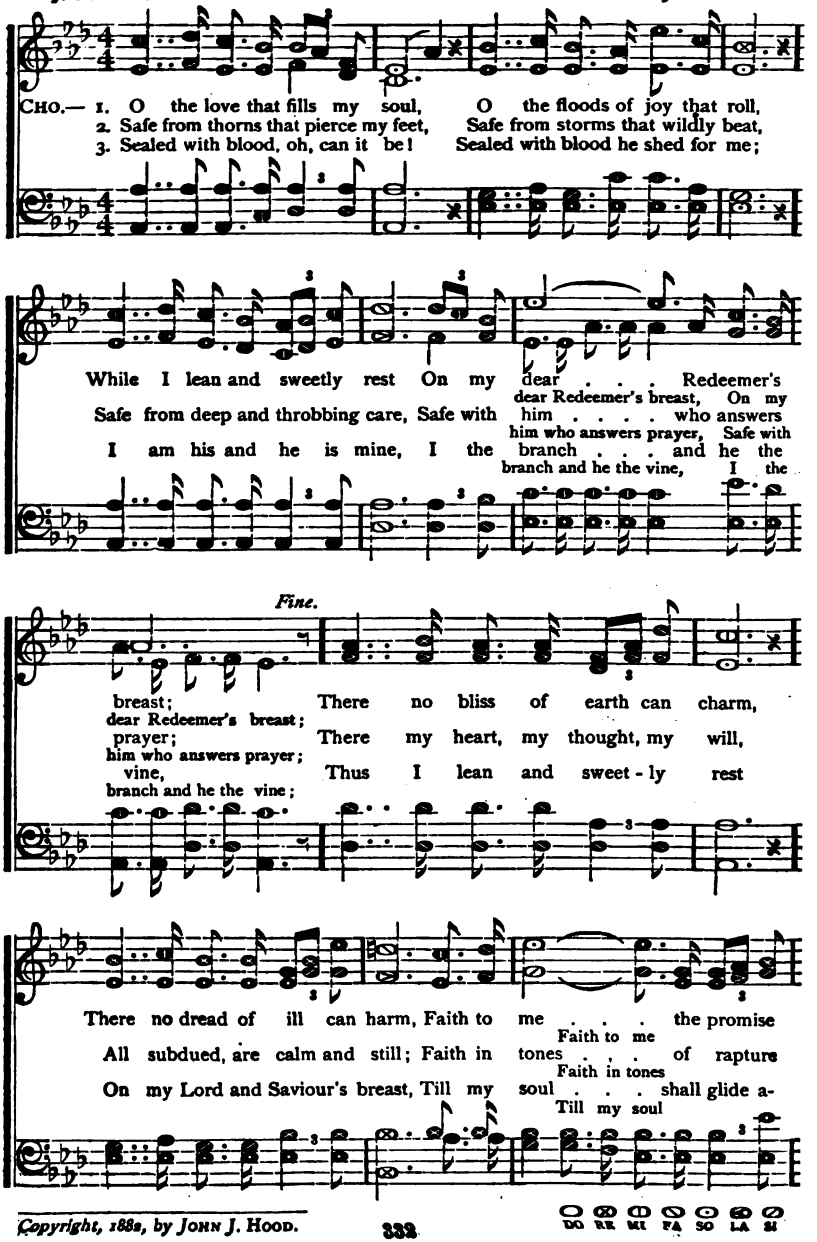
# Overflowing Ever.

E. F. C. H. "With thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. xxxvi. 9. R. Lowry.

1. Lo! a fount-ain full and free, O-ver-flow-ing ev-er;
2. List the mur-mur that it speaks, O-ver-flow-ing ev-er;
3. Bless-ed fount! the pur-est known, O-ver-flow-ing ev-er;
Faint-ing heart, it is for thee, O-ver-flow-ing ev-er;
On the soul in song it breaks, O-ver-flow-ing ev-er;
Stream of life from out God's throne, O-ver-flow-ing ev-er;
Gush-ing, sparkling, nev-er still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.
Sing-ing, sooth-ing souls to ease, Mu-sic of all mel-o-dies.
Sa-cred blood for sin-ners spilt, This can cleanse a-way thy guilt.
REFRAIN.
Ov-er-flowing, o-verflowing ev-er, O-ver-flowing, Flowing now for thee.

By permission.

# 376 Safe beneath His Wings.

J. Gannett. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Cho.— 1. O the love that fills my soul, O the floods of joy that roll,
2. Safe from thorns that pierce my feet, Safe from storms that wildly beat,
3. Sealed with blood, oh, can it be! Sealed with blood he shed for me;
While I lean and sweetly rest On my dear . . . Redeemer's
Safe from deep and throbbing care, Safe with dear Redeemer's breast, On my
him . . . . who answers
I am his and he is mine, I the him who answers prayer, Safe with
branch . . . and he the
branch and he the vine, I the
Fine.
breast; There no bliss of earth can charm,
dear Redeemer's breast;
prayer; There my heart, my thought, my will,
him who answers prayer;
vine, Thus I lean and sweet-ly rest
branch and he the vine;
There no dread of ill can harm, Faith to me . . . the promise
Faith to me
All subdued, are calm and still; Faith in tones . . . of rapture
Faith in tones
On my Lord and Saviour's breast, Till my soul . . . shall glide a-
Till my soul

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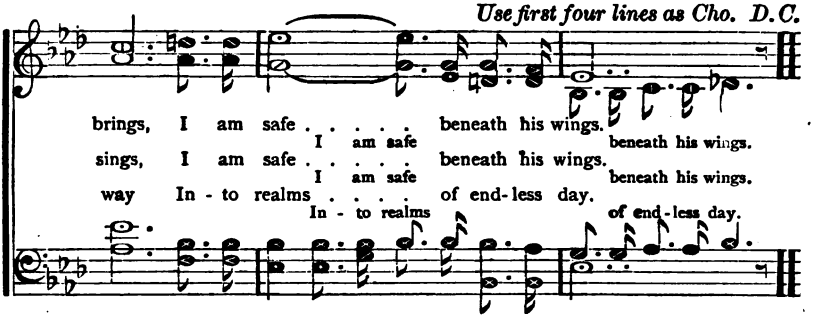
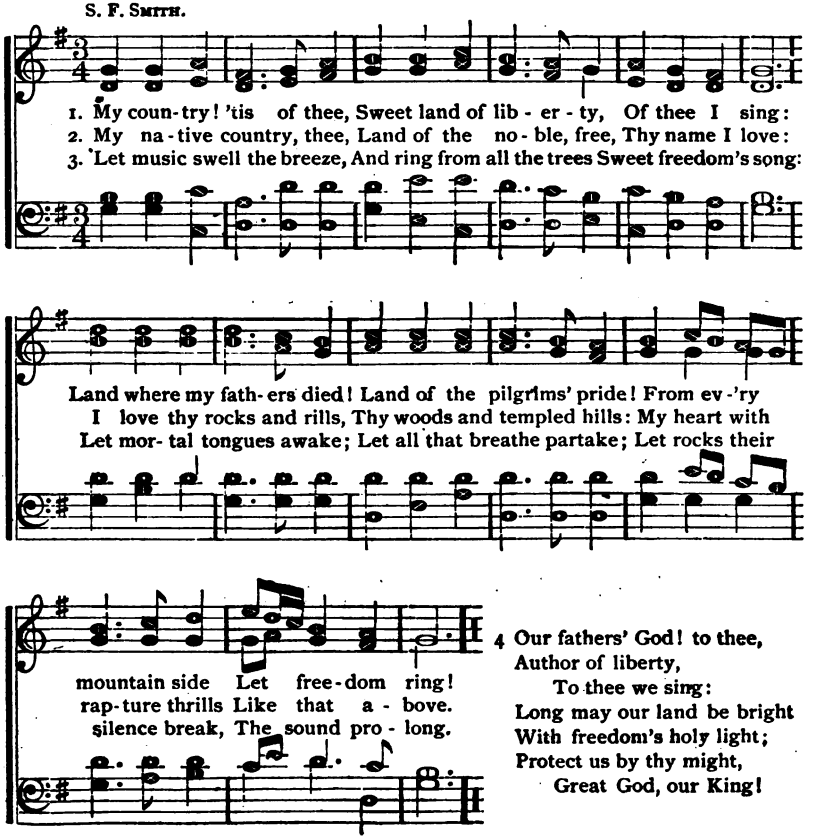
## Safe beneath His Wings.—CONCLUDED.

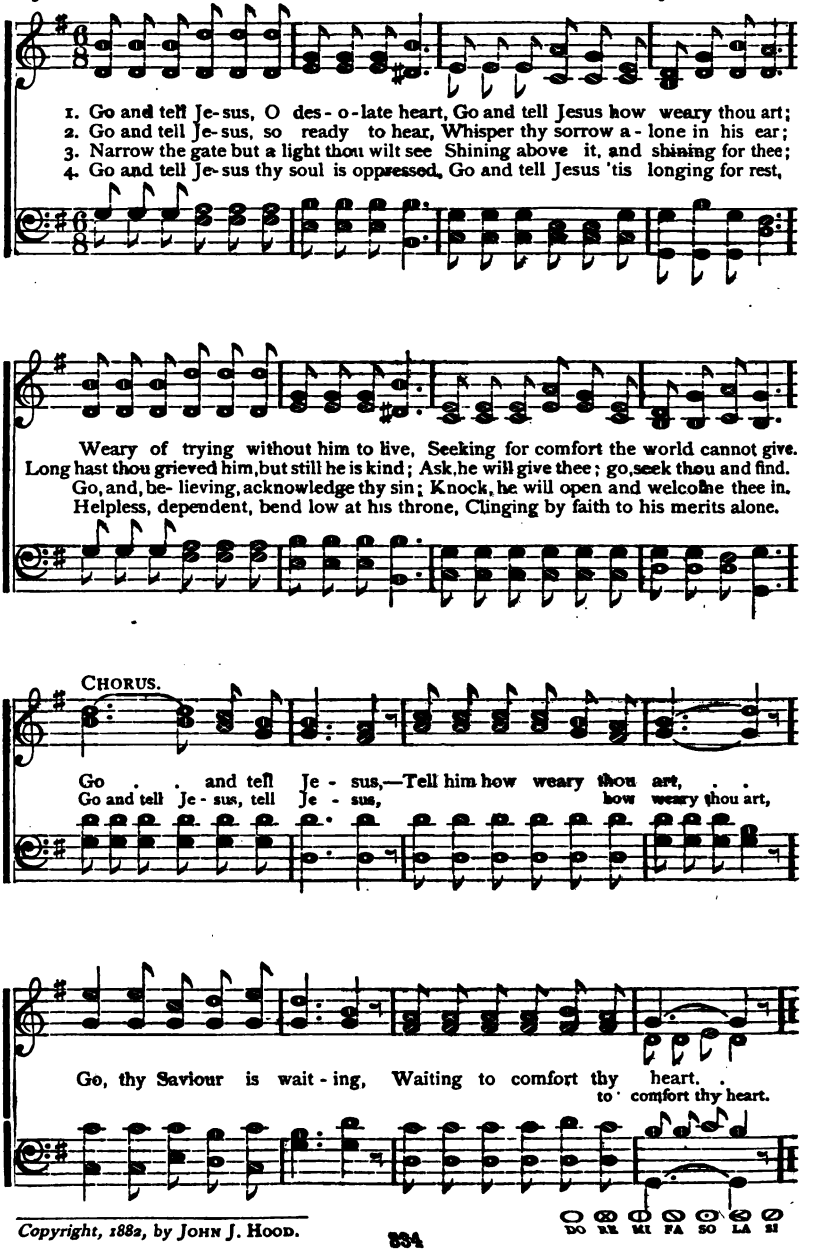
*Use first four lines as Cho. D.C.*

brings, I am safe . . . . . beneath his wings.
I am safe beneath his wings.
sings, I am safe . . . . . beneath his wings.
I am safe beneath his wings.
way In - to realms . . . . of end - less day.
In - to realms of end - less day.

## 377 America.

S. F. Smith.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing:
2. My na - tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love:
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song:
Land where my fath - ers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev - 'ry
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with
Let mor - tal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their
mountain side Let free - dom ring!
rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
silence break, The sound pro - long.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

# 378 Go and Tell Jesus.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Go and tell Je-sus, O des-o-late heart, Go and tell Jesus how weary thou art;
2. Go and tell Je-sus, so ready to hear, Whisper thy sorrow a-lone in his ear;
3. Narrow the gate but a light thou wilt see Shining above it, and shining for thee;
4. Go and tell Je-sus thy soul is oppressed, Go and tell Jesus 'tis longing for rest,
Weary of trying without him to live, Seeking for comfort the world cannot give.
Long hast thou grieved him, but still he is kind; Ask, he will give thee; go, seek thou and find.
Go, and, be-lieving, acknowledge thy sin; Knock, he will open and welcome thee in.
Helpless, dependent, bend low at his throne, Clinging by faith to his merits alone.
CHORUS.
Go . . and tell Je-sus,—Tell him how weary thou art, . .
Go and tell Je-sus, tell Je-sus, how weary thou art,
Go, thy Saviour is wait-ing, Waiting to comfort thy heart. .
to comfort thy heart.
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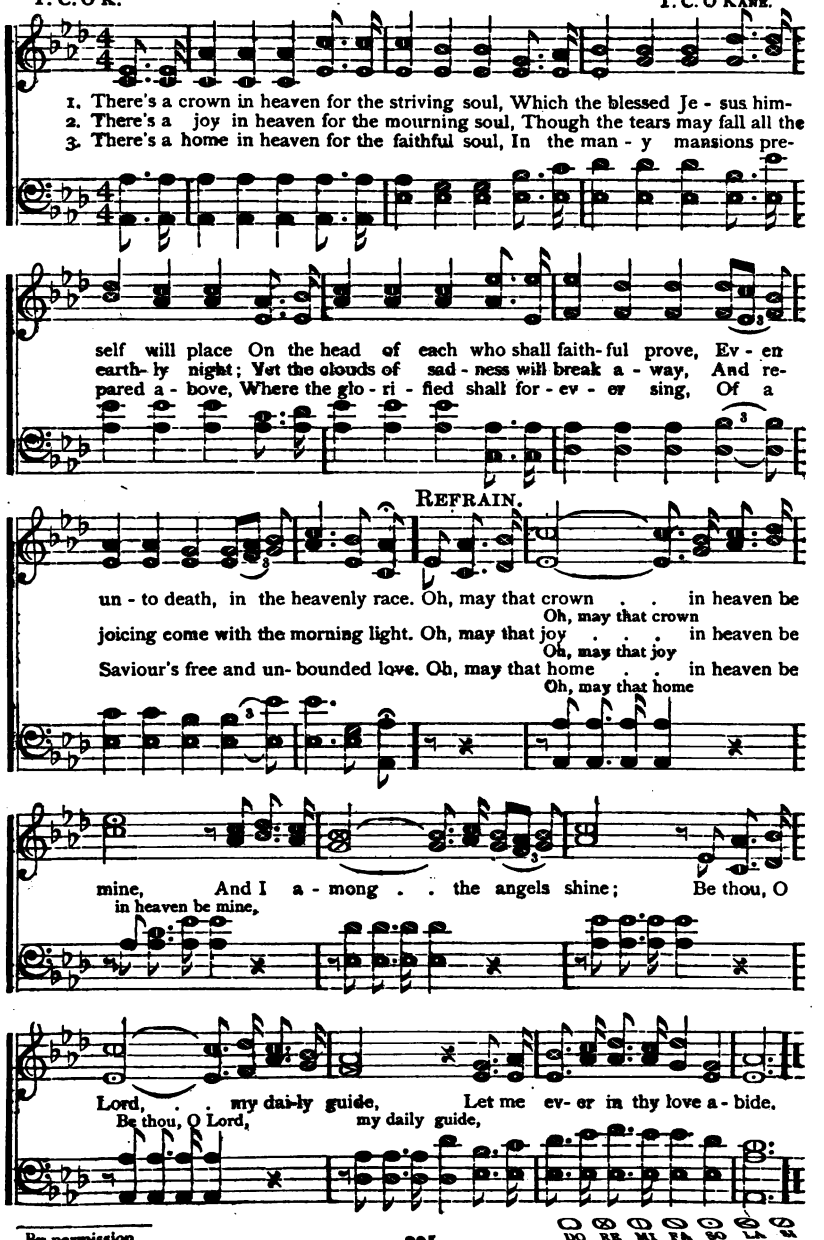
# Treasures of Heaven

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'KANE.


1. There's a crown in heaven for the striving soul, Which the blessed Je - sus him-
2. There's a joy in heaven for the mourning soul, Though the tears may fall all the
3. There's a home in heaven for the faithful soul, In the man - y mansions pre-
self will place On the head of each who shall faith- ful prove, Ev - en
earth- ly night; Yet the clouds of sad - ness will break a - way, And re-
pared a - bove, Where the glo - ri - fied shall for - ev - er sing, Of a
REFRAIN.
un - to death, in the heavenly race. Oh, may that crown . . in heaven be
Oh, may that crown
joicing come with the morning light. Oh, may that joy . . . in heaven be
Oh, may that joy
Saviour's free and un- bounded love. Oh, may that home . . in heaven be
Oh, may that home
mine, And I a - mong . . the angels shine; Be thou, O
in heaven be mine,
Lord, . . my dai-ly guide, Let me ev- er in thy love a - bide.
Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide,

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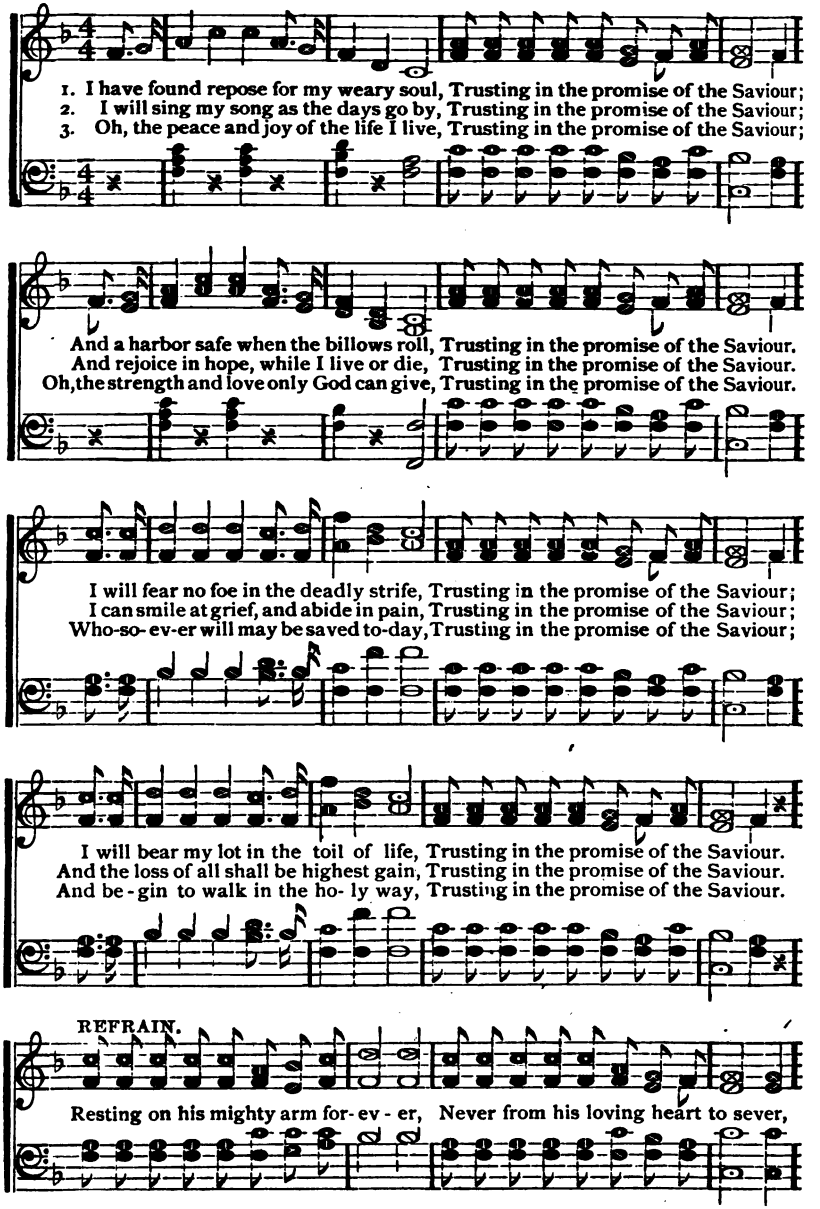
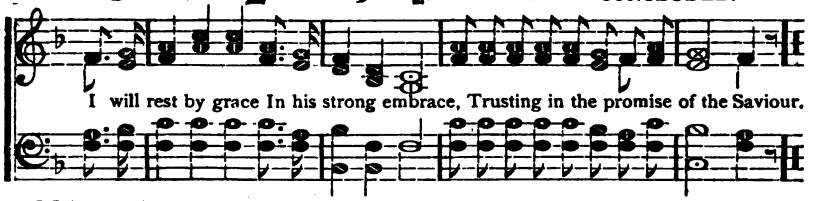
# 380 Trusting in the Promise.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. E. S. Lorenz.

1. I have found repose for my weary soul, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
And a harbor safe when the billows roll, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
And rejoice in hope, while I live or die, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
Oh, the strength and love only God can give, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
I will fear no foe in the deadly strife, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
I can smile at grief, and abide in pain, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
Who-so-ev-er will may be saved to-day, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
And the loss of all shall be highest gain, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
And be-gin to walk in the ho-ly way, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
REFRAIN.
Resting on his mighty arm for-ev-er, Never from his loving heart to sever,

*By permission.*

## Trusting in the Promise.—CONCLUDED.

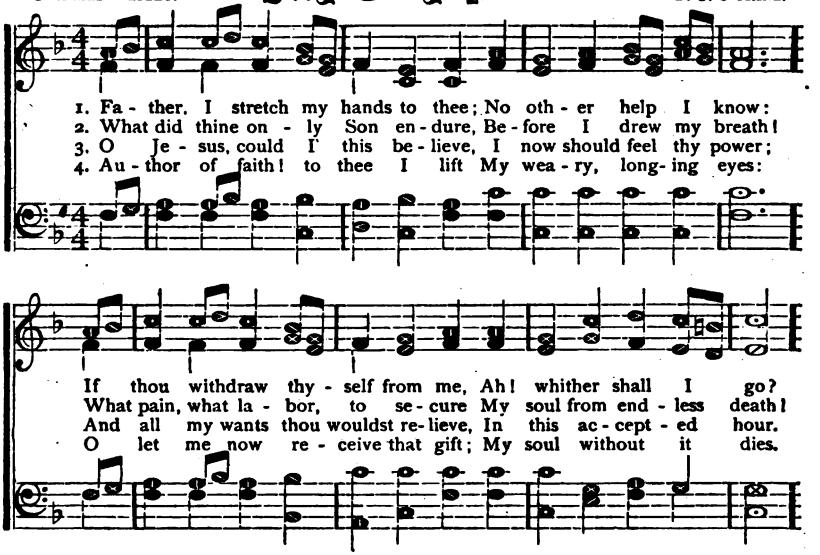
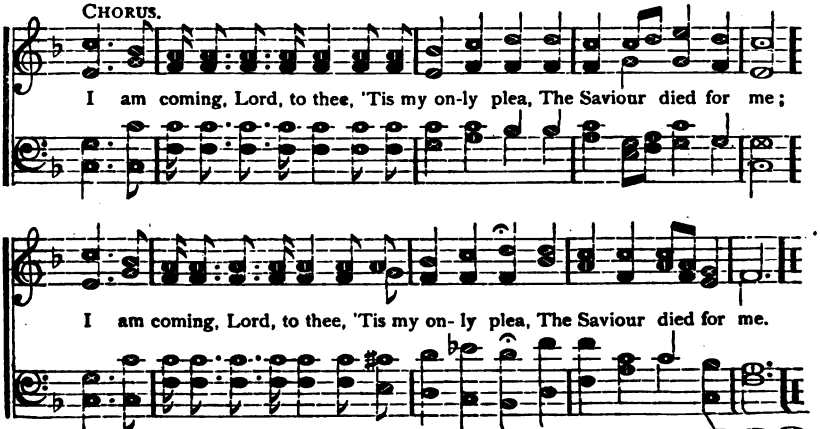



381

CHARLES WESLEY.

## My Only Plea.

T. C. O'KANE.


1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth - er help I know:
2. What did thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath!
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel thy power;
4. Au - thor of faith! to thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes:
If thou withdraw thy - self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
And all my wants thou wouldst re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
O let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul without it dies.

CHORUS.
I am coming, Lord, to thee, 'Tis my on-ly plea, The Saviour died for me;
I am coming, Lord, to thee, 'Tis my on - ly plea, The Saviour died for me.

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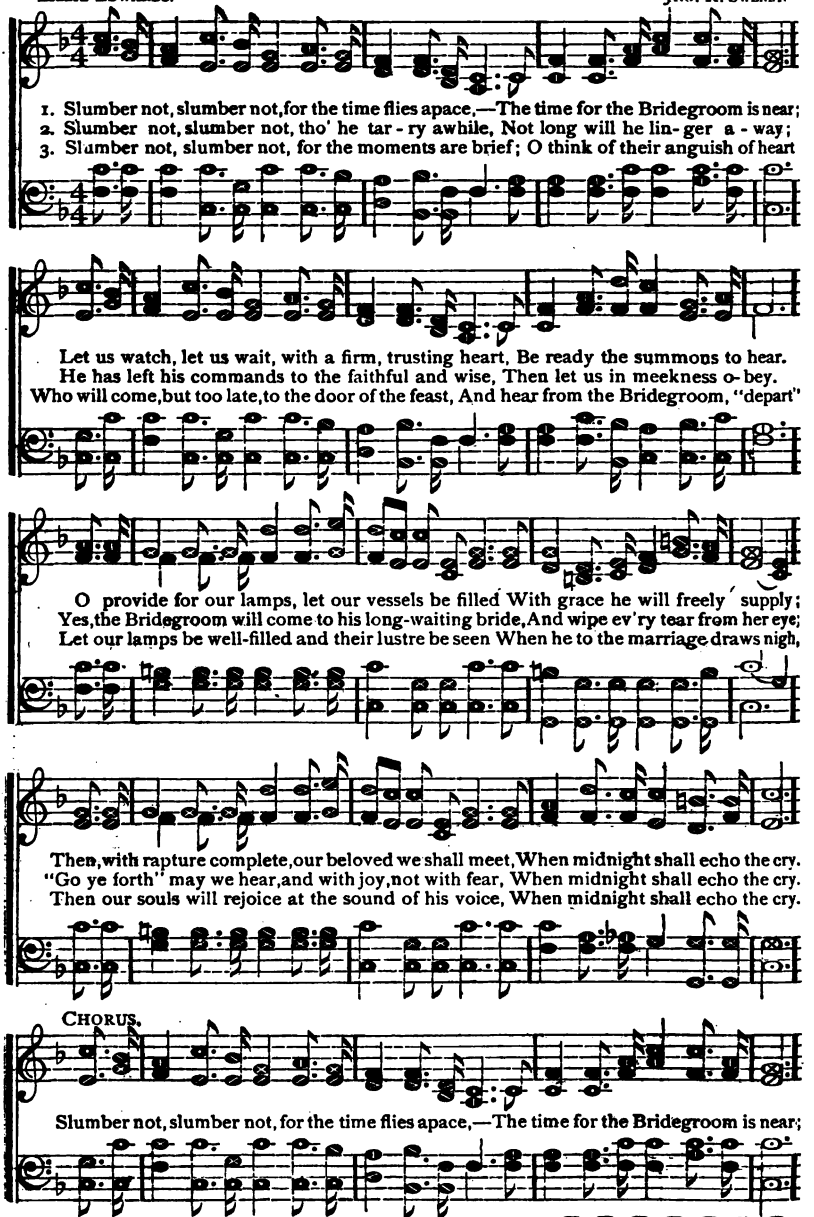
*Quartet—W*

# The Midnight Cry.

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Slumber not, slumber not, for the time flies apace,—The time for the Bridegroom is near;
2. Slumber not, slumber not, tho' he tar - ry awhile, Not long will he lin- ger a - way;
3. Slumber not, slumber not, for the moments are brief; O think of their anguish of heart
Let us watch, let us wait, with a firm, trusting heart, Be ready the summons to hear.
He has left his commands to the faithful and wise, Then let us in meekness o- bey.
Who will come, but too late, to the door of the feast, And hear from the Bridegroom, "depart"
O provide for our lamps, let our vessels be filled With grace he will freely supply;
Yes, the Bridegroom will come to his long-waiting bride, And wipe ev'ry tear from her eye;
Let our lamps be well-filled and their lustre be seen When he to the marriage draws nigh,
Then, with rapture complete, our beloved we shall meet, When midnight shall echo the cry.
"Go ye forth" may we hear, and with joy, not with fear, When midnight shall echo the cry.
Then our souls will rejoice at the sound of his voice, When midnight shall echo the cry.
CHORUS.
Slumber not, slumber not, for the time flies apace,—The time for the Bridegroom is near;

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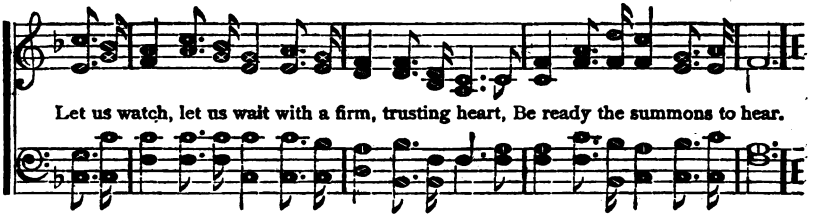
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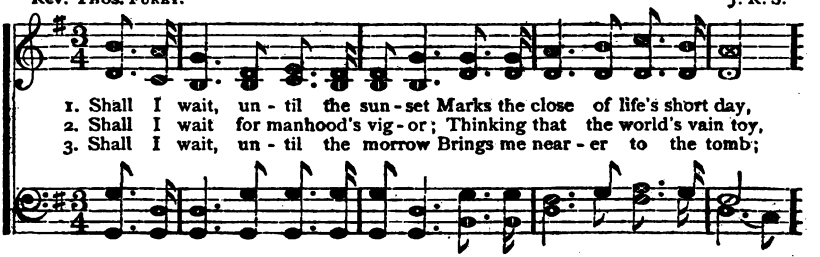
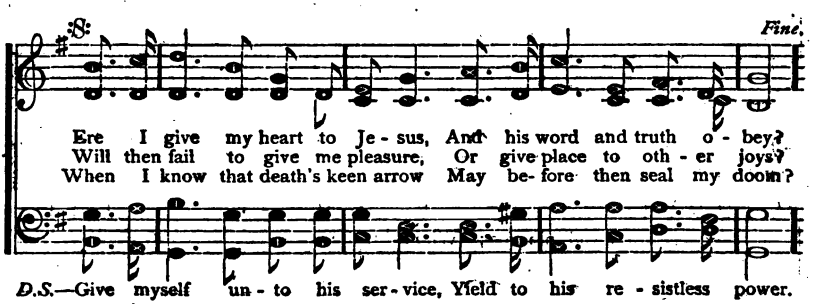
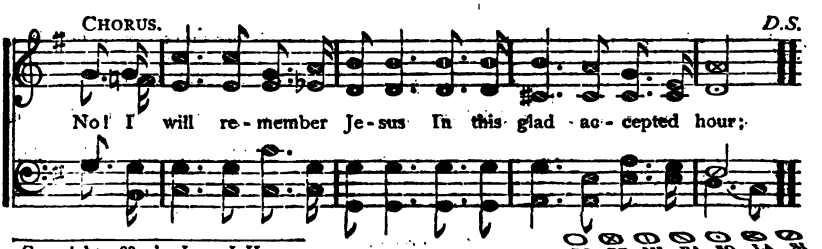
## Shall I Wait.

Rev. THOS. FURBY. J. R. S.


1. Shall I wait, un - til the sun - set Marks the close of life's short day,
2. Shall I wait for manhood's vig - or; Thinking that the world's vain toy,
3. Shall I wait, un - til the morrow Brings me near - er to the tomb;


Fine.
Ere I give my heart to Je - sus, And his word and truth o - bey?
Will then fail to give me pleasure, Or give place to oth - er joys?
When I know that death's keen arrow May be - fore then seal my doom?
D.S.—Give myself un - to his ser - vice, Yield to his re - sistless power.

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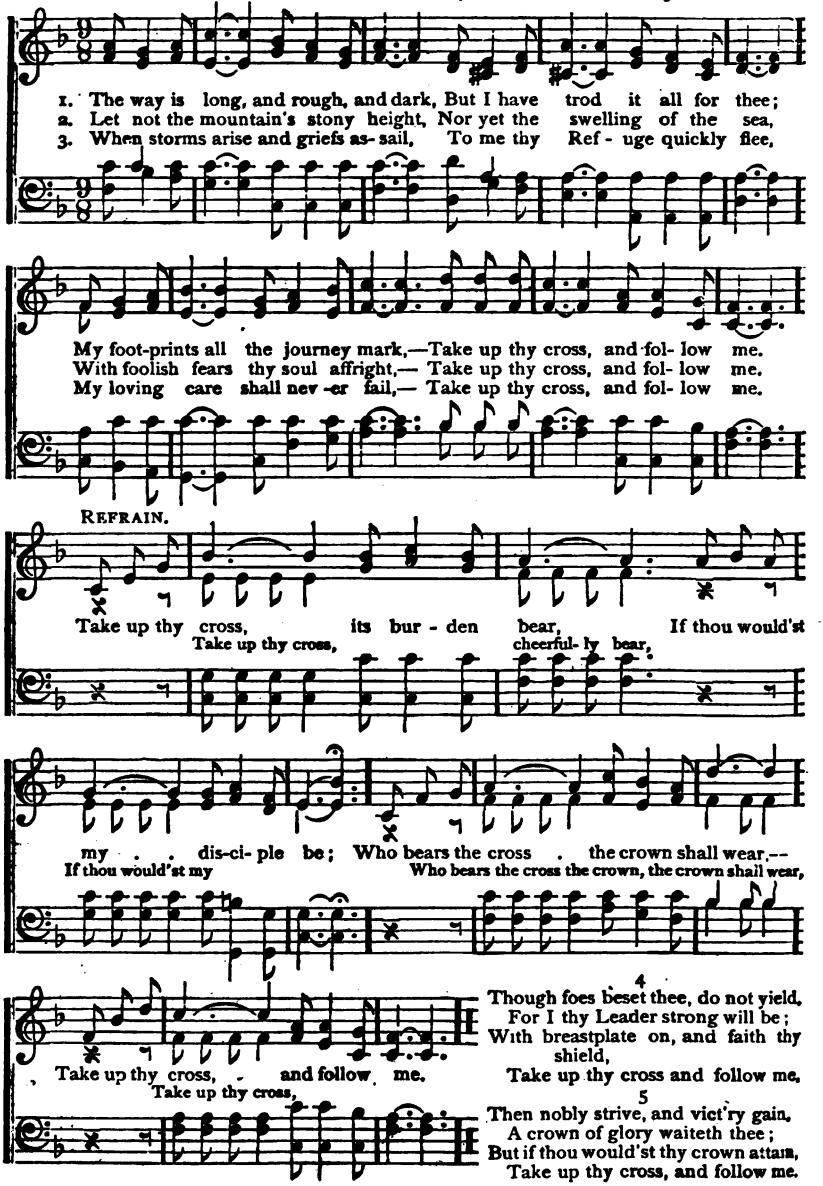
# Take up thy Cross.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

HATTIE M. BIRD. Matt. xvi. 24. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The way is long, and rough, and dark, But I have trod it all for thee;
2. Let not the mountain's stony height, Nor yet the swelling of the sea,
3. When storms arise and griefs as- sail, To me thy Ref - uge quickly flee,
My foot-prints all the journey mark,—Take up thy cross, and fol- low me.
With foolish fears thy soul affright,— Take up thy cross, and fol- low me.
My loving care shall nev -er fail,— Take up thy cross, and fol- low me.
REFRAIN.
Take up thy cross, its bur - den bear, If thou would'st
Take up thy cross, cheerful- ly bear,
my . . dis-ci- ple be; Who bears the cross . the crown shall wear,--
If thou would'st my Who bears the cross the crown, the crown shall wear,
Take up thy cross, - and follow me.
Take up thy cross,

4

Though foes beset thee, do not yield,
For I thy Leader strong will be;
With breastplate on, and faith thy shield,
Take up thy cross and follow me.

5

Then nobly strive, and vict'ry gain,
A crown of glory waiteth thee;
But if thou would'st thy crown attain,
Take up thy cross, and follow me.

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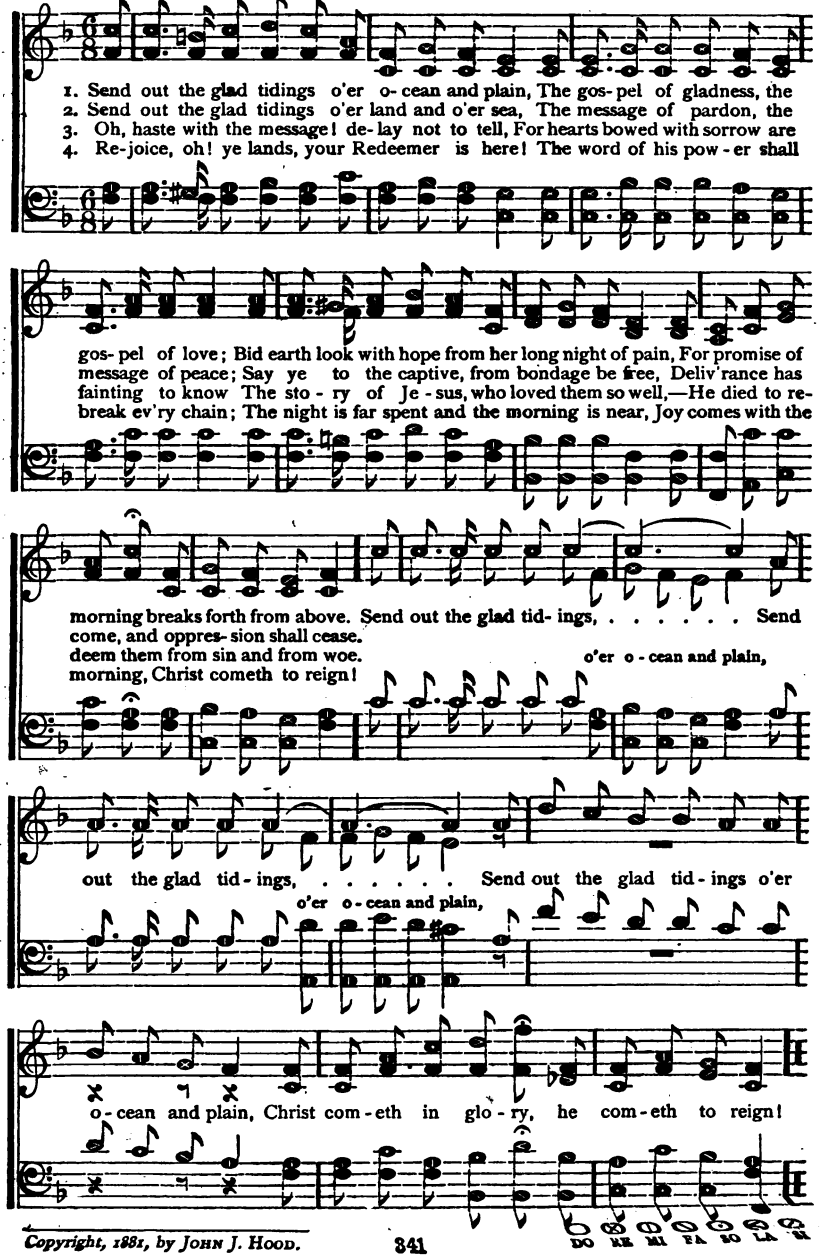
# 385 Send out the Glad Tidings.

Mrs. J. H. Knowles. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Send out the glad tidings o'er o- cean and plain, The gos- pel of gladness, the
2. Send out the glad tidings o'er land and o'er sea, The message of pardon, the
3. Oh, haste with the message! de- lay not to tell, For hearts bowed with sorrow are
4. Re-joice, oh! ye lands, your Redeemer is here! The word of his pow - er shall
gos- pel of love; Bid earth look with hope from her long night of pain, For promise of
message of peace; Say ye to the captive, from bondage be free, Deliv'rance has
fainting to know The sto - ry of Je - sus, who loved them so well,—He died to re-
break ev'ry chain; The night is far spent and the morning is near, Joy comes with the
morning breaks forth from above. Send out the glad tid- ings, . . . . . Send
come, and oppres- sion shall cease.
deem them from sin and from woe.
morning, Christ cometh to reign!
o'er o - cean and plain,
out the glad tid - ings, . . . . . Send out the glad tid - ings o'er
o'er o - cean and plain,
o - cean and plain, Christ com - eth in glo - ry, he com - eth to reign!
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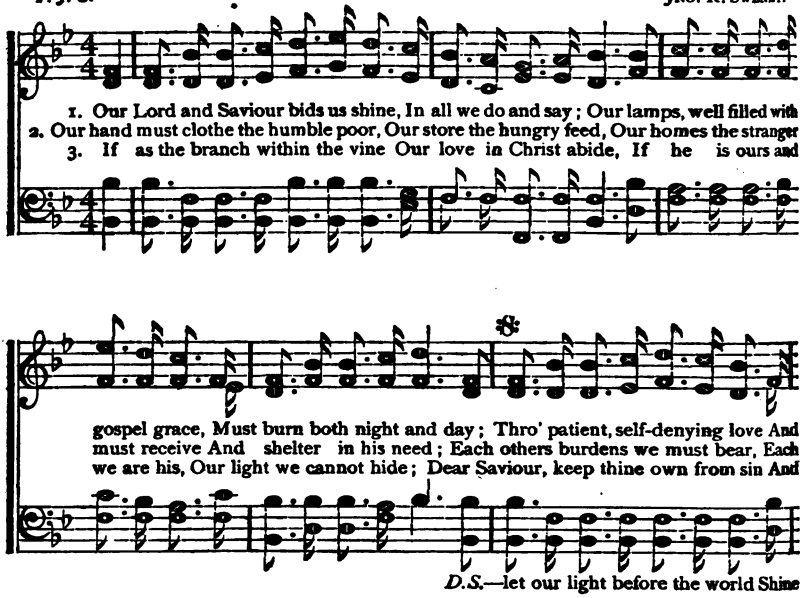
# Our Light.

F. J. C. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our Lord and Saviour bids us shine, In all we do and say; Our lamps, well filled with
2. Our hand must clothe the humble poor, Our store the hungry feed, Our homes the stranger
3. If as the branch within the vine Our love in Christ abide, If he is ours and
gospel grace, Must burn both night and day; Thro' patient, self-denying love And
must receive And shelter in his need; Each others burdens we must bear, Each
we are his, Our light we cannot hide; Dear Saviour, keep thine own from sin And
D.S.—let our light before the world Shine
Fine.
stead-fast faith divine, Thro' strict obedience to his law, The Saviour bids us shine.
oth-ers faults forgive, And thus in perfect peace with all, And perfect union, live.
self-ish feeling free; And grant that others thro' our light May find their way to thee.
forth with constant flame, That all may see and glorify Our heavenly Father's name.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Shine, shine, let our light shine, Shine, shine, let our light shine, Oh,
Shine, oh, shine, yes, Shine, oh, shine, yes,

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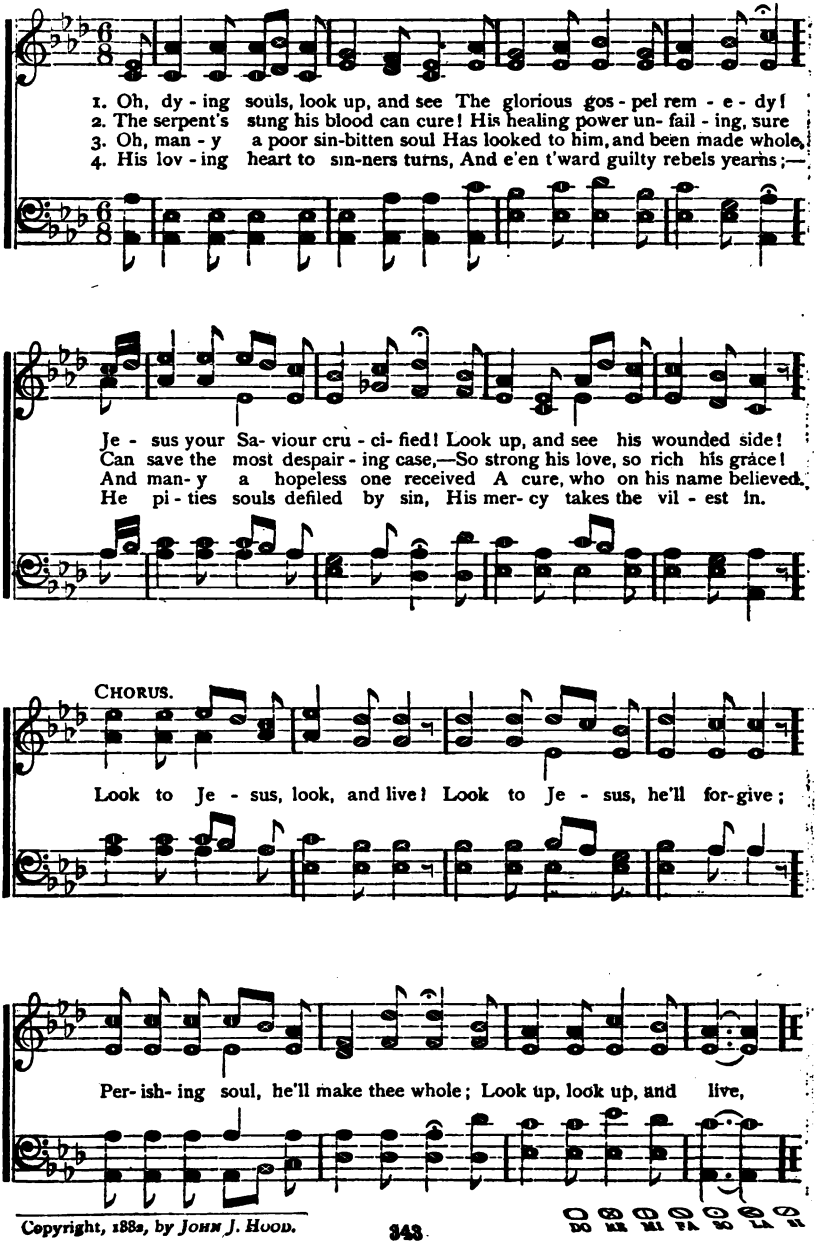
# Look to Jesus.

Mrs. Mary D. James. Wm J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Oh, dy - ing souls, look up, and see The glorious gos - pel rem - e - dy!
2. The serpent's sting his blood can cure! His healing power un- fail - ing, sure
3. Oh, man - y a poor sin-bitten soul Has looked to him, and been made whole,
4. His lov - ing heart to sin-ners turns, And e'en t'ward guilty rebels yearns;—
Je - sus your Sa- viour cru - ci- fied! Look up, and see his wounded side!
Can save the most despair - ing case,—So strong his love, so rich his grace!
And man- y a hopeless one received A cure, who on his name believed.
He pi - ties souls defiled by sin, His mer- cy takes the vil - est in.
Chorus.
Look to Je - sus, look, and live! Look to Je - sus, he'll for-give;
Per- ish- ing soul, he'll make thee whole; Look up, look up, and live,

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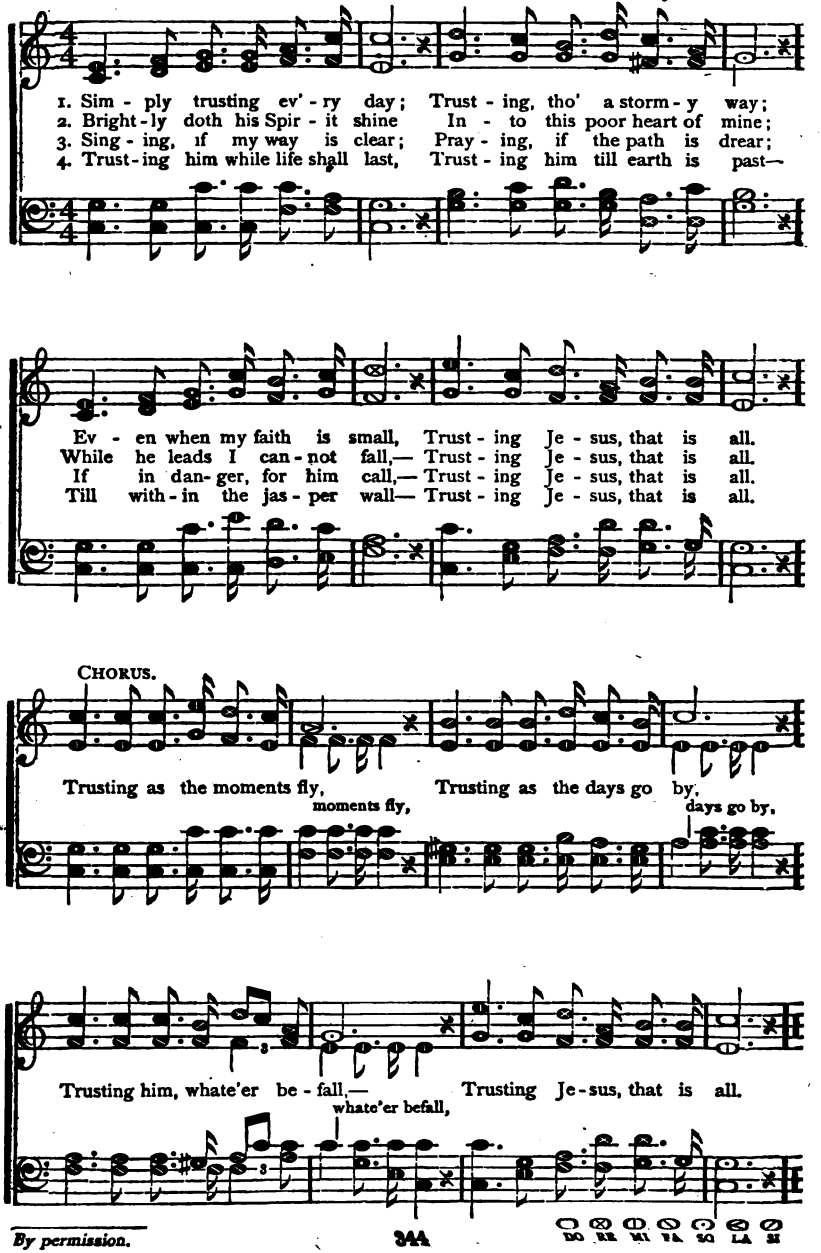
# 388 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sim - ply trusting ev' - ry day; Trust - ing, tho' a storm - y way;
2. Bright - ly doth his Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust - ing him while life shall last, Trust - ing him till earth is past—
Ev - en when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
While he leads I can - not fall,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for him call,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
CHORUS.
Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by.
moments fly,
days go by,
Trusting him, whate'er be - fall,— Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
whate'er befall,

*By permission.*

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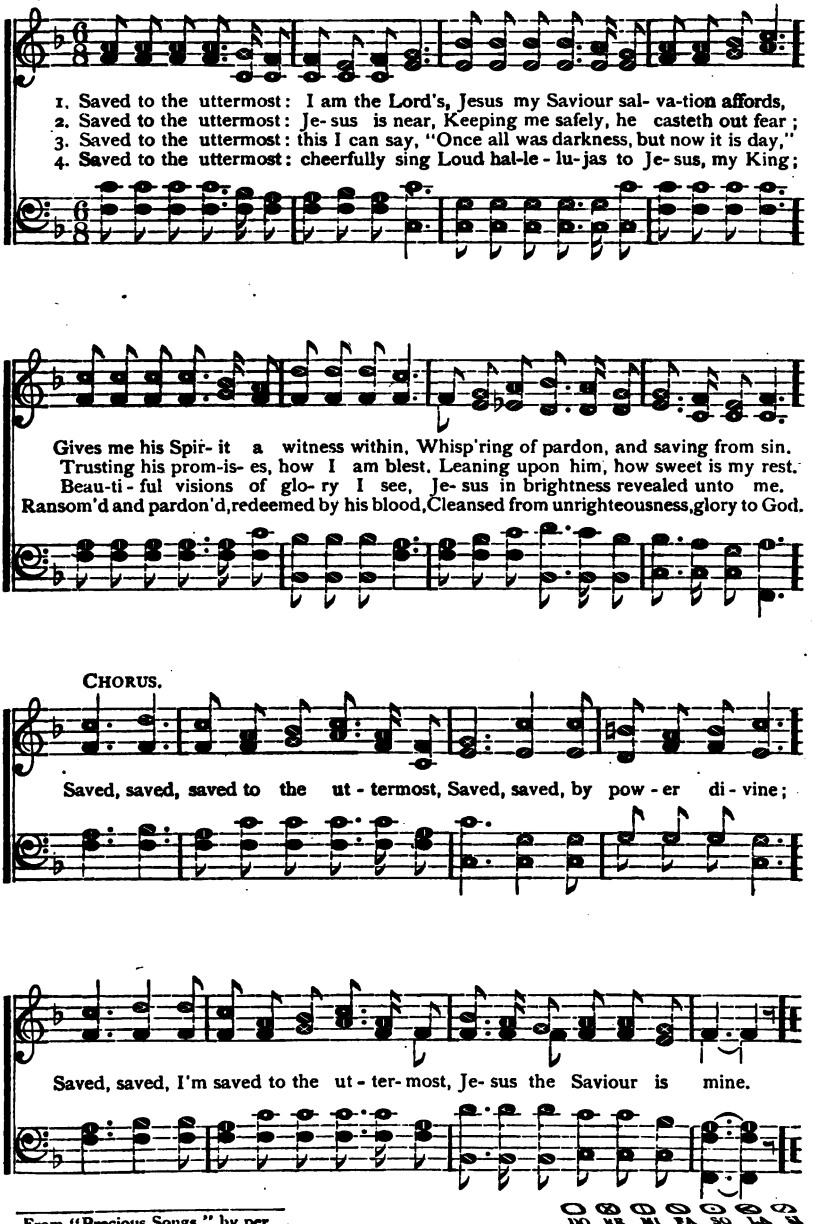
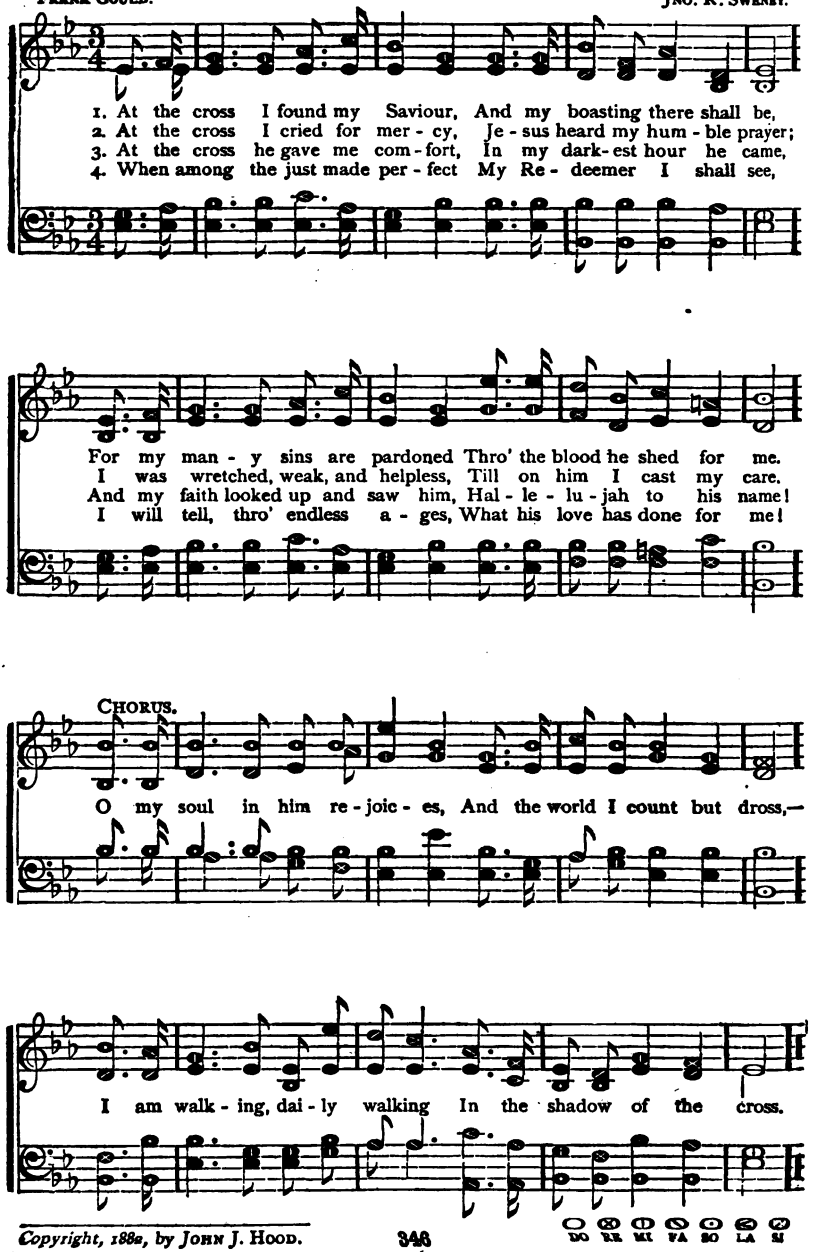
# Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's, Jesus my Saviour sal- va-tion affords,
2. Saved to the uttermost: Je- sus is near, Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
4. Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing Loud hal-le - lu-jas to Je- sus, my King;
Gives me his Spir- it a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
Trusting his prom-is- es, how I am blest. Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest.
Beau-ti - ful visions of glo- ry I see, Je- sus in brightness revealed unto me.
Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeemed by his blood, Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to God.
CHORUS.
Saved, saved, saved to the ut - termost, Saved, saved, by pow - er di - vine;
Saved, saved, I'm saved to the ut - ter- most, Je- sus the Saviour is mine.

From "Precious Songs," by per.

390 # In the Shadow of the Cross.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. At the cross I found my Saviour, And my boasting there shall be,
2. At the cross I cried for mer - cy, Je - sus heard my hum - ble prayer;
3. At the cross he gave me com - fort, In my dark - est hour he came,
4. When among the just made per - fect My Re - deemer I shall see,
For my man - y sins are pardoned Thro' the blood he shed for me.
I was wretched, weak, and helpless, Till on him I cast my care.
And my faith looked up and saw him, Hal - le - lu - jah to his name!
I will tell, thro' endless a - ges, What his love has done for me!
CHORUS.
O my soul in him re - joic - es, And the world I count but dross,—
I am walk - ing, dai - ly walking In the shadow of the cross.

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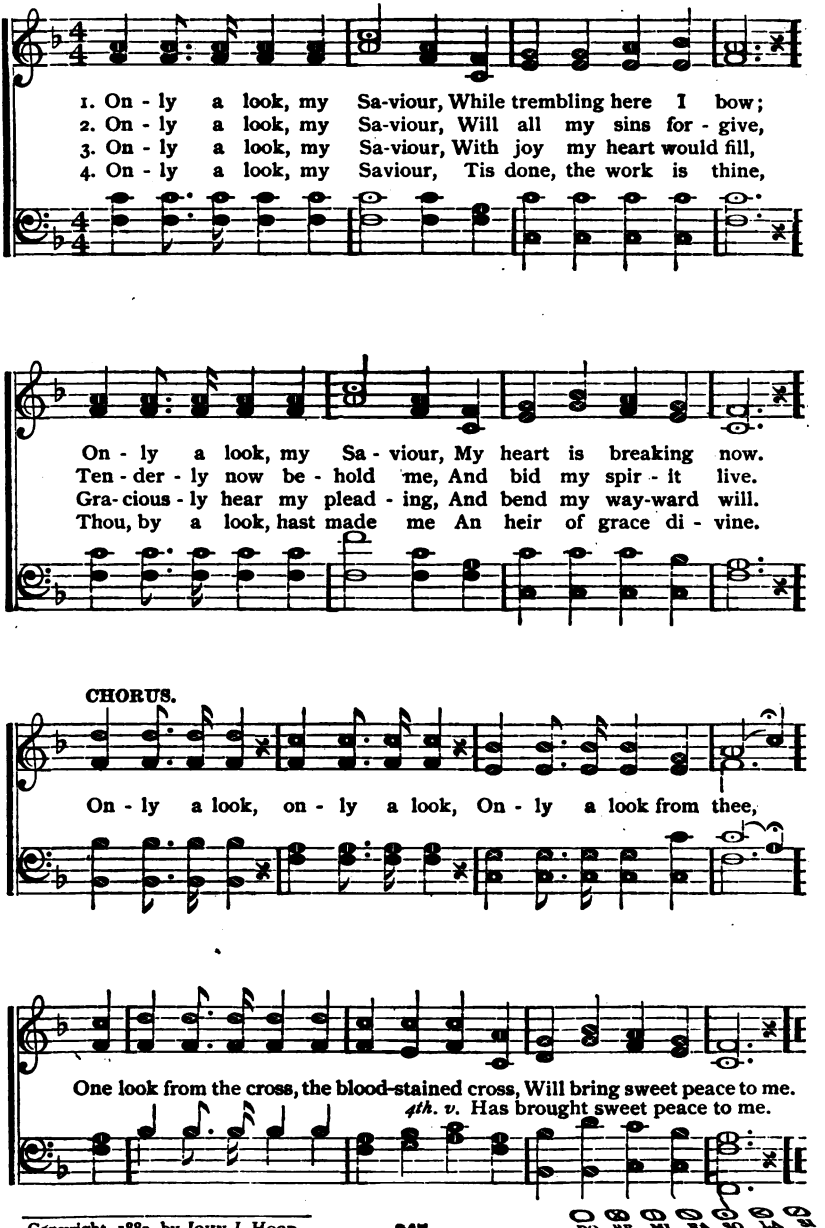
# Only a Look.

F. J. C. W. J. K.

1. On - ly a look, my Sa-viour, While trembling here I bow;
2. On - ly a look, my Sa-viour, Will all my sins for - give,
3. On - ly a look, my Sa-viour, With joy my heart would fill,
4. On - ly a look, my Saviour, Tis done, the work is thine,
On - ly a look, my Sa - viour, My heart is breaking now.
Ten - der - ly now be - hold me, And bid my spir - it live.
Gra - cious - ly hear my plead - ing, And bend my way-ward will.
Thou, by a look, hast made me An heir of grace di - vine.
CHORUS.
On - ly a look, on - ly a look, On - ly a look from thee,
One look from the cross, the blood-stained cross, Will bring sweet peace to me.
4th. v. Has brought sweet peace to me.

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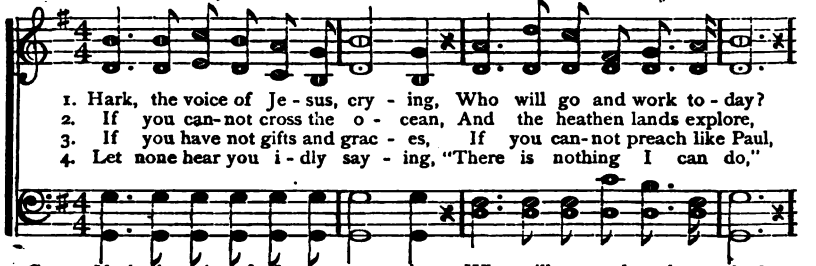
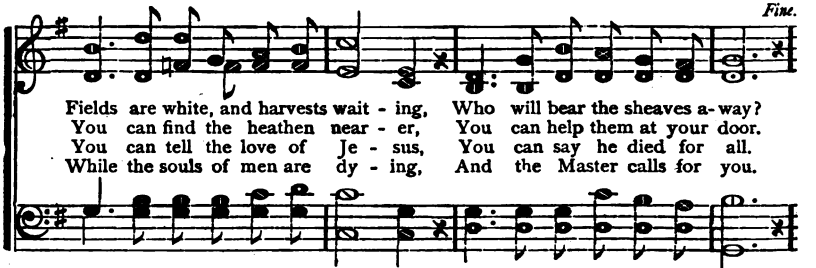
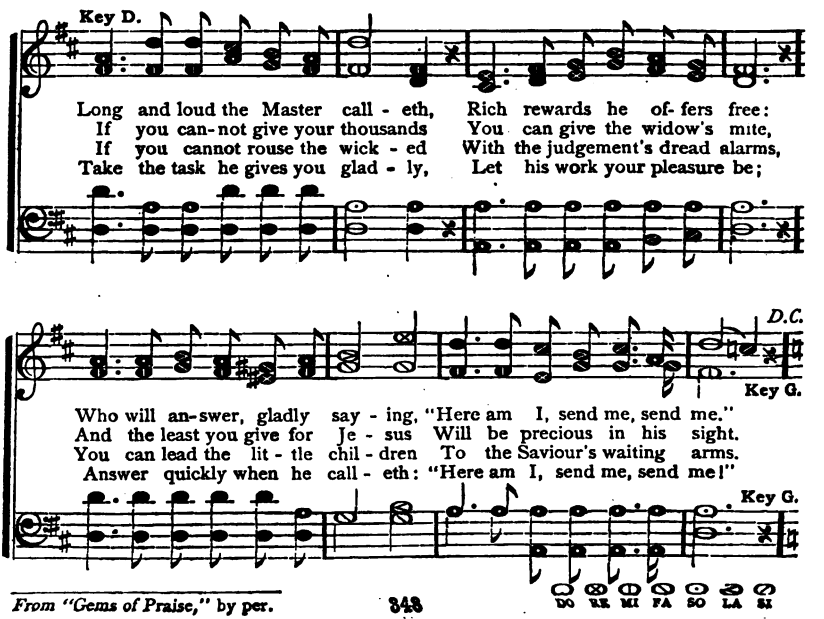
# Send Me.

Rev. Daniel. March, D. D. Jno R Sweney.


1. Hark, the voice of Je - sus, cry - ing, Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can-not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands explore,
3. If you have not gifts and grac - es, If you can-not preach like Paul,
4. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is nothing I can do,"
Cho.—Hark, the voice of Je - sus, cry - ing, Who will go and work to - day?


Fine.
Fields are white, and harvests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?
You can find the heathen near - er, You can help them at your door.
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say he died for all.
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Master calls for you.
Fields are white, and harvests wait - ing,— Who will bear the sheaves away?


Key D.
Long and loud the Master call - eth, Rich rewards he of- fers free:
If you can-not give your thousands You can give the widow's mite,
If you cannot rouse the wick - ed With the judgement's dread alarms,
Take the task he gives you glad - ly, Let his work your pleasure be;
D.C.
Key G.
Who will an-swer, gladly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me."
And the least you give for Je - sus Will be precious in his sight.
You can lead the lit - tle chil - dren To the Saviour's waiting arms.
Answer quickly when he call - eth: "Here am I, send me, send me!"
Key G.
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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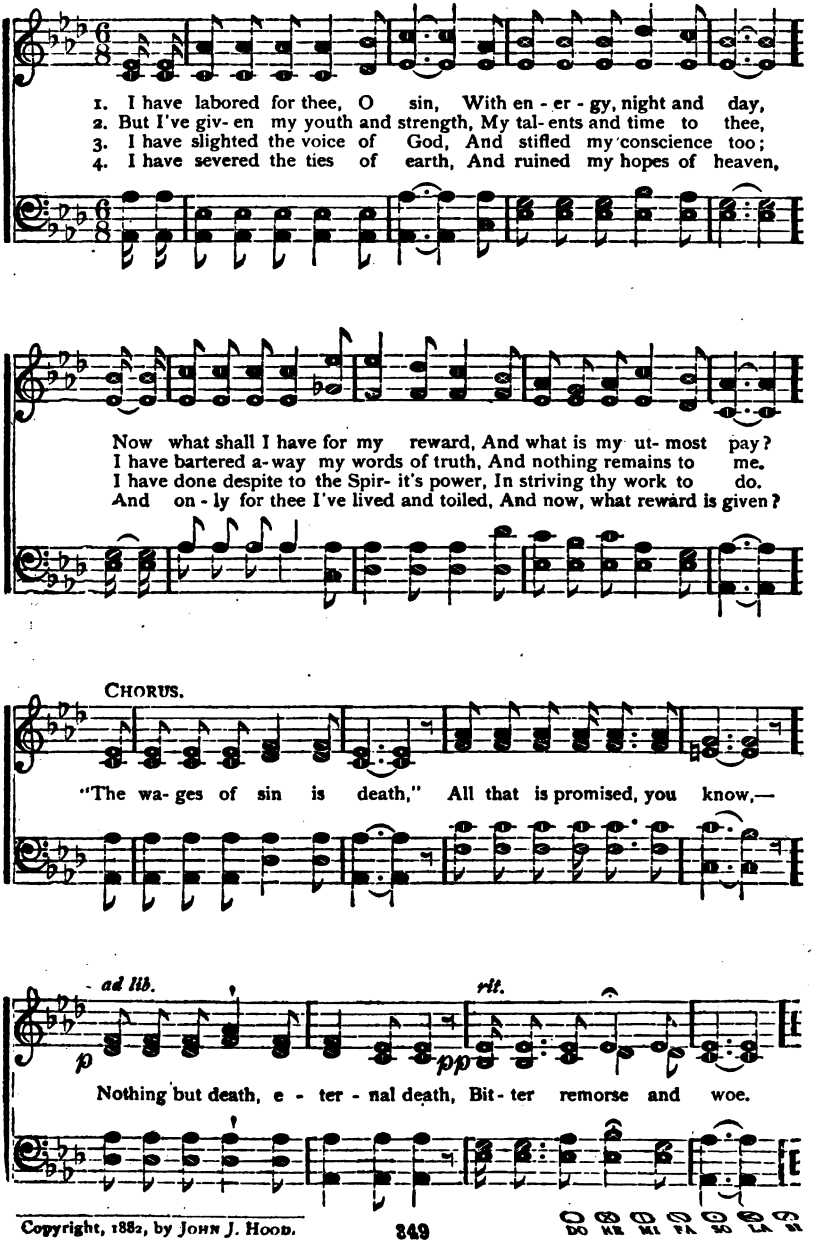
# The Wages of Sin.

W. J. K. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I have labored for thee, O sin, With en - er - gy, night and day,
2. But I've giv- en my youth and strength, My tal- ents and time to thee,
3. I have slighted the voice of God, And stifled my conscience too;
4. I have severed the ties of earth, And ruined my hopes of heaven,
Now what shall I have for my reward, And what is my ut- most pay?
I have bartered a-way my words of truth, And nothing remains to me.
I have done despite to the Spir- it's power, In striving thy work to do.
And on - ly for thee I've lived and toiled, And now, what reward is given?
CHORUS.
"The wa- ges of sin is death," All that is promised, you know,—
ad lib.
rit.
Nothing but death, e - ter - nal death, Bit- ter remorse and woe.

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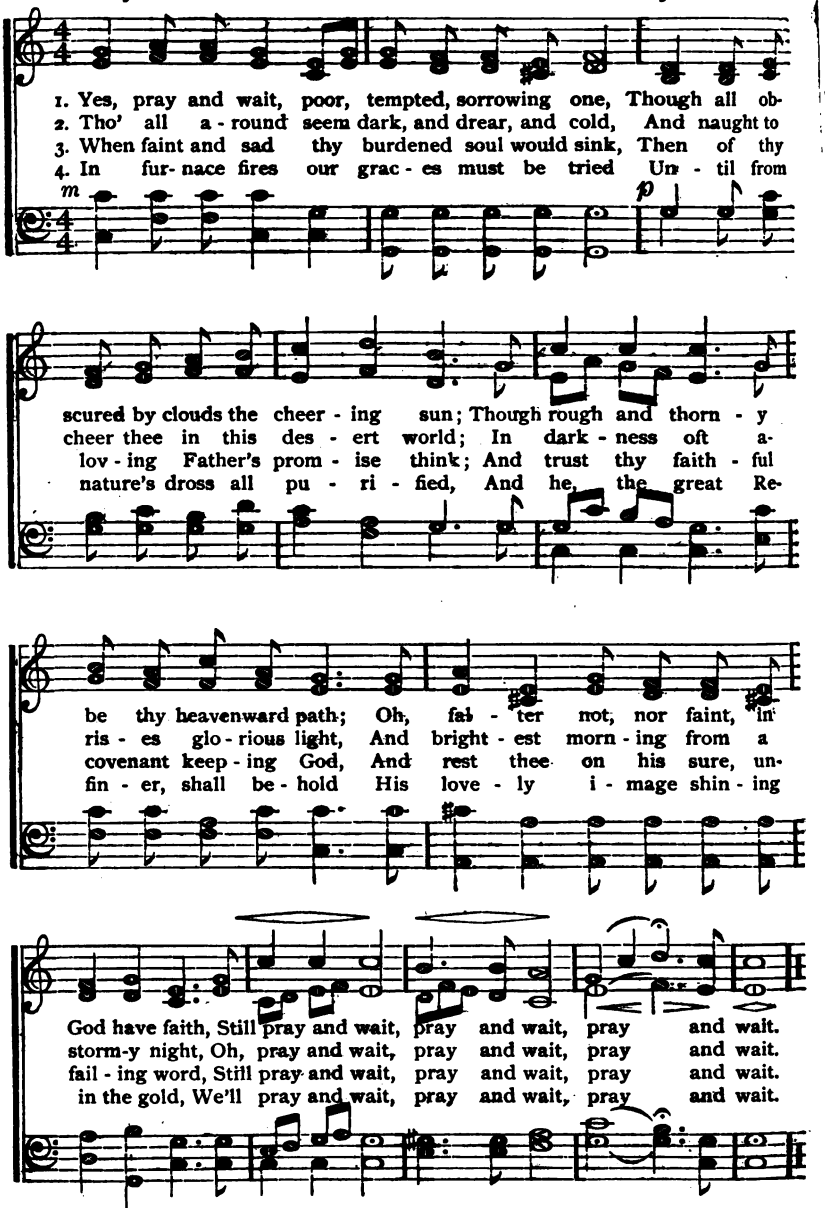
# Pray and Wait.

Mary D. James. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Yes, pray and wait, poor, tempted, sorrowing one, Though all ob-
2. Tho' all a - round seem dark, and drear, and cold, And naught to
3. When faint and sad thy burdened soul would sink, Then of thy
4. In fur- nace fires our grac - es must be tried Un - til from
m
p
scured by clouds the cheer - ing sun; Though rough and thorn - y
cheer thee in this des - ert world; In dark - ness oft a-
lov - ing Father's prom - ise think; And trust thy faith - ful
nature's dross all pu - ri - fied, And he, the great Re-
be thy heavenward path; Oh, fal - ter not, nor faint, in
ris - es glo - rious light, And bright - est morn - ing from a
covenant keep - ing God, And rest thee on his sure, un-
fin - er, shall be - hold His love - ly i - mage shin - ing
God have faith, Still pray and wait, pray and wait, pray and wait.
storm-y night, Oh, pray and wait, pray and wait, pray and wait.
fail - ing word, Still pray and wait, pray and wait, pray and wait.
in the gold, We'll pray and wait, pray and wait, pray and wait.

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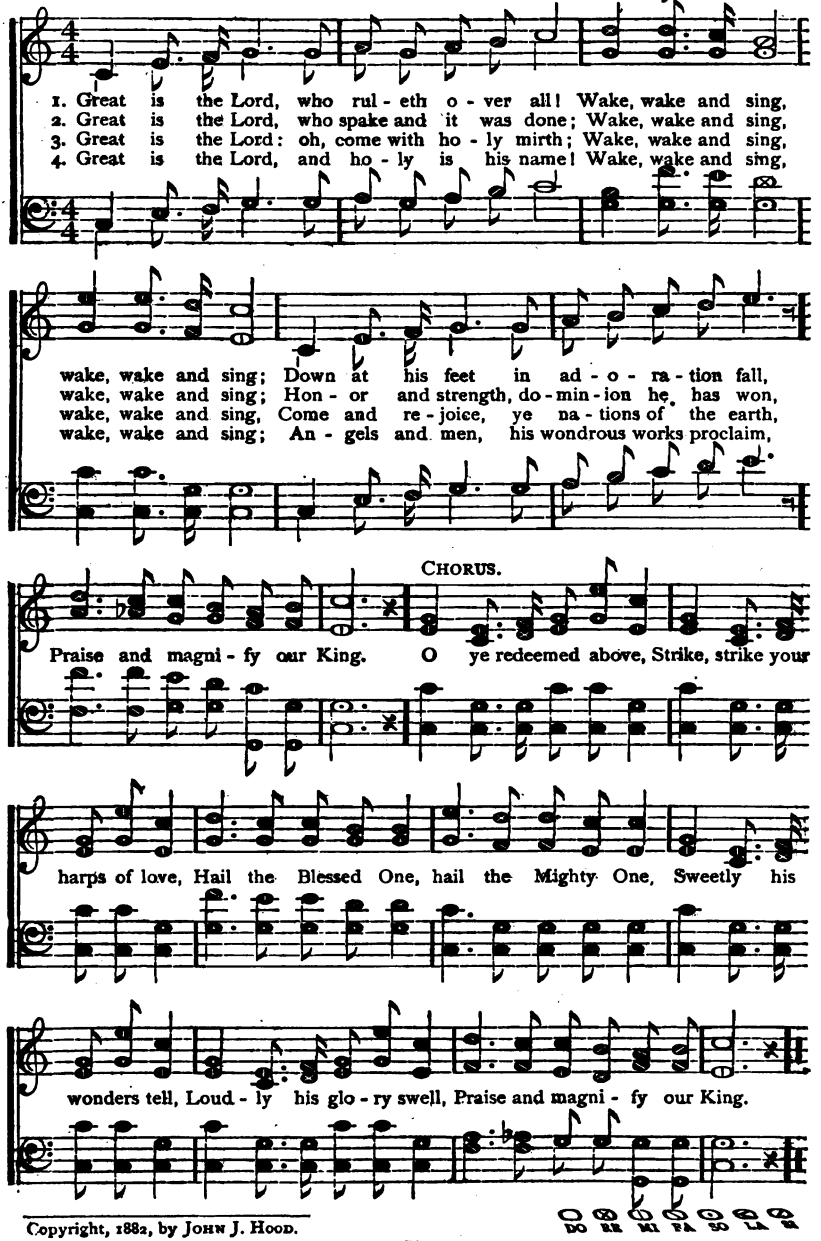
# 395 Praise and Magnify our King.

LIZZIE EDWARDS JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Great is the Lord, who rul - eth o - ver all! Wake, wake and sing,
2. Great is the Lord, who spake and it was done; Wake, wake and sing,
3. Great is the Lord: oh, come with ho - ly mirth; Wake, wake and sing,
4. Great is the Lord, and ho - ly is his name! Wake, wake and sing,
wake, wake and sing; Down at his feet in ad - o - ra - tion fall,
wake, wake and sing; Hon - or and strength, do - min - ion he has won,
wake, wake and sing, Come and re - joice, ye na - tions of the earth,
wake, wake and sing; An - gels and men, his wondrous works proclaim,
CHORUS.
Praise and magni - fy our King. O ye redeemed above, Strike, strike your
harps of love, Hail the Blessed One, hail the Mighty One, Sweetly his
wonders tell, Loud - ly his glo - ry swell, Praise and magni - fy our King.

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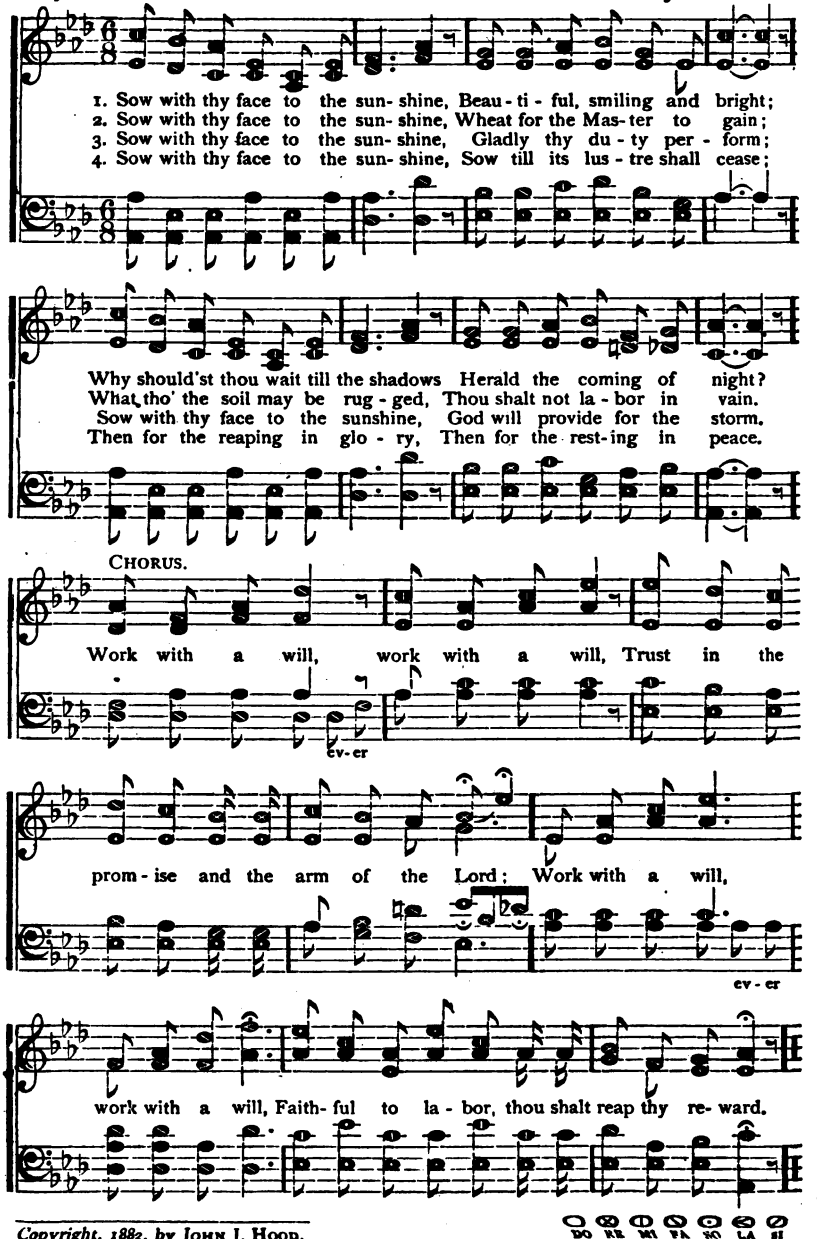
# Work with a Will.

J. GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sow with thy face to the sun- shine, Beau - ti - ful, smiling and bright;
2. Sow with thy face to the sun- shine, Wheat for the Mas- ter to gain;
3. Sow with thy face to the sun- shine, Gladly thy du - ty per - form;
4. Sow with thy face to the sun- shine, Sow till its lus - tre shall cease;
Why should'st thou wait till the shadows Herald the coming of night?
What, tho' the soil may be rug - ged, Thou shalt not la - bor in vain.
Sow with thy face to the sunshine, God will provide for the storm.
Then for the reaping in glo - ry, Then for the rest-ing in peace.
CHORUS.
Work with a will, work with a will, Trust in the
ev- er
prom - ise and the arm of the Lord; Work with a will,
ev - er
work with a will, Faith- ful to la - bor, thou shalt reap thy re- ward.

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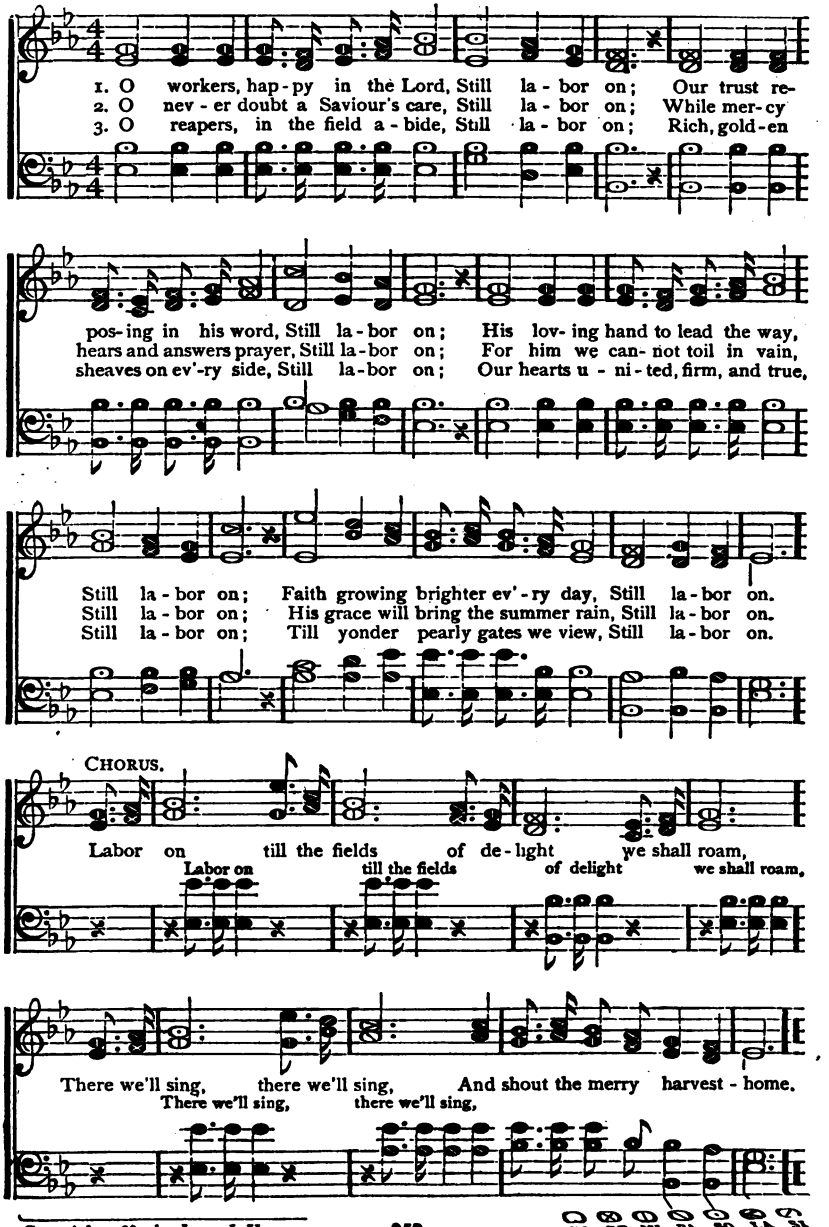
# Still Labor On.

FANNY J. CROSBY. B. HILLYARD SWENEY.


1. O workers, hap-py in the Lord, Still la-bor on; Our trust re-
2. O nev-er doubt a Saviour's care, Still la-bor on; While mer-cy
3. O reapers, in the field a-bide, Still la-bor on; Rich, gold-en
pos-ing in his word, Still la-bor on; His lov-ing hand to lead the way,
hears and answers prayer, Still la-bor on; For him we can-not toil in vain,
sheaves on ev'-ry side, Still la-bor on; Our hearts u-ni-ted, firm, and true,
Still la-bor on; Faith growing brighter ev'-ry day, Still la-bor on.
Still la-bor on; His grace will bring the summer rain, Still la-bor on.
Still la-bor on; Till yonder pearly gates we view, Still la-bor on.
CHORUS.
Labor on till the fields of de-light we shall roam,
Labor on till the fields of delight we shall roam,
There we'll sing, there we'll sing, And shout the merry harvest-home.
There we'll sing, there we'll sing,

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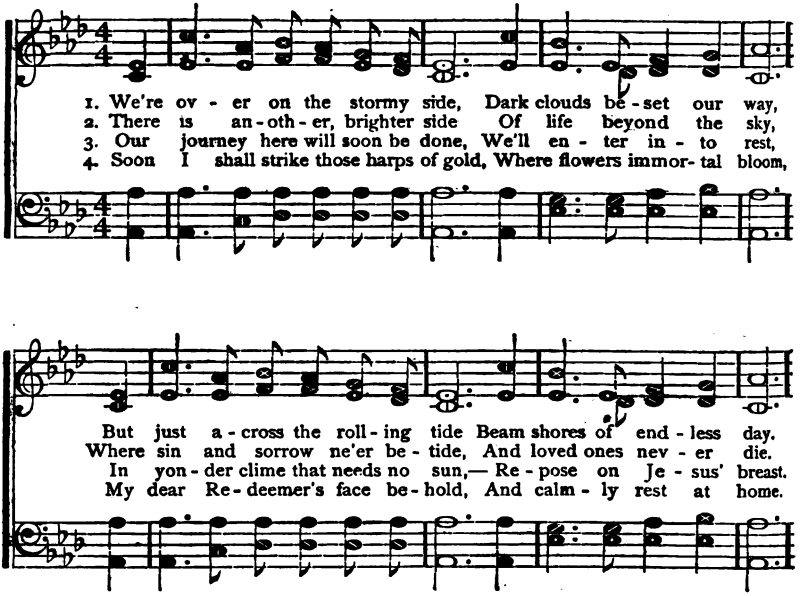
Quartet—X

# On the Other Side.

Mrs. Emma Pitt. E. O Excell.


1. We're ov - er on the stormy side, Dark clouds be - set our way,
2. There is an - oth - er, brighter side Of life beyond the sky,
3. Our journey here will soon be done, We'll en - ter in - to rest,
4. Soon I shall strike those harps of gold, Where flowers immor - tal bloom,
But just a - cross the roll - ing tide Beam shores of end - less day.
Where sin and sorrow ne'er be - tide, And loved ones nev - er die.
In yon - der clime that needs no sun,— Re - pose on Je - sus' breast.
My dear Re - deemer's face be - hold, And calm - ly rest at home.
Chorus.
On the oth - er side, beyond the rolling tide, Je - sus is waiting for me,
sweet other side, Je - sus waits for me, for me,
On the gold - en shore, In the grand evermore, Lov'd ones are watching, for me.
bright golden shore, Lov'd ones watch for me, for me.

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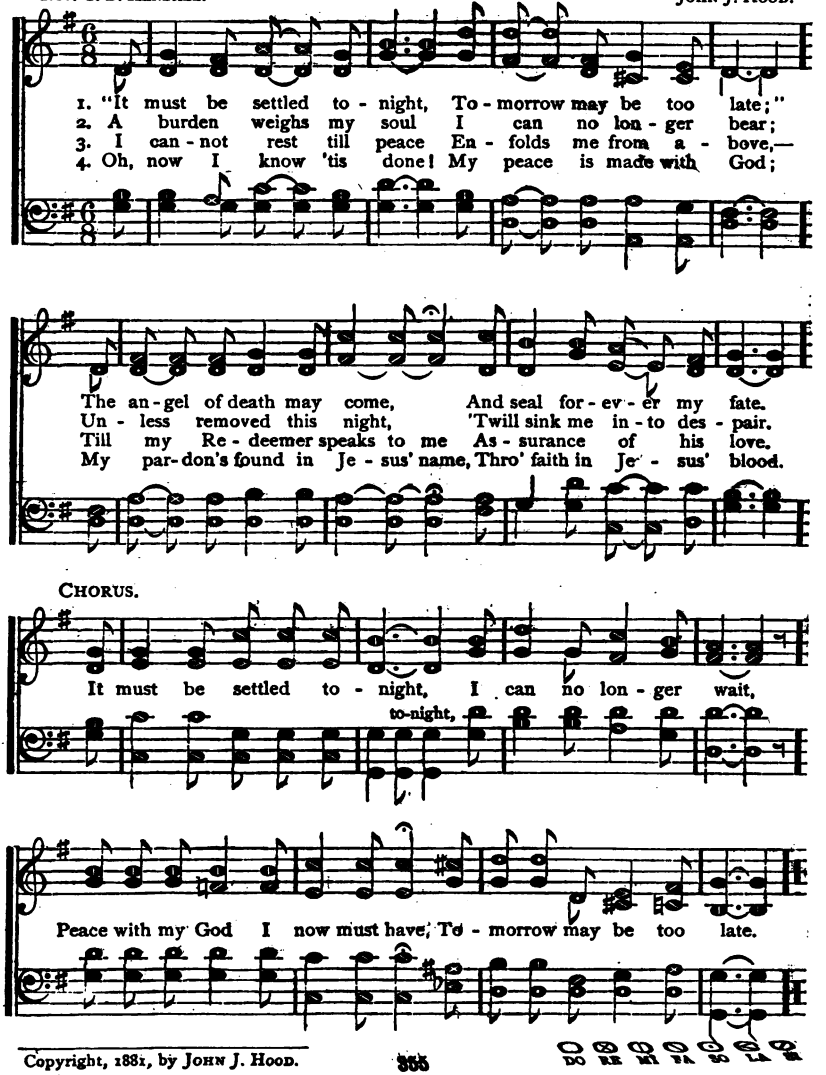
# 399 It must be Settled to-night.

A miner in England went to church one night and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. When the services were ended he refused to leave the house, although the minister told him it was late, and he must go home and seek the Saviour there, and come again the next night. "No," said the miner, "It must be settled to-night, to-morrow night may be too late." So the minister stayed with him until he found peace. The next day while at work in the mines a mass of rock fell upon him, and he was killed. His last words were, "Thank God, it was settled last night, to-night it would have been too late."

Rev. C. B. Kendall. John J. Hood.

1. "It must be settled to - night, To - morrow may be too late;"
2. A burden weighs my soul I can no lon - ger bear;
3. I can - not rest till peace En - folds me from a - bove,—
4. Oh, now I know 'tis done! My peace is made with God;
The an - gel of death may come, And seal for - ev - er my fate.
Un - less removed this night, 'Twill sink me in - to des - pair.
Till my Re - deemer speaks to me As - surance of his love.
My par - don's found in Je - sus' name, Thro' faith in Je - sus' blood.
Chorus.
It must be settled to - night, I can no lon - ger wait,
to-night,
Peace with my God I now must have, To - morrow may be too late.

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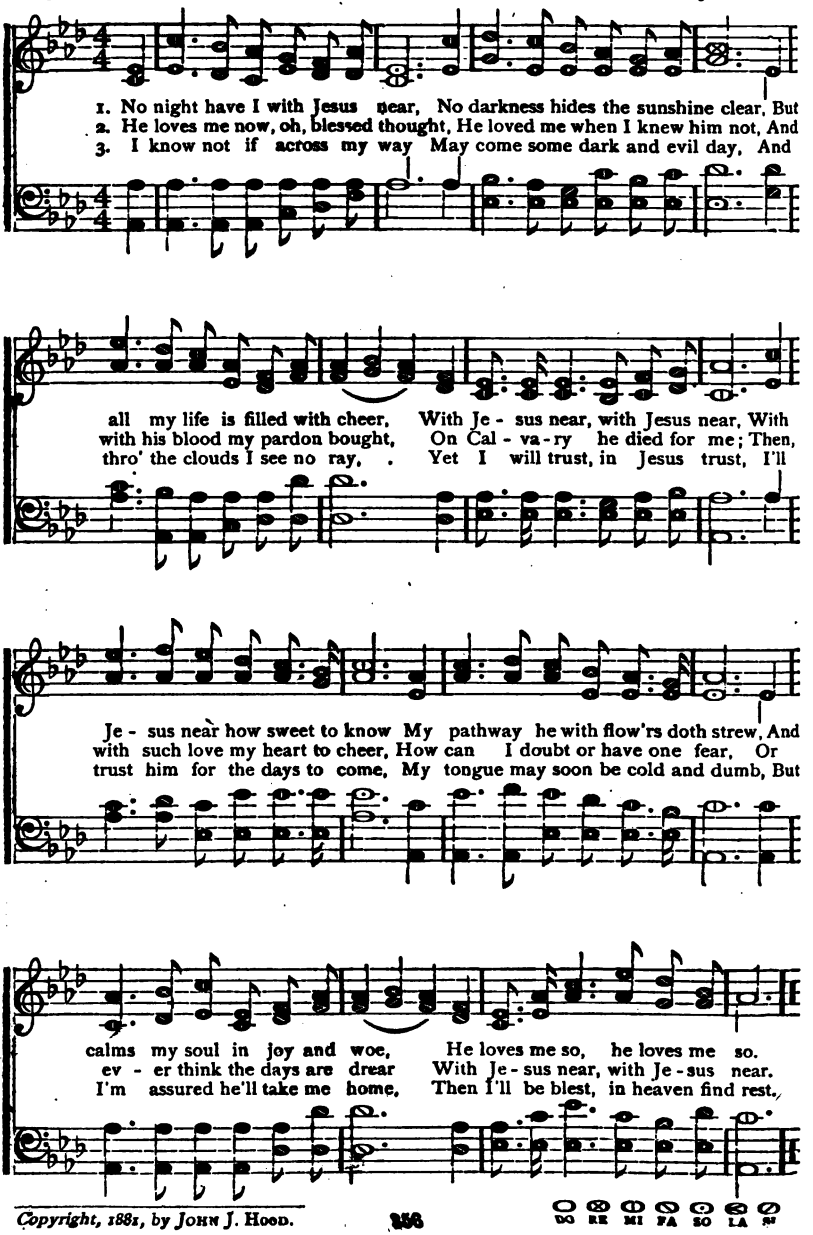
# No Night have I.

J. E. H. J. E. Hall.

1. No night have I with Jesus near, No darkness hides the sunshine clear, But all my life is filled with cheer, With Je - sus near, with Jesus near, With
2. He loves me now, oh, blessed thought, He loved me when I knew him not, And with his blood my pardon bought, On Cal - va - ry he died for me; Then,
3. I know not if across my way May come some dark and evil day, And thro' the clouds I see no ray, . Yet I will trust, in Jesus trust, I'll
Je - sus near how sweet to know My pathway he with flow'rs doth strew, And
with such love my heart to cheer, How can I doubt or have one fear, Or
trust him for the days to come, My tongue may soon be cold and dumb, But
calms my soul in joy and woe, He loves me so, he loves me so.
ev - er think the days are drear With Je - sus near, with Je - sus near.
I'm assured he'll take me home, Then I'll be blest, in heaven find rest.

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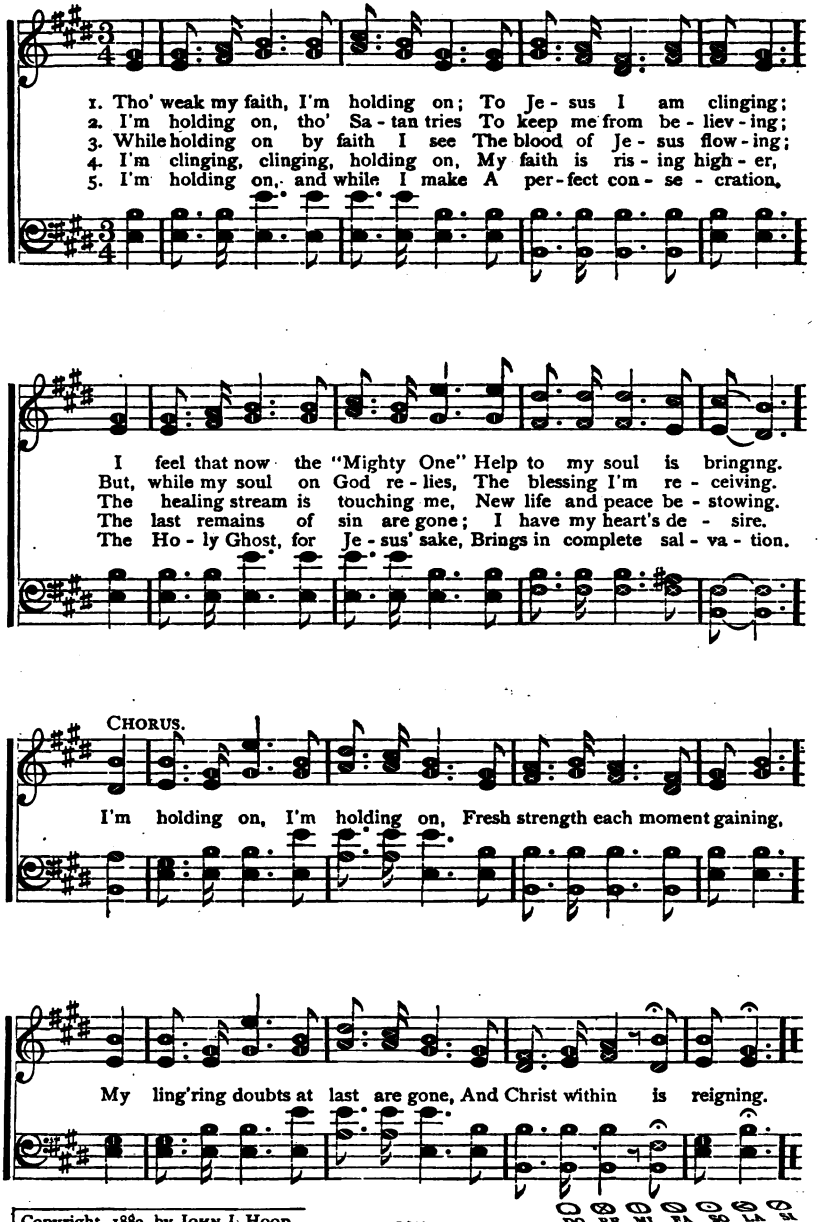
# I'm Holding On.

JAMES NICHOLSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' weak my faith, I'm holding on; To Je - sus I am clinging;
2. I'm holding on, tho' Sa - tan tries To keep me from be - liev - ing;
3. While holding on by faith I see The blood of Je - sus flow - ing;
4. I'm clinging, clinging, holding on, My faith is ris - ing high - er,
5. I'm holding on, and while I make A per - fect con - se - cration,
I feel that now the "Mighty One" Help to my soul is bringing.
But, while my soul on God re - lies, The blessing I'm re - ceiving.
The healing stream is touching me, New life and peace be - stowing.
The last remains of sin are gone; I have my heart's de - sire.
The Ho - ly Ghost, for Je - sus' sake, Brings in complete sal - va - tion.
CHORUS.
I'm holding on, I'm holding on, Fresh strength each moment gaining,
My ling'ring doubts at last are gone, And Christ within is reigning.
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# I shall have Wings.

On the steam ferry-boat plying between Liverpool and Birkenhead there might have been seen a few years ago a poor crippled boy, his body was grown almost to a man's size, but his limbs were withered and helpless, and not bigger than the limbs of a child. He used to wheel himself about in a small carriage. He had a little musical instrument on which he played, and while he never asked for anything, very few of the passengers could hear his sweet music, or look at his honest, cheerful face, without dropping a penny or two into his carriage. One day a lady was standing near, looking at him with great pity; she thought how sad and lonely he must feel, unable to help himself, and with no prospect of ever being any better in this world, and turning to a friend who was with her, she said, "poor boy, what a sad life he has to lead, and nothing in all the future to look forward too." She did not intend that he should hear this remark, but he did hear it, and as she was leaving the boat she saw a tear in his eye, and a bright smile on his face trying to chase the tear away, as he said, "I'm expecting to have wings some day, lady."

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a voice that comes in my lonely hours And tender-ly speaks to me
2. O I sit and think of those radiant wings, By faith I behold them now,
3. There's a home for me, there's a home for me, My Saviour has told me so,
4. O the wings, the wings that I soon shall wear, And joyfully speed my flight

Of rest and home in my Father's house, Where happy my soul shall be.
And feel the hand of my Saviour laid So loving-ly on my brow.
Where tears and sorrow and pain shall cease And pleasure e-ter-nal flow.
From toil and care to a mansion fair Of beauty and end-less light.

CHORUS.

I shall have wings, beauti-ful wings, I shall have wings some day,—Bright wings of love from God a-bove To bear my glad soul a-way.

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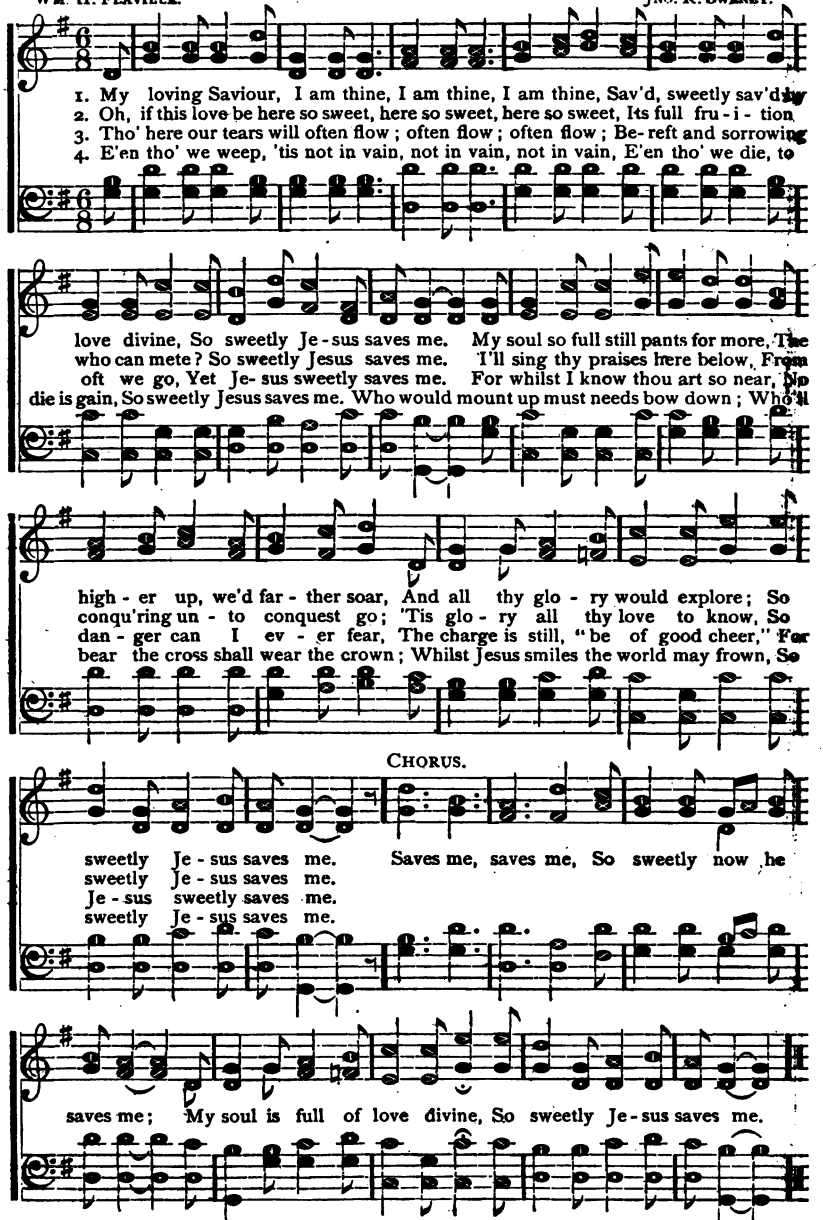
# He Saves Me.

WM. H. FLAVILLE. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. My loving Saviour, I am thine, I am thine, I am thine, Sav'd, sweetly sav'd by
2. Oh, if this love be here so sweet, here so sweet, here so sweet, Its full fru-i-tion
3. Tho' here our tears will often flow; often flow; often flow; Be-reft and sorrowing
4. E'en tho' we weep, 'tis not in vain, not in vain, not in vain, E'en tho' we die, to
love divine, So sweetly Je-sus saves me. My soul so full still pants for more, The
who can mete? So sweetly Jesus saves me. I'll sing thy praises here below, From
oft we go, Yet Je-sus sweetly saves me. For whilst I know thou art so near, No
die is gain, So sweetly Jesus saves me. Who would mount up must needs bow down; Who'd
high-er up, we'd far-ther soar, And all thy glo-ry would explore; So
conqu'ring un-to conquest go; 'Tis glo-ry all thy love to know, So
dan-ger can I ev-er fear, The charge is still, "be of good cheer," For
bear the cross shall wear the crown; Whilst Jesus smiles the world may frown, So
CHORUS.
sweetly Je-sus saves me. Saves me, saves me, So sweetly now he
sweetly Je-sus saves me.
Je-sus sweetly saves me.
sweetly Je-sus saves me.
saves me; My soul is full of love divine, So sweetly Je-sus saves me.

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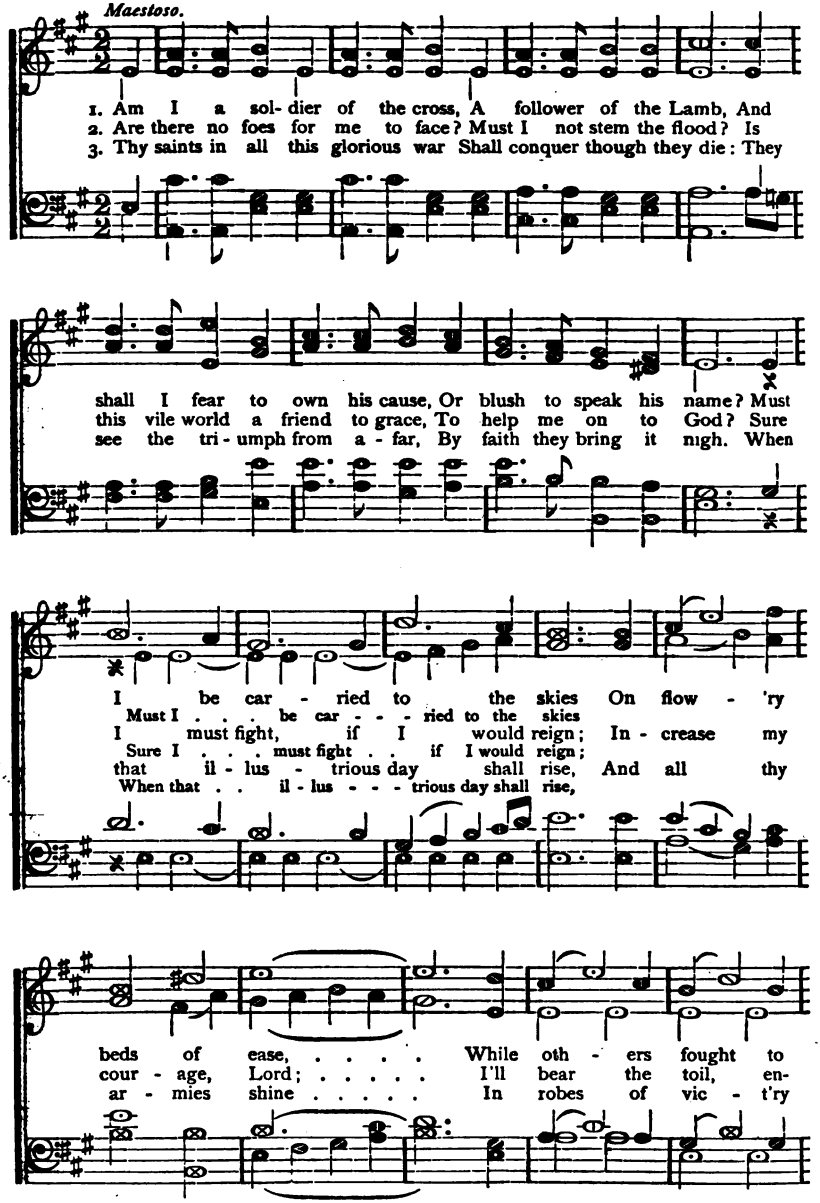
# Am I a Soldier.

ISAAC WATTS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Maestoso.*

1. Am I a sol- dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is
3. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer though they die: They
shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Must
this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? Sure
see the tri- umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh. When
I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry
Must I . . . be car - - - ried to the skies
I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my
Sure I . . . must fight . . if I would reign;
that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all thy
When that . . il - lus - - - trious day shall rise,
beds of ease, . . . . . While oth - ers fought to
cour - age, Lord; . . . . . I'll bear the toil, en-
ar - mies shine . . . . . In robes of vic - t'ry

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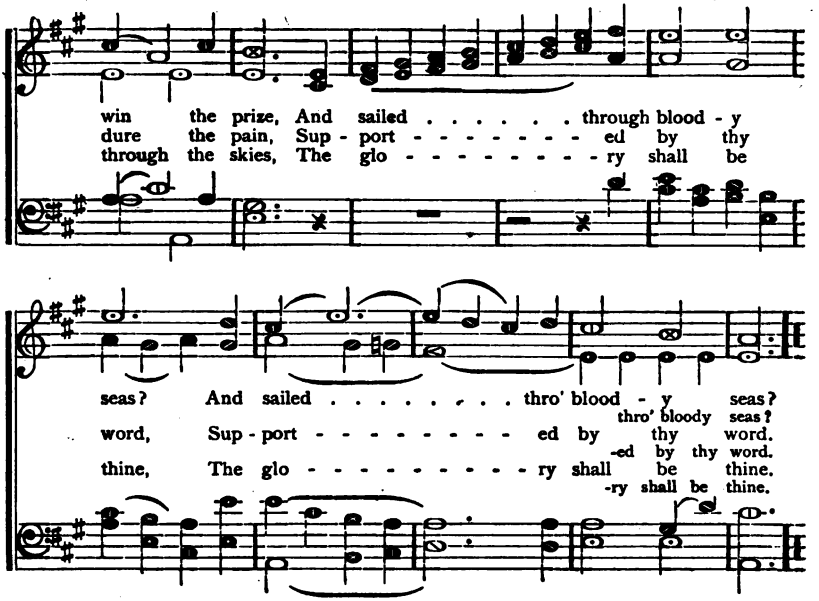
## Am I a Soldier.—CONCLUDED.

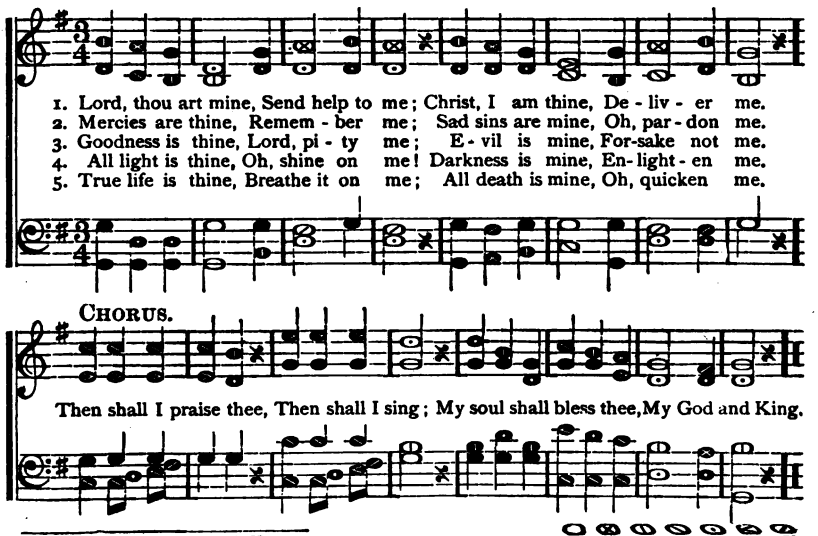

win the prize, And sailed . . . . . through blood - y
dure the pain, Sup - port - - - - - - - - ed by thy
through the skies, The glo - - - - - - - - - ry shall be
seas? And sailed . . . . . thro' blood - y seas?
thro' bloody seas?
word, Sup - port - - - - - - - - - ed by thy word.
-ed by thy word.
thine, The glo - - - - - - - - - - ry shall be thine.
-ry shall be thine.

405

H. Bonar.

## Lord, Thou art Mine.

W. J. K.


1. Lord, thou art mine, Send help to me; Christ, I am thine, De - liv - er me.
2. Mercies are thine, Remem - ber me; Sad sins are mine, Oh, par - don me.
3. Goodness is thine, Lord, pi - ty me; E - vil is mine, For-sake not me.
4. All light is thine, Oh, shine on me! Darkness is mine, En- light - en me.
5. True life is thine, Breathe it on me; All death is mine, Oh, quicken me.
CHORUS.
Then shall I praise thee, Then shall I sing; My soul shall bless thee, My God and King.

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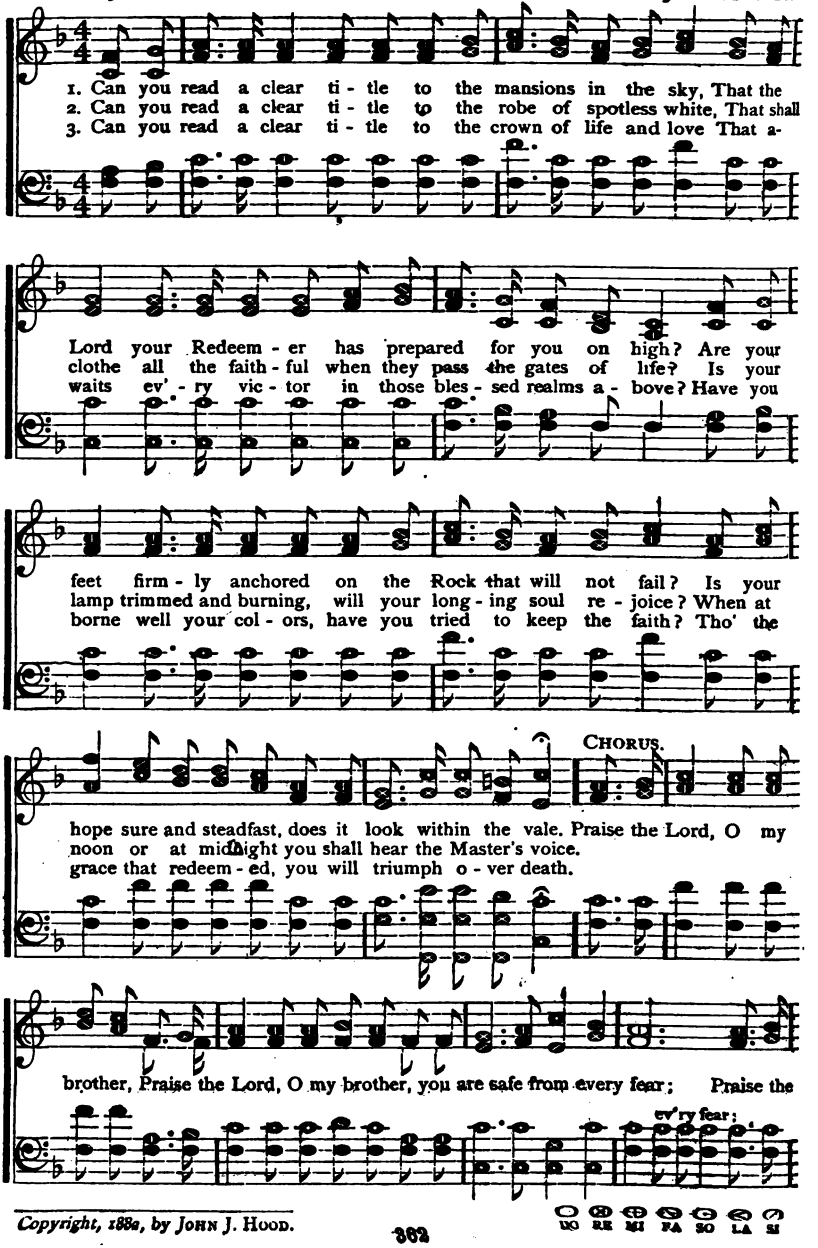
# 406 Can You Read a Clear Title.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Can you read a clear ti - tle to the mansions in the sky, That the
2. Can you read a clear ti - tle to the robe of spotless white, That shall
3. Can you read a clear ti - tle to the crown of life and love That a-
Lord your Redeem - er has prepared for you on high? Are your
clothe all the faith - ful when they pass the gates of life? Is your
waits ev' - ry vic - tor in those bles - sed realms a - bove? Have you
feet firm - ly anchored on the Rock that will not fail? Is your
lamp trimmed and burning, will your long - ing soul re - joice? When at
borne well your col - ors, have you tried to keep the faith? Tho' the
CHORUS.
hope sure and steadfast, does it look within the vale. Praise the Lord, O my
noon or at midnight you shall hear the Master's voice.
grace that redeem - ed, you will triumph o - ver death.
brother, Praise the Lord, O my brother, you are safe from every fear; Praise the
ev'ry fear;

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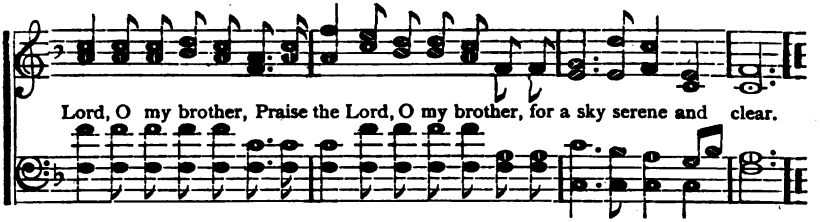
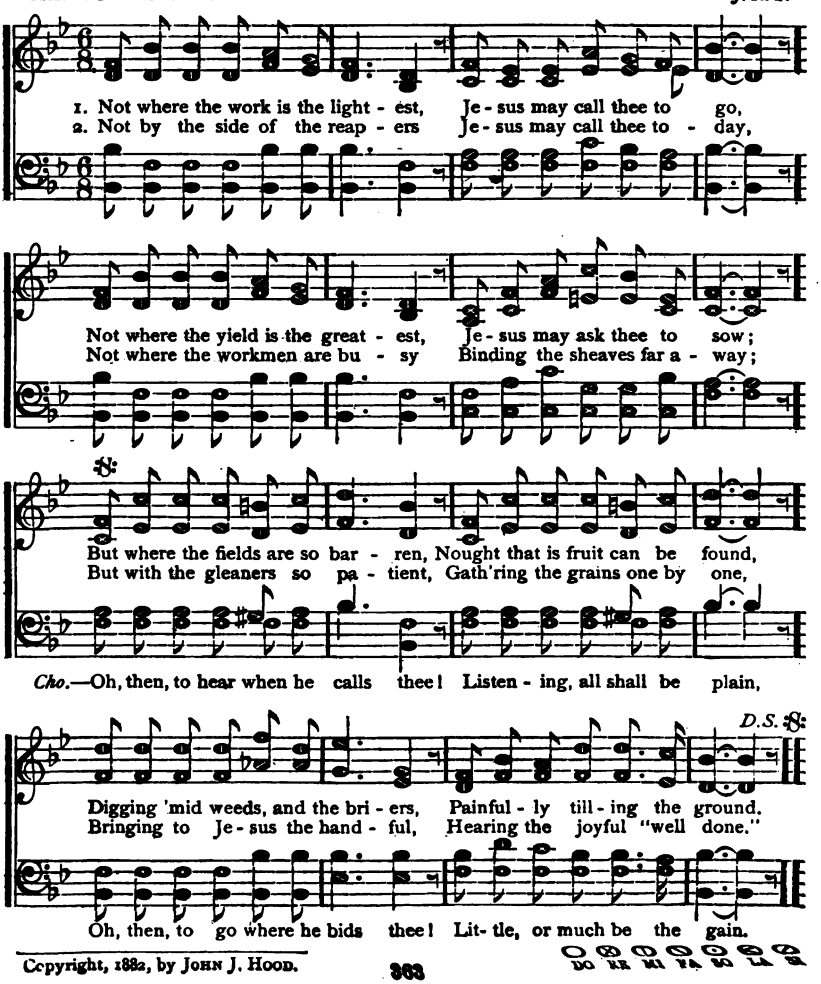

## 407 Where He Bids Thee.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. R. S.


1. Not where the work is the light - est, Je - sus may call thee to go,
2. Not by the side of the reap - ers Je - sus may call thee to - day,
Not where the yield is the great - est, Je - sus may ask thee to sow;
Not where the workmen are bu - sy Binding the sheaves far a - way;
But where the fields are so bar - ren, Nought that is fruit can be found,
But with the gleaners so pa - tient, Gath'ring the grains one by one,
Cho.—Oh, then, to hear when he calls thee! Listen - ing, all shall be plain,
D.S.
Digging 'mid weeds, and the bri - ers, Painful - ly till - ing the ground.
Bringing to Je - sus the hand - ful, Hearing the joyful "well done."
Oh, then, to go where he bids thee! Lit- tle, or much be the gain.

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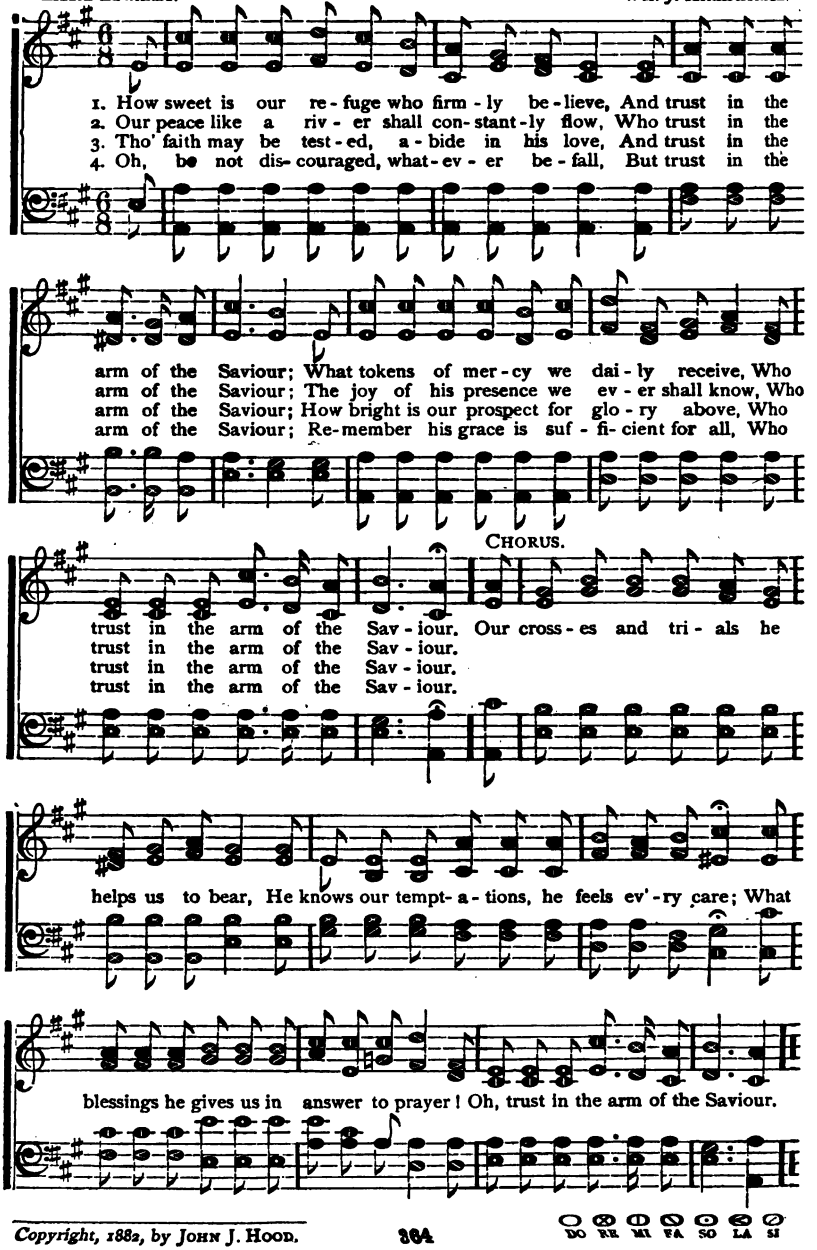
# 408 Trust in the Arm of the Saviour.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. How sweet is our re-fuge who firm-ly be-lieve, And trust in the
2. Our peace like a riv-er shall con-stant-ly flow, Who trust in the
3. Tho' faith may be test-ed, a-bide in his love, And trust in the
4. Oh, be not dis-couraged, what-ev-er be-fall, But trust in the
arm of the Saviour; What tokens of mer-cy we dai-ly receive, Who
arm of the Saviour; The joy of his presence we ev-er shall know, Who
arm of the Saviour; How bright is our prospect for glo-ry above, Who
arm of the Saviour; Re-member his grace is suf-fi-cient for all, Who
CHORUS.
trust in the arm of the Sav-iour. Our cross-es and tri-als he
trust in the arm of the Sav-iour.
trust in the arm of the Sav-iour.
trust in the arm of the Sav-iour.
helps us to bear, He knows our tempt-a-tions, he feels ev'-ry care; What
blessings he gives us in answer to prayer! Oh, trust in the arm of the Saviour.

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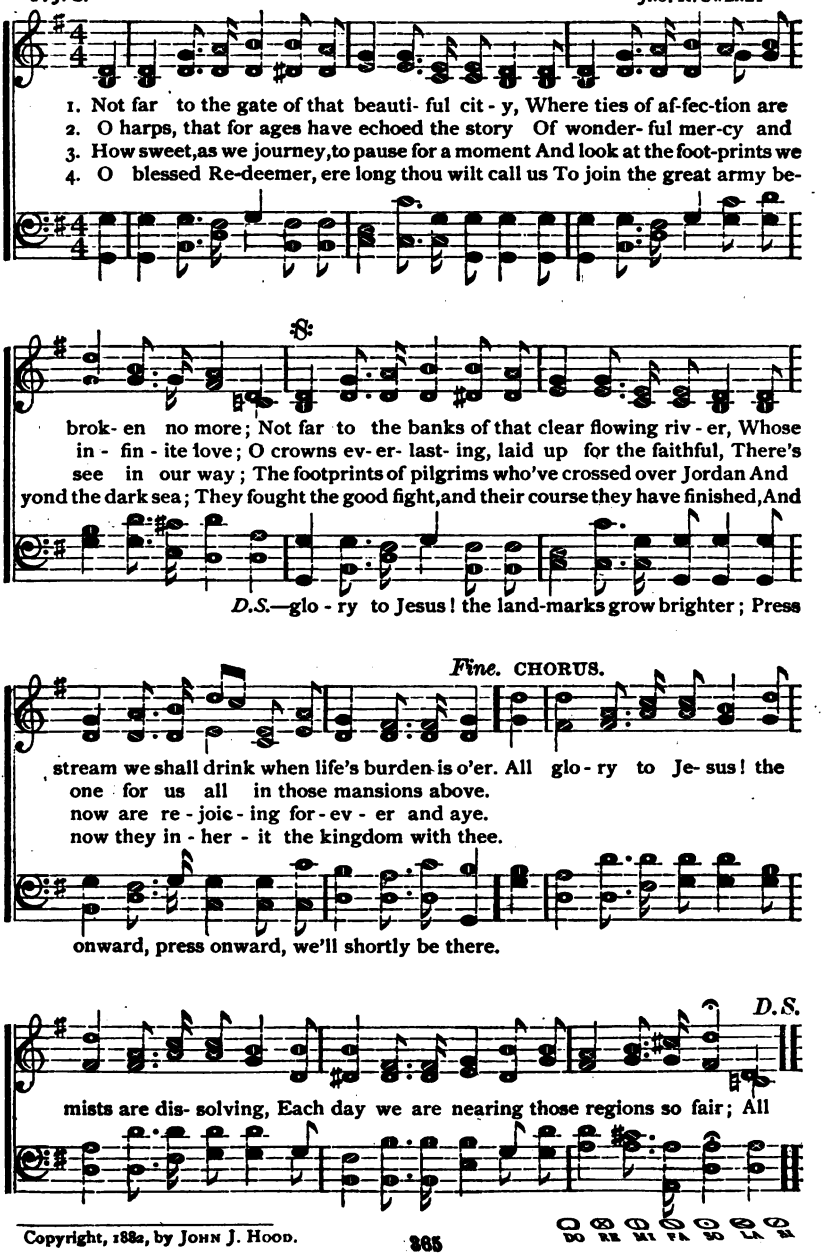
409

# We'll Shortly be There.

F. J. C. Jno. R. Sweney

1. Not far to the gate of that beauti- ful cit - y, Where ties of af-fec-tion are
2. O harps, that for ages have echoed the story Of wonder- ful mer-cy and
3. How sweet, as we journey, to pause for a moment And look at the foot-prints we
4. O blessed Re-deemer, ere long thou wilt call us To join the great army be-
brok- en no more; Not far to the banks of that clear flowing riv - er, Whose
in - fin - ite love; O crowns ev- er- last- ing, laid up for the faithful, There's
see in our way; The footprints of pilgrims who've crossed over Jordan And
yond the dark sea; They fought the good fight, and their course they have finished, And
D.S.—glo - ry to Jesus! the land-marks grow brighter; Press
Fine. CHORUS.
stream we shall drink when life's burden is o'er. All glo - ry to Je- sus! the
one for us all in those mansions above.
now are re - joic - ing for - ev - er and aye.
now they in - her - it the kingdom with thee.
onward, press onward, we'll shortly be there.
D.S.
mists are dis- solving, Each day we are nearing those regions so fair; All

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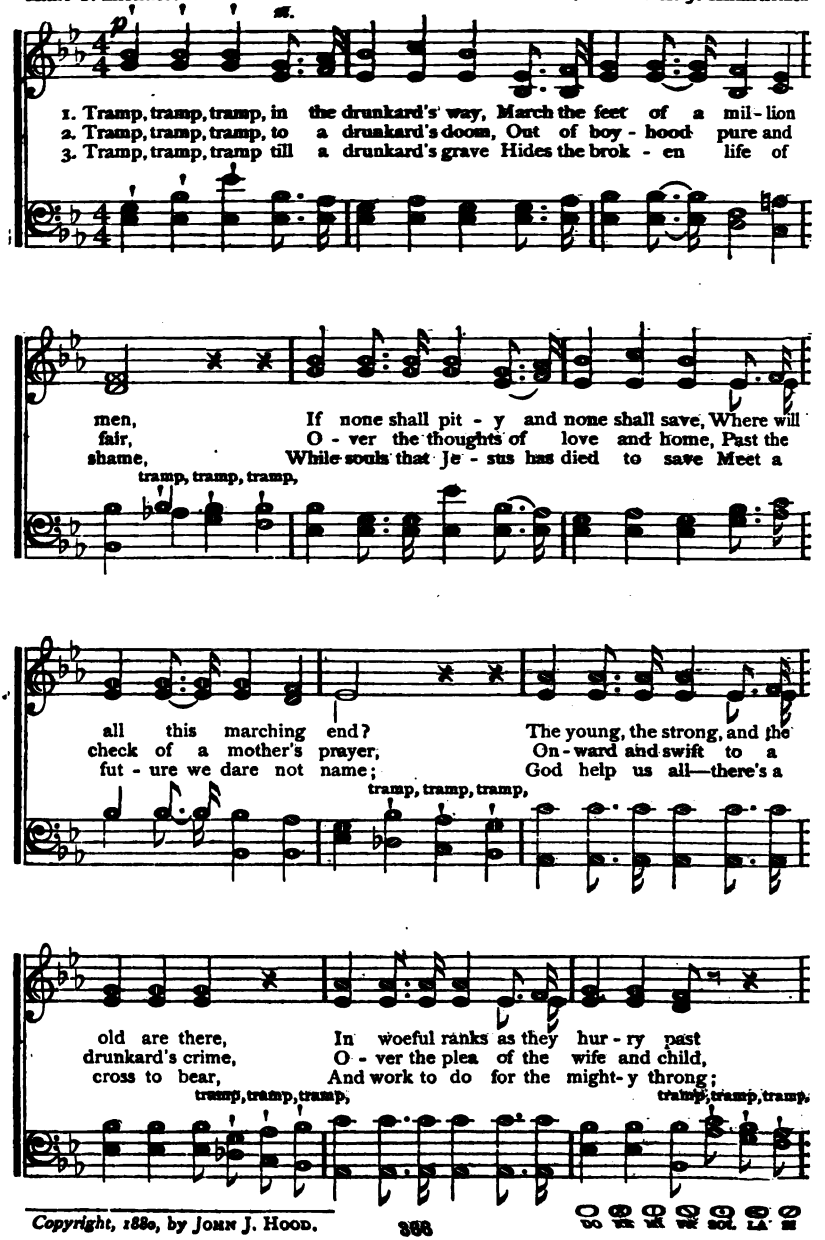
# The Dead March.

MARY T. LATHROP. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way, March the feet of a mil - lion
2. Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom, Out of boy - hood pure and
3. Tramp, tramp, tramp till a drunkard's grave Hides the brok - en life of
men, If none shall pit - y and none shall save, Where will
fair, O - ver the thoughts of love and home, Past the
shame, While souls that Je - sus has died to save Meet a
tramp, tramp, tramp,
all this marching end? The young, the strong, and the
check of a mother's prayer, On - ward and swift to a
fut - ure we dare not name; God help us all—there's a
tramp, tramp, tramp,
old are there, In woeful ranks as they hur - ry past
drunkard's crime, O - ver the plea of the wife and child,
cross to bear, And work to do for the might - y throng;
tramp, tramp, tramp,
tramp, tramp, tramp,

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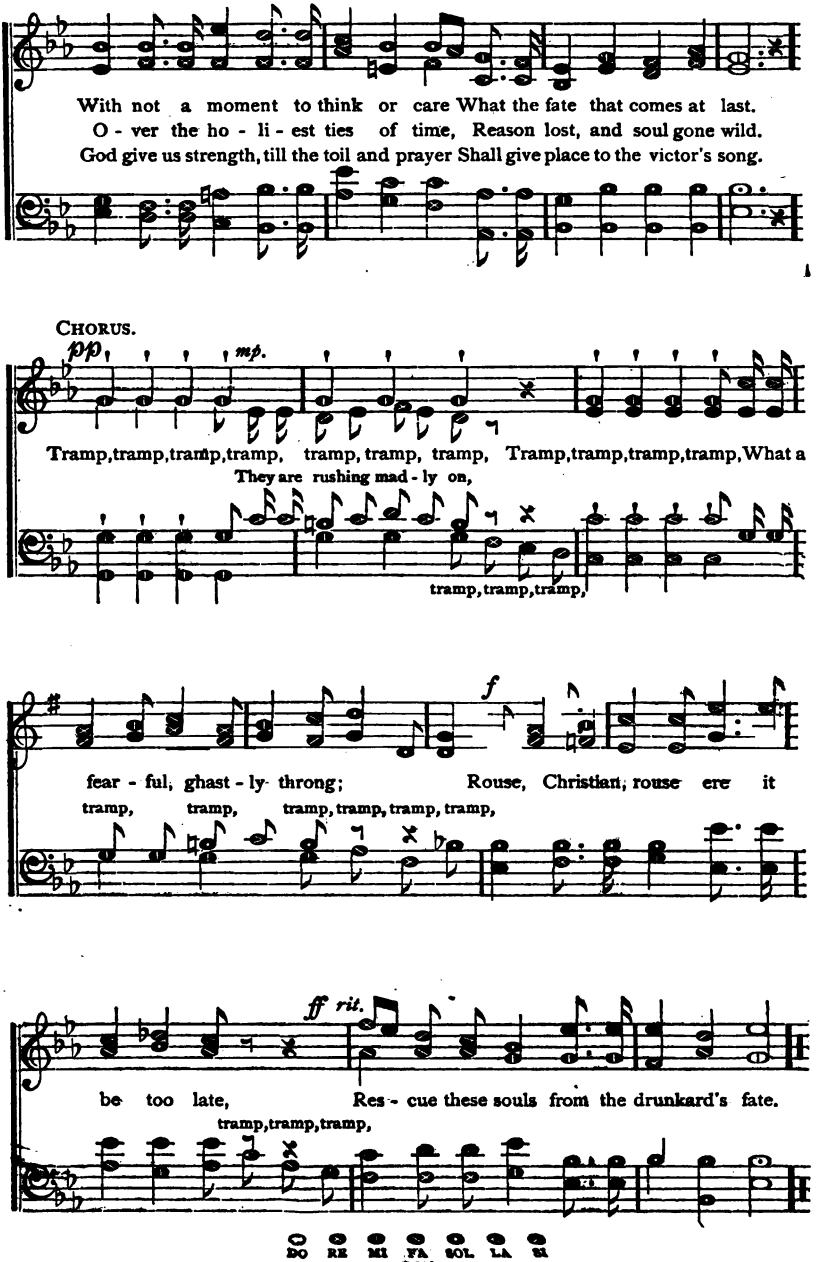
With not a moment to think or care What the fate that comes at last.
O - ver the ho - li - est ties of time, Reason lost, and soul gone wild.
God give us strength, till the toil and prayer Shall give place to the victor's song.
CHORUS.
pp
mp.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, What a
They are rushing mad - ly on,
tramp, tramp, tramp,
f
fear - ful, ghast - ly throng; Rouse, Christian, rouse ere it
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
ff rit.
be too late, Res - cue these souls from the drunkard's fate.
tramp, tramp, tramp,
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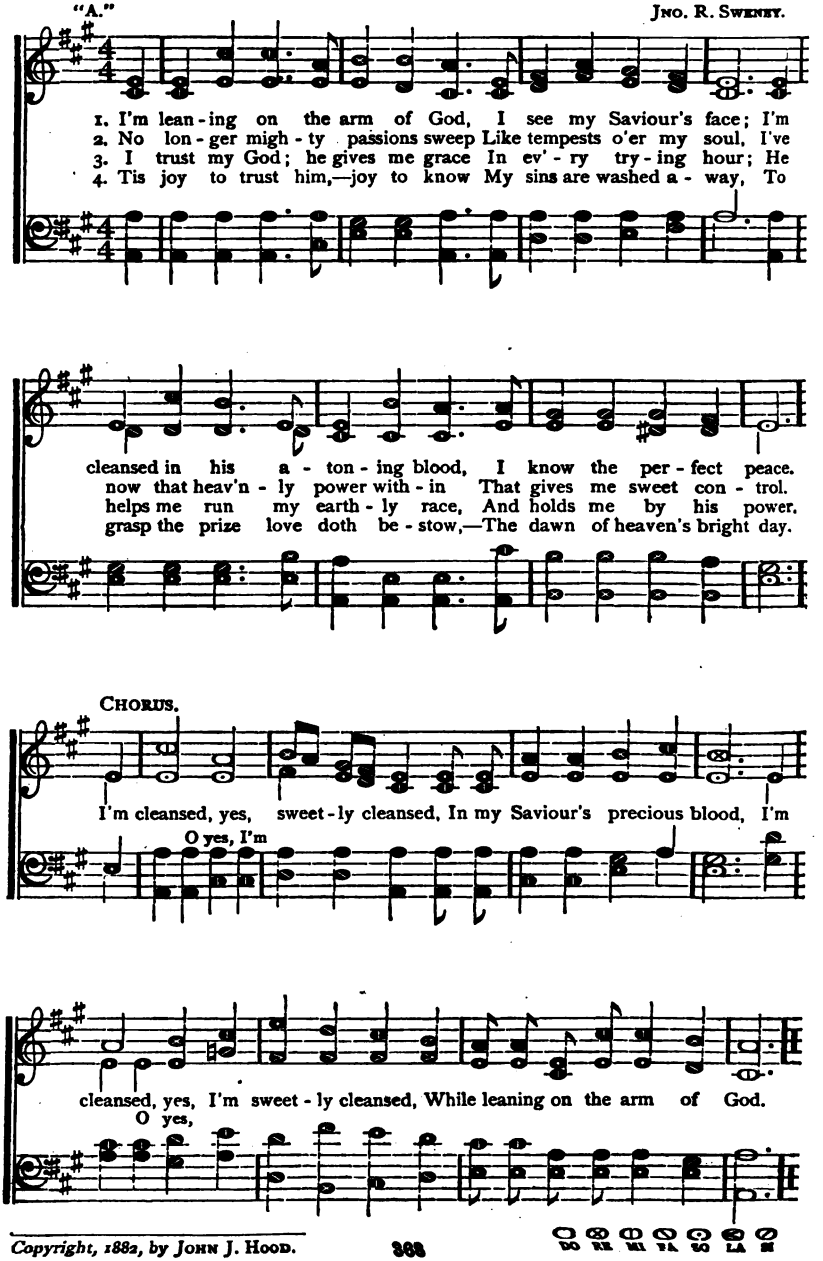
411

# Cleansed.

"A." JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I'm lean-ing on the arm of God, I see my Saviour's face; I'm
2. No lon-ger migh-ty passions sweep Like tempests o'er my soul, I've
3. I trust my God; he gives me grace In ev'-ry try-ing hour; He
4. Tis joy to trust him,—joy to know My sins are washed a-way, To
cleansed in his a-ton-ing blood, I know the per-fect peace.
now that heav'n-ly power with-in That gives me sweet con-trol.
helps me run my earth-ly race, And holds me by his power.
grasp the prize love doth be-stow,—The dawn of heaven's bright day.
CHORUS.
I'm cleansed, yes, sweet-ly cleansed, In my Saviour's precious blood, I'm
O yes, I'm
cleansed, yes, I'm sweet-ly cleansed, While leaning on the arm of God.
O yes,

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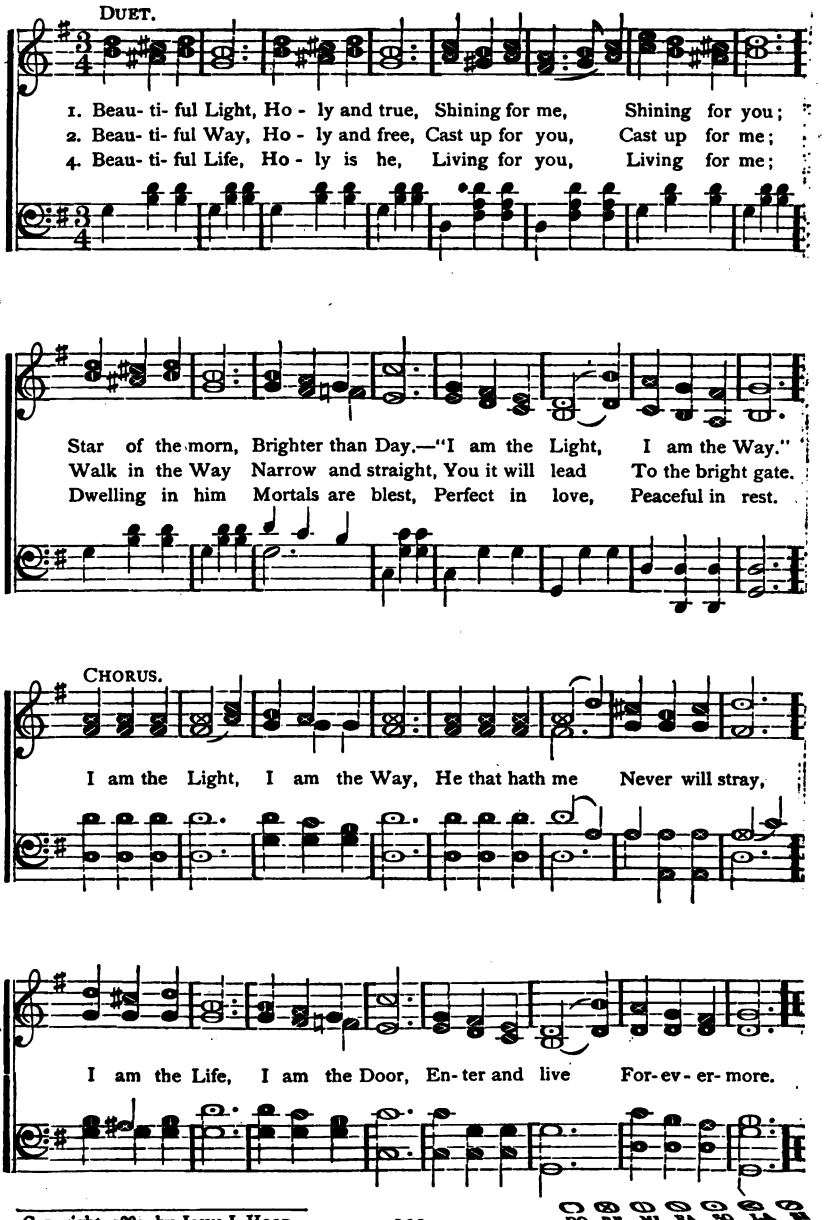
# Beautiful Light.

G. L. B. GEO. L. BROWN.

DUET.
1. Beau- ti- ful Light, Ho - ly and true, Shining for me, Shining for you;
2. Beau- ti- ful Way, Ho - ly and free, Cast up for you, Cast up for me;
4. Beau- ti- ful Life, Ho - ly is he, Living for you, Living for me;
Star of the morn, Brighter than Day.—"I am the Light, I am the Way."
Walk in the Way Narrow and straight, You it will lead To the bright gate.
Dwelling in him Mortals are blest, Perfect in love, Peaceful in rest.
CHORUS.
I am the Light, I am the Way, He that hath me Never will stray,
I am the Life, I am the Door, En- ter and live For- ev- er- more.

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*Quartet—Y*

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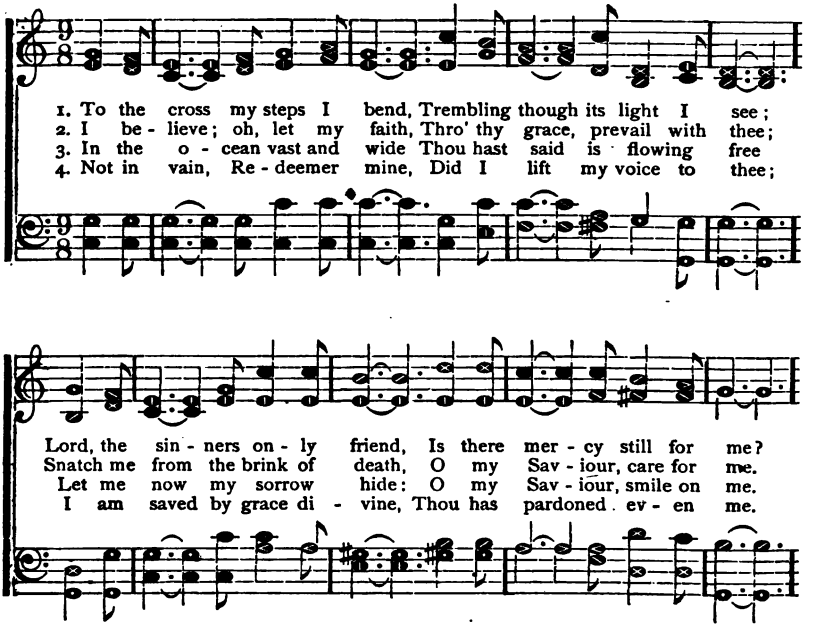
# Look on Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO R. SWENEY.


1. To the cross my steps I bend, Trembling though its light I see;
2. I be - lieve; oh, let my faith, Thro' thy grace, prevail with thee;
3. In the o - cean vast and wide Thou hast said is flowing free
4. Not in vain, Re - deemer mine, Did I lift my voice to thee;
Lord, the sin - ners on - ly friend, Is there mer - cy still for me?
Snatch me from the brink of death, O my Sav - iour, care for me.
Let me now my sorrow hide: O my Sav - iour, smile on me.
I am saved by grace di - vine, Thou has pardoned ev - en me.
CHORUS.
Grieved and slight - ed though thou art, Do not spurn my humble plea,—
Grieved and slighted
Dot not spurn
At thy feet I lay my heart,—O my Sa - viour, look on me.
O my Saviour.
At thy feet

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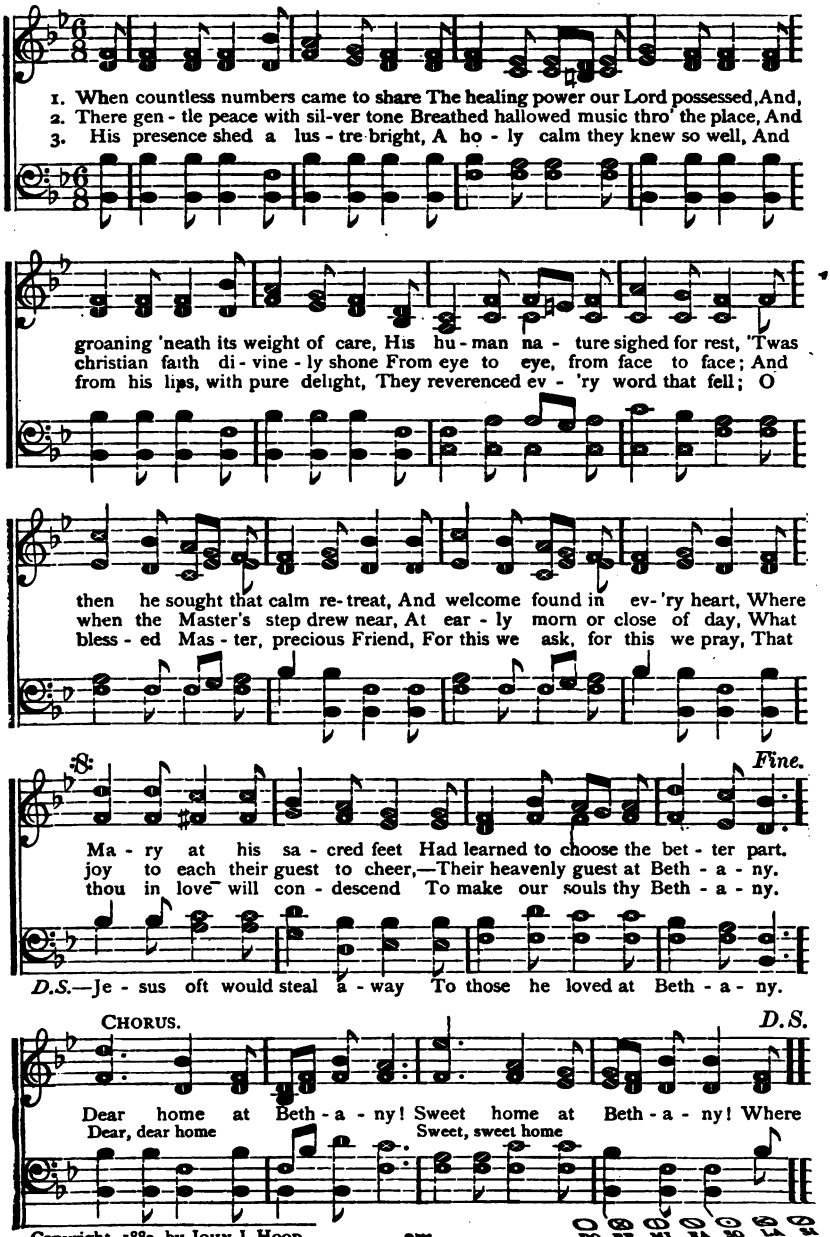
# The Home at Bethany.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. When countless numbers came to share The healing power our Lord possessed, And,
2. There gen - tle peace with sil-ver tone Breathed hallowed music thro' the place, And
3. His presence shed a lus - tre bright, A ho - ly calm they knew so well, And
groaning 'neath its weight of care, His hu - man na - ture sighed for rest, 'Twas
christian faith di - vine - ly shone From eye to eye, from face to face; And
from his lips, with pure delight, They reverenced ev - 'ry word that fell; O
then he sought that calm re-treat, And welcome found in ev-'ry heart, Where
when the Master's step drew near, At ear - ly morn or close of day, What
bless - ed Mas - ter, precious Friend, For this we ask, for this we pray, That
Fine.
Ma - ry at his sa - cred feet Had learned to choose the bet - ter part.
joy to each their guest to cheer,—Their heavenly guest at Beth - a - ny.
thou in love will con - descend To make our souls thy Beth - a - ny.
D.S.—Je - sus oft would steal a - way To those he loved at Beth - a - ny.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Dear home at Beth - a - ny! Sweet home at Beth - a - ny! Where
Dear, dear home
Sweet, sweet home

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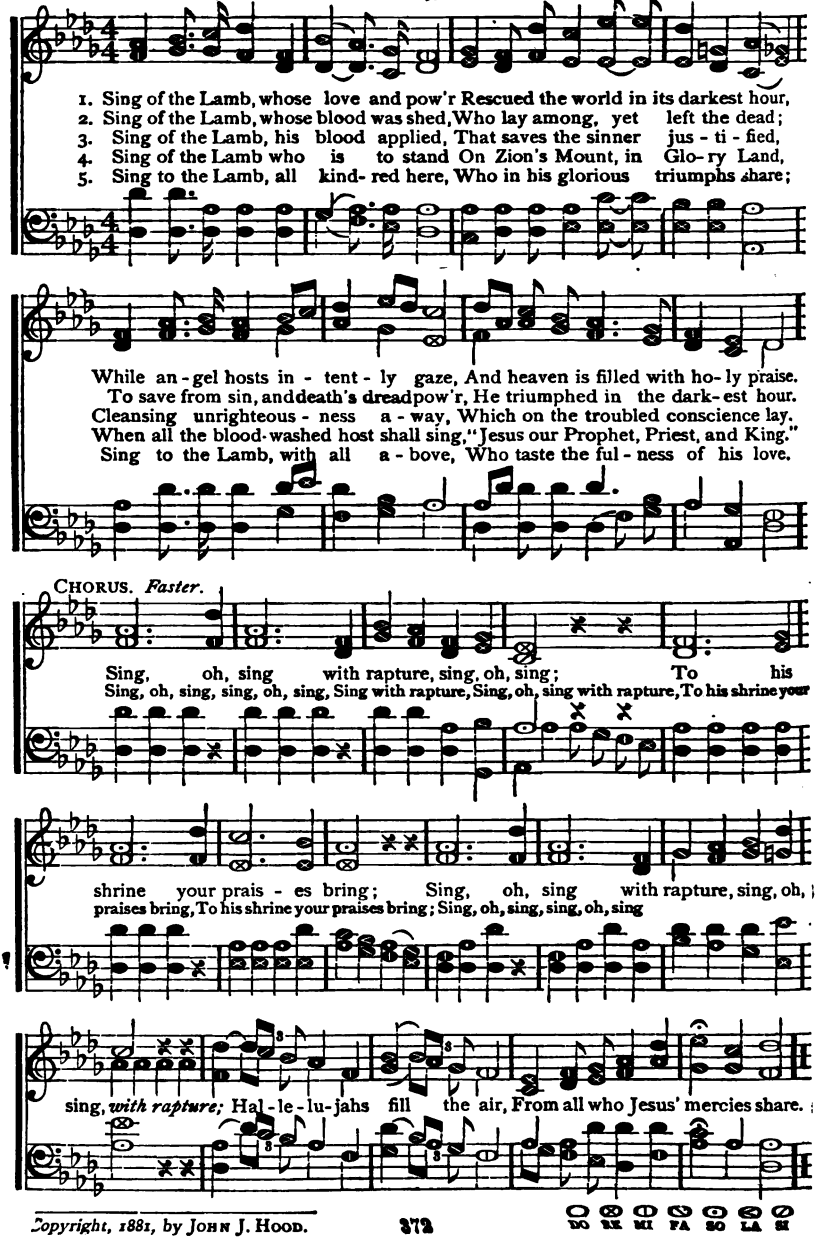
# 415 Sing of the Lamb.

Rev. C. H. Whitecar, D.D. Rev. v. 9, 10. H. L. Gilmour.

1. Sing of the Lamb, whose love and pow'r Rescued the world in its darkest hour,
2. Sing of the Lamb, whose blood was shed, Who lay among, yet left the dead;
3. Sing of the Lamb, his blood applied, That saves the sinner jus - ti - fied,
4. Sing of the Lamb who is to stand On Zion's Mount, in Glo - ry Land,
5. Sing to the Lamb, all kind- red here, Who in his glorious triumphs share;
While an - gel hosts in - tent - ly gaze, And heaven is filled with ho - ly praise.
To save from sin, and death's dread pow'r, He triumphed in the dark - est hour.
Cleansing unrighteous - ness a - way, Which on the troubled conscience lay,
When all the blood-washed host shall sing, "Jesus our Prophet, Priest, and King."
Sing to the Lamb, with all a - bove, Who taste the ful - ness of his love.
CHORUS. Faster.
Sing, oh, sing with rapture, sing, oh, sing; To his
Sing, oh, sing, sing, oh, sing, Sing with rapture, Sing, oh, sing with rapture, To his shrine your
shrine your prais - es bring; Sing, oh, sing with rapture, sing, oh,
praises bring, To his shrine your praises bring; Sing, oh, sing, sing, oh, sing
sing, with rapture; Hal - le - lu - jahs fill the air, From all who Jesus' mercies share.

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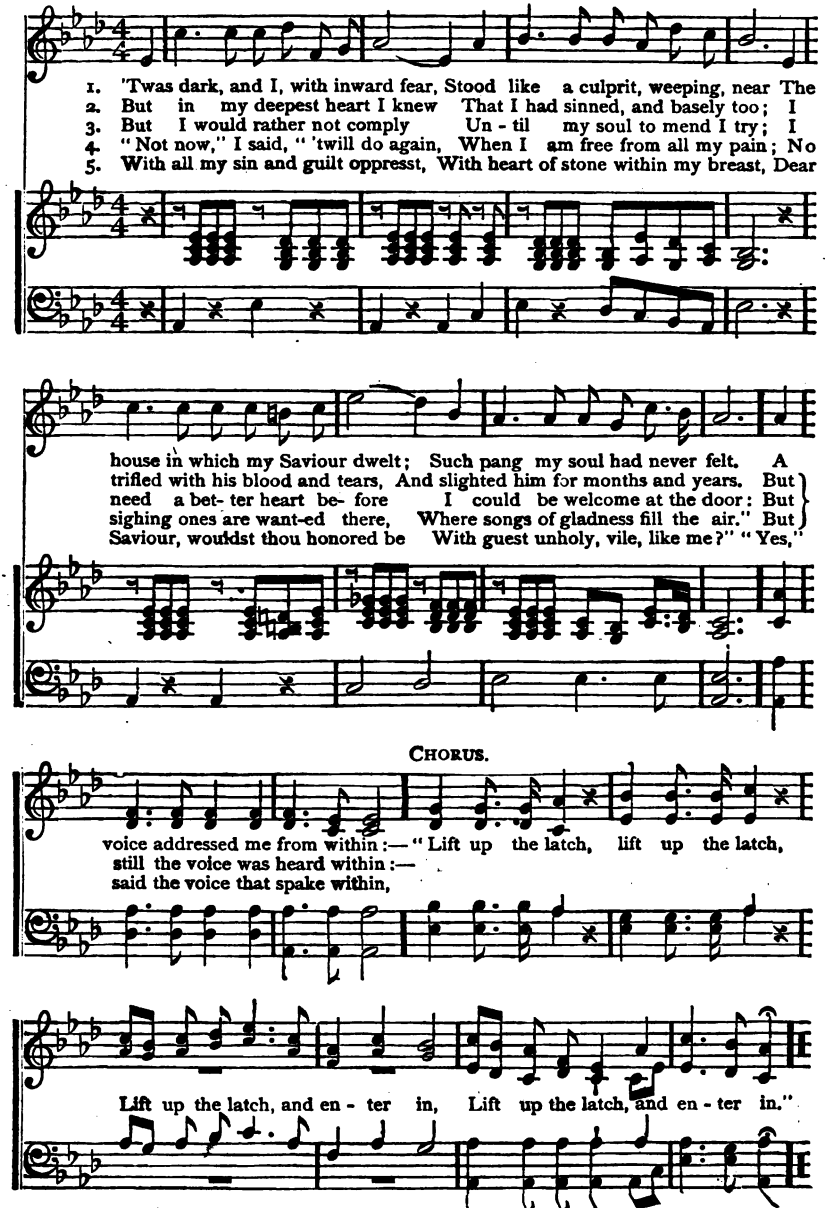
# 416 Lift up the Latch.

Rev. E. H. Nevin, D. D. Jno. R. Swenby.

1. 'Twas dark, and I, with inward fear, Stood like a culprit, weeping, near The
2. But in my deepest heart I knew That I had sinned, and basely too; I
3. But I would rather not comply Un - til my soul to mend I try; I
4. "Not now," I said, "'twill do again, When I am free from all my pain; No
5. With all my sin and guilt oppresst, With heart of stone within my breast, Dear
house in which my Saviour dwelt; Such pang my soul had never felt. A
trifled with his blood and tears, And slighted him for months and years. But
need a bet- ter heart be- fore I could be welcome at the door: But
sighing ones are want-ed there, Where songs of gladness fill the air." But
Saviour, wouldst thou honored be With guest unholy, vile, like me?" "Yes,"
Chorus.
voice addressed me from within:—"Lift up the latch, lift up the latch,
still the voice was heard within:—
said the voice that spake within,
Lift up the latch, and en - ter in, Lift up the latch, and en - ter in."

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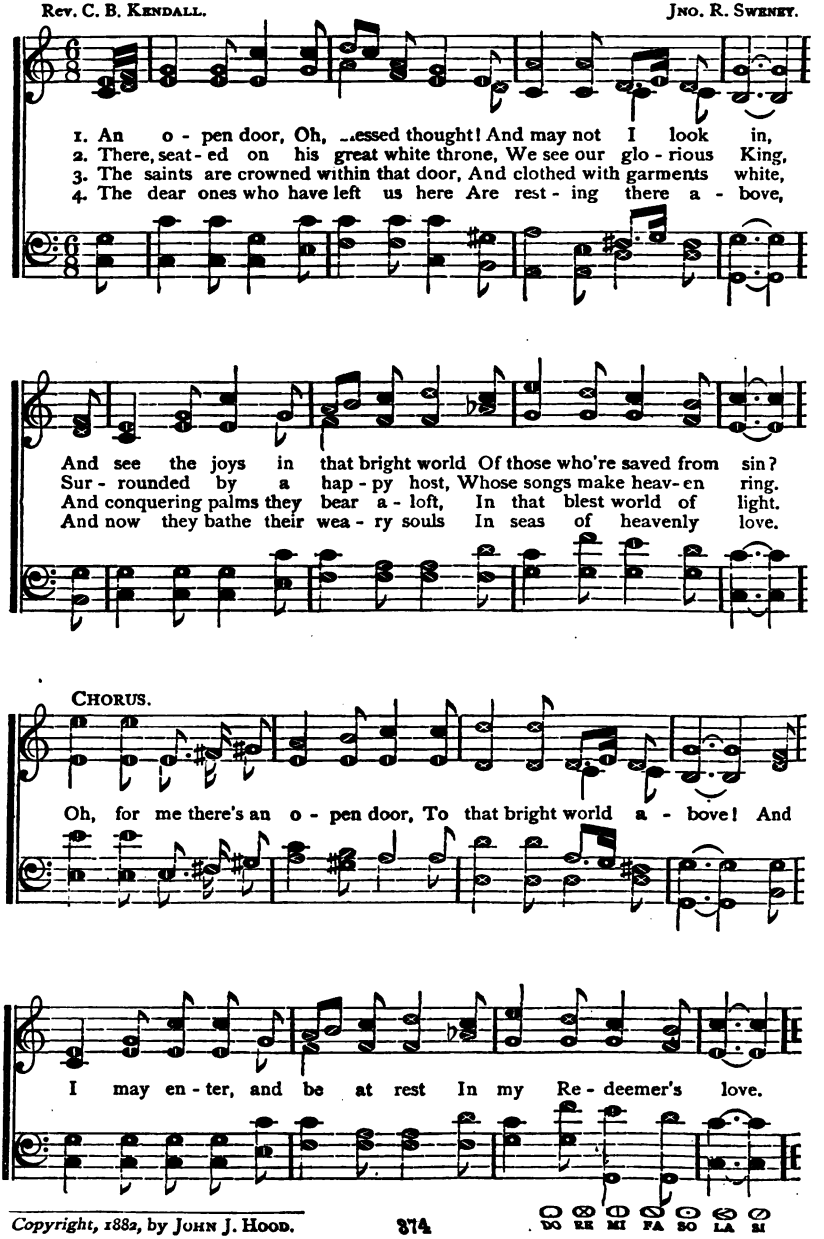
# An Open Door.

"I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven."—Rev. vi. 1.

Rev. C. B. KENDALL. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. An o - pen door, Oh, blessed thought! And may not I look in,
2. There, seat - ed on his great white throne, We see our glo - rious King,
3. The saints are crowned within that door, And clothed with garments white,
4. The dear ones who have left us here Are rest - ing there a - bove,
And see the joys in that bright world Of those who're saved from sin?
Sur - rounded by a hap - py host, Whose songs make heav - en ring.
And conquering palms they bear a - loft, In that blest world of light.
And now they bathe their wea - ry souls In seas of heavenly love.
CHORUS.
Oh, for me there's an o - pen door, To that bright world a - bove! And
I may en - ter, and be at rest In my Re - deemer's love.

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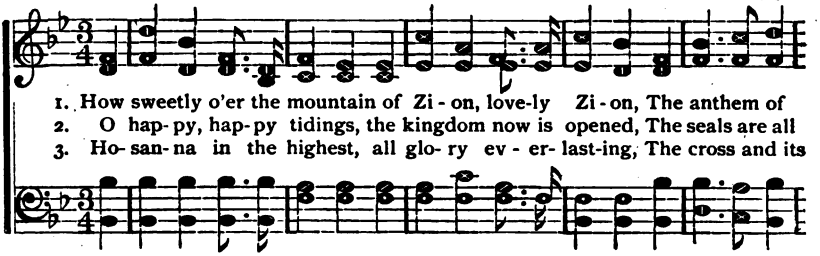
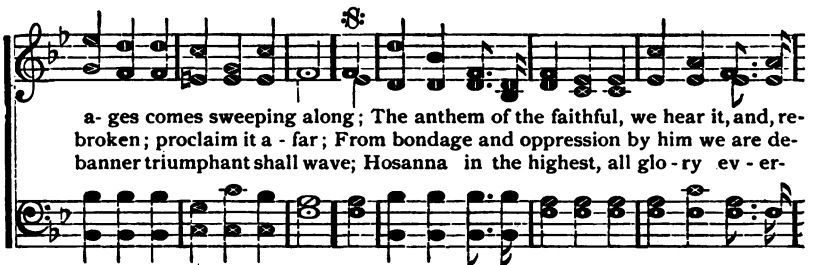
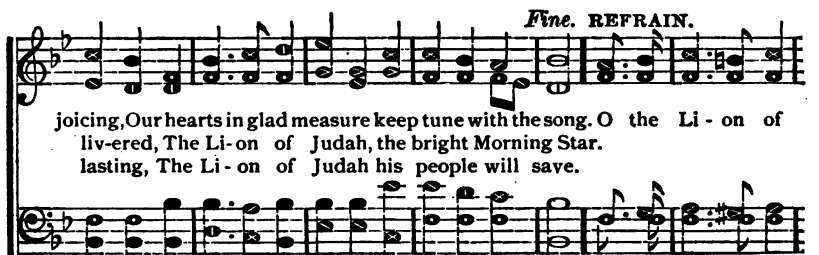
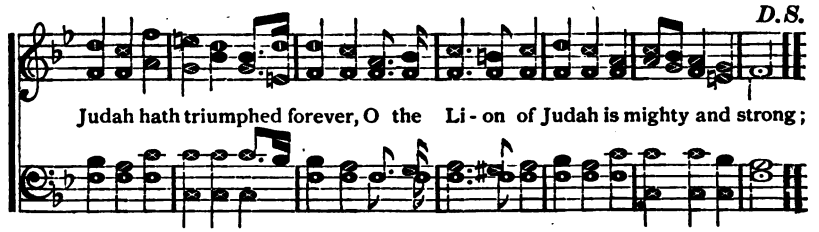
# The Lion of Judah.

FANNY J. CROSBY. The Lion of Judah . . . hath prevailed. W. H. DOANE. By per.


1. How sweetly o'er the mountain of Zi - on, love-ly Zi - on, The anthem of
2. O hap- py, hap- py tidings, the kingdom now is opened, The seals are all
3. Ho- san- na in the highest, all glo- ry ev - er- last-ing, The cross and its


a- ges comes sweeping along; The anthem of the faithful, we hear it, and, re-
broken; proclaim it a - far; From bondage and oppression by him we are de-
banner triumphant shall wave; Hosanna in the highest, all glo - ry ev - er-

*D.S.*—Sweet anthem of the faithful, we hear it, and, re-


Fine. REFRAIN.
joicing, Our hearts in glad measure keep tune with the song. O the Li - on of
liv-ered, The Li-on of Judah, the bright Morning Star.
lasting, The Li - on of Judah his people will save.
joicing, Our hearts in glad measure keep tune with the song.

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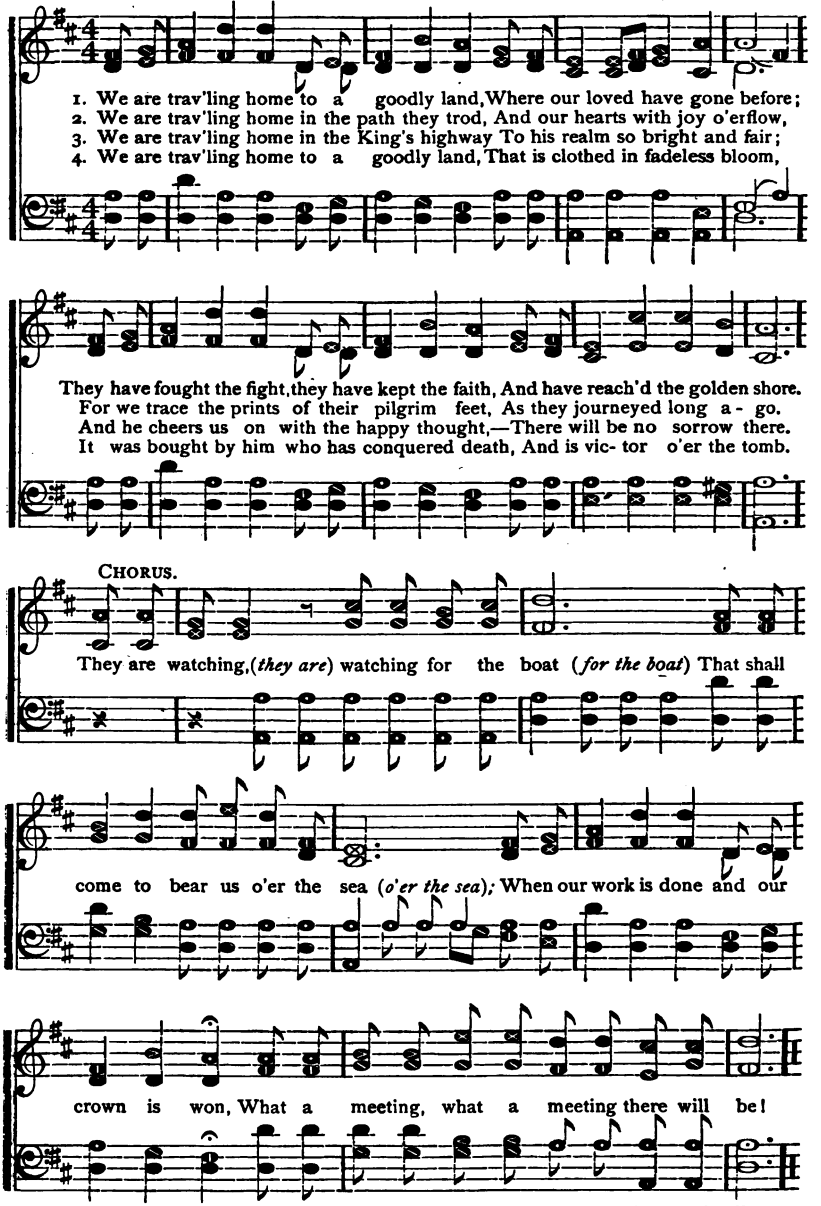
# 419 We are trav'ling Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are trav'ling home to a goodly land, Where our loved have gone before;
2. We are trav'ling home in the path they trod, And our hearts with joy o'erflow,
3. We are trav'ling home in the King's highway To his realm so bright and fair;
4. We are trav'ling home to a goodly land, That is clothed in fadeless bloom,
They have fought the fight, they have kept the faith, And have reach'd the golden shore.
For we trace the prints of their pilgrim feet, As they journeyed long a - go.
And he cheers us on with the happy thought,—There will be no sorrow there.
It was bought by him who has conquered death, And is vic- tor o'er the tomb.
CHORUS.
They are watching, (*they are*) watching for the boat (*for the boat*) That shall
come to bear us o'er the sea (*o'er the sea*); When our work is done and our
crown is won, What a meeting, what a meeting there will be!

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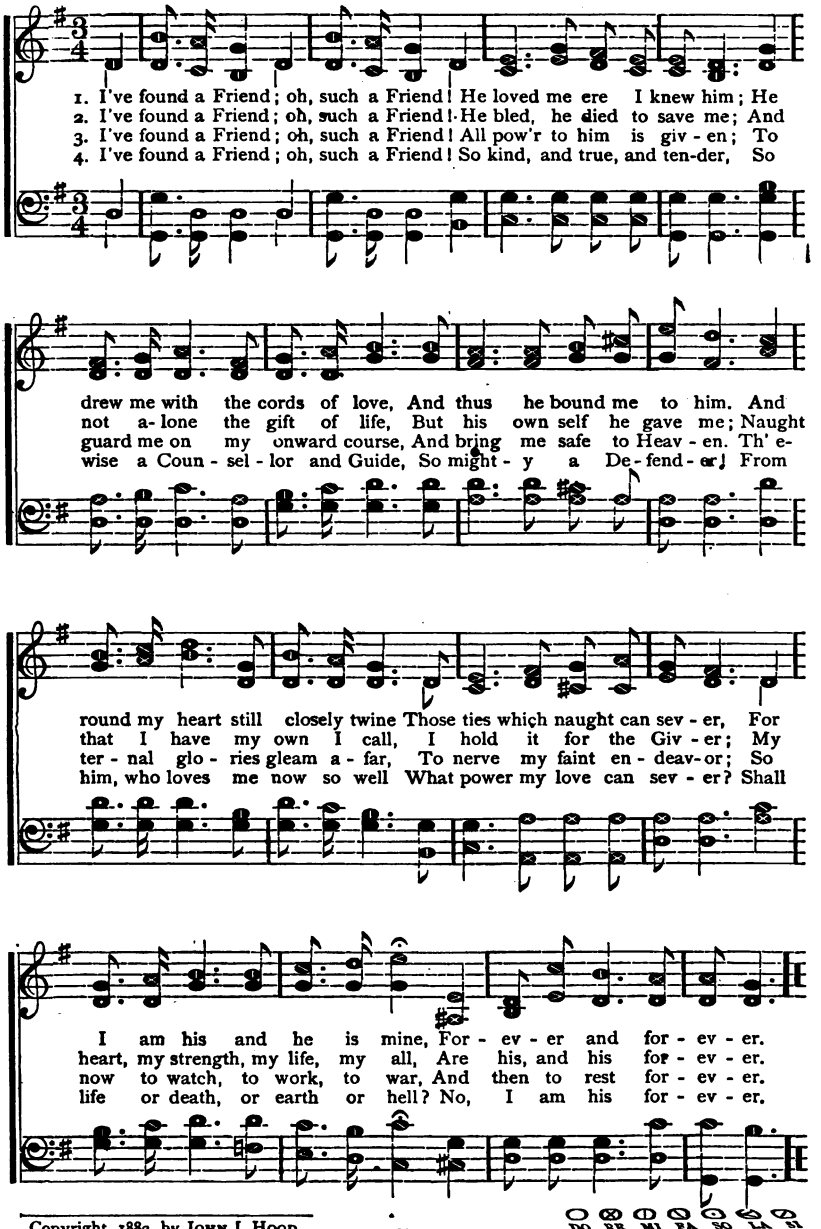
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

420

# I've Found a Friend.

ANON. WM J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew him; He
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, he died to save me; And
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to him is giv - en; To
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten-der, So
drew me with the cords of love, And thus he bound me to him. And
not a- lone the gift of life, But his own self he gave me; Naught
guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to Heav - en. Th' e-
wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er, From
round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sev - er, For
that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er; My
ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or; So
him, who loves me now so well What power my love can sev - er? Shall
I am his and he is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are his, and his for - ev - er.
now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
life or death, or earth or hell? No, I am his for - ev - er.

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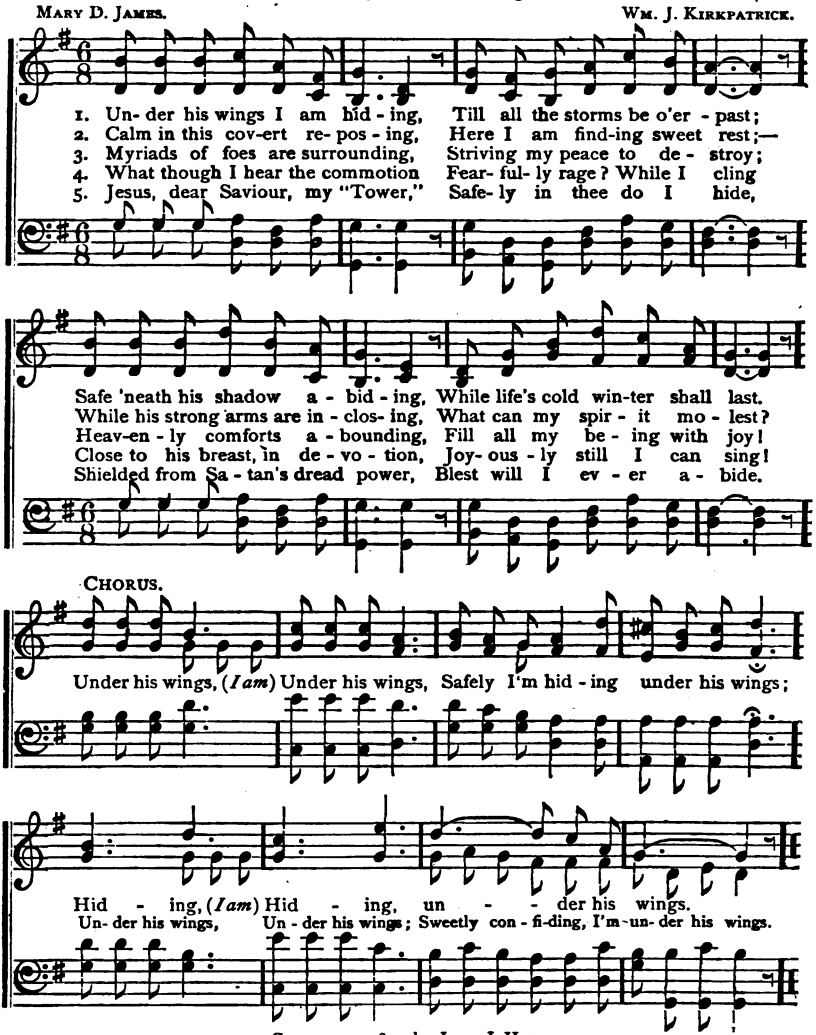
## 421 The Covert of His Wings.

"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust."—Ps. xci. 4.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Un- der his wings I am hid - ing, Till all the storms be o'er - past;
2. Calm in this cov-ert re- pos - ing, Here I am find-ing sweet rest;—
3. Myriads of foes are surrounding, Striving my peace to de - stroy;
4. What though I hear the commotion Fear- ful- ly rage? While I cling
5. Jesus, dear Saviour, my "Tower," Safe- ly in thee do I hide,
Safe 'neath his shadow a - bid - ing, While life's cold win-ter shall last.
While his strong arms are in - clos- ing, What can my spir - it mo - lest?
Heav-en - ly comforts a - bounding, Fill all my be - ing with joy!
Close to his breast, in de - vo - tion, Joy- ous - ly still I can sing!
Shielded from Sa - tan's dread power, Blest will I ev - er a - bide.
CHORUS.
Under his wings, (*I am*) Under his wings, Safely I'm hid - ing under his wings;
Hid - ing, (*I am*) Hid - ing, un - - der his wings.
Un- der his wings, Un - der his wings; Sweetly con - fi-ding, I'm un- der his wings.

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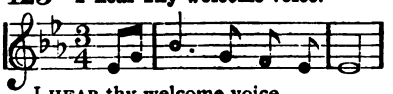
## 422 THE BEST FRIEND. Tune, RATHBUN, No. 167.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood?
*But our Jesus died* to have us
*Reconciled, in him*, to God.

3 When he lived on earth so lowly,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now enthroned among the holy,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

## 423 I hear Thy welcome voice.

I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

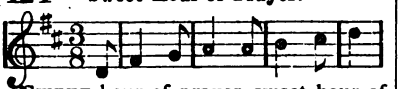
*Cho.*—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

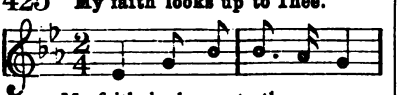
## 424 Sweet Hour of Prayer.



SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

## 425 My faith looks up to Thee.

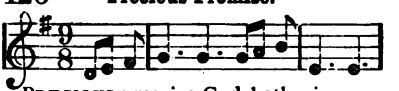


My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

## 426 Precious Promise.



PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

*Ref.*—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

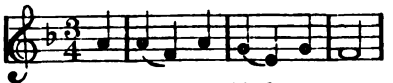
## 427 O, for a thousand tongues. C.M.

O, FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

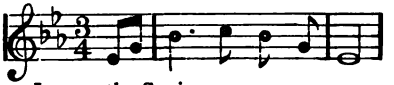
4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

## 428 Blest be the tie that binds.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

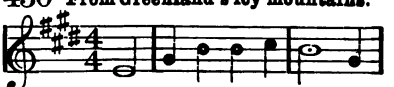
## 429 Jesus paid it all.

I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all,

*Cho.*—Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 Nor nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

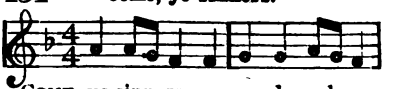
## 430 From Greenland's icy mountains.



FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

## 431 Come, ye sinners.



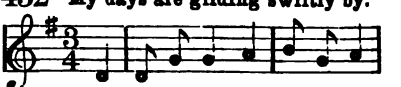
COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

## 432 My days are gliding swiftly by.



MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

*Cho*—For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Let sorrows rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever.

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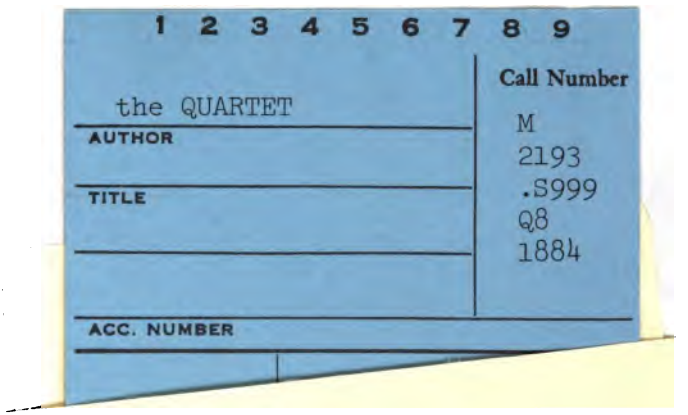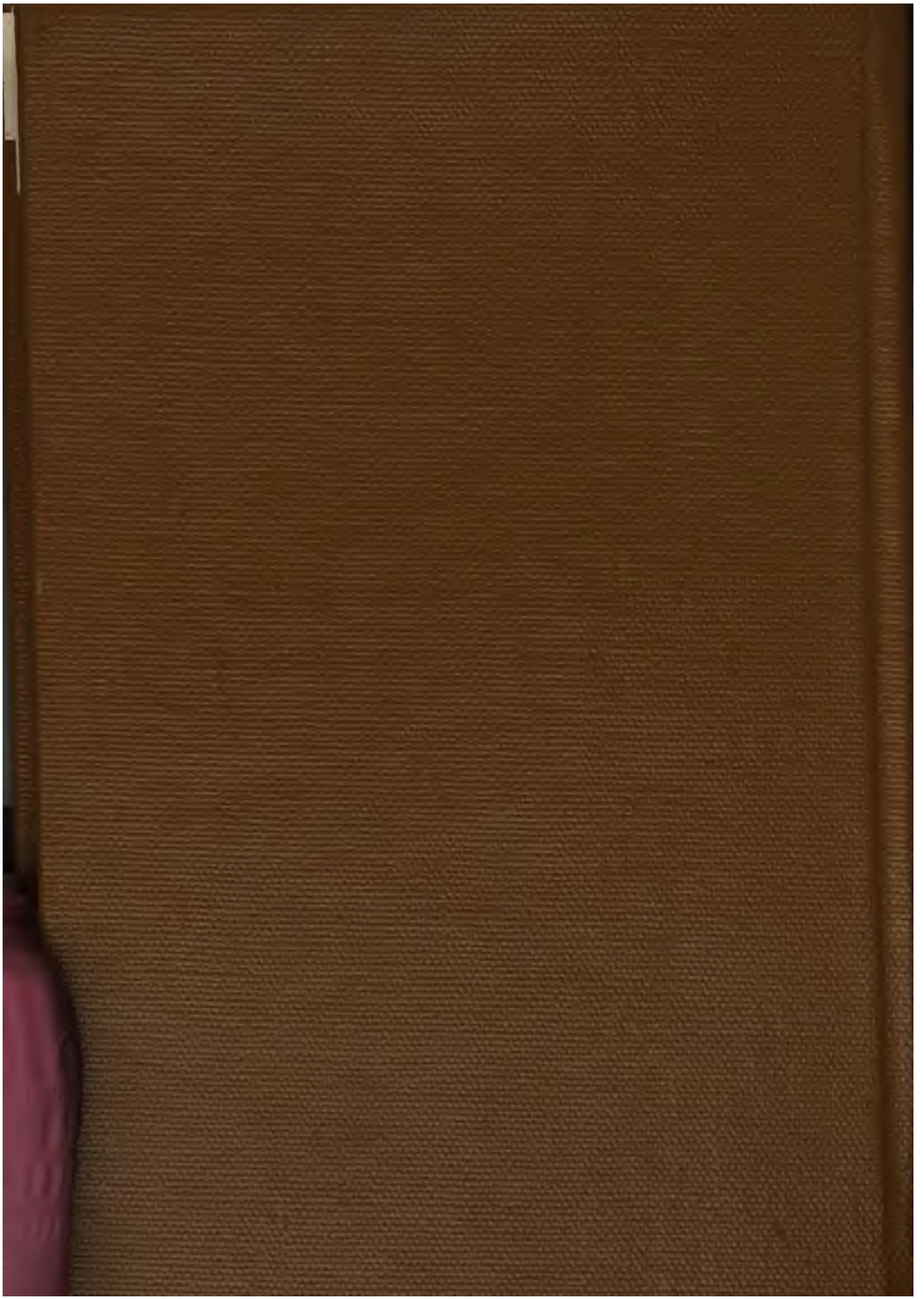
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